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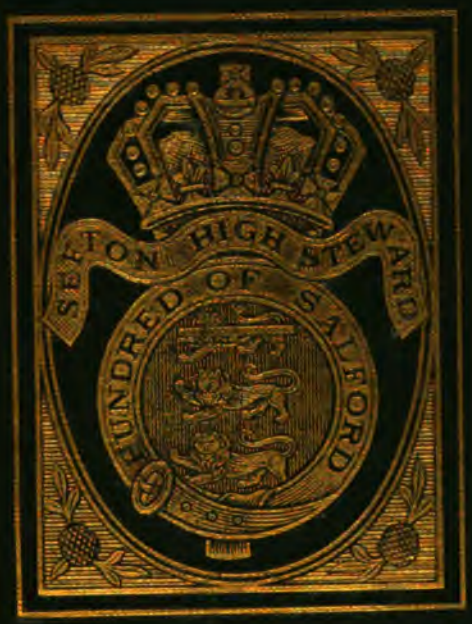

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MEMORIALS

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MONUMENT TO HUMPHREY CHETHAM

IN MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

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OF

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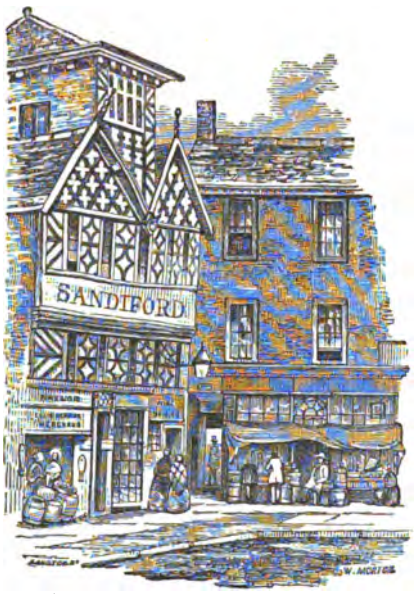
WITH GLIMPSES OF THE ENVIRONS.



SMITHY DOOR, 1851.

BY

RICHARD WRIGHT PROCTER.

MANCHESTER:
PALMER AND HOWE, 73, 75, & 77, PRINCESS STREET.
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.
1880.

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Dedication.

As this volume,
like its predecessor, has
had the advantage of appearing
mainly in the columns of the
"Manchester Guardian," *the book is*
appropriately and respectfully
dedicated to the
Editor of that journal—

CHARLES PRESTWICH SCOTT, Esq.

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PREFACE.

AS the interest in the history of Manchester and its Environs has been newly awakened, and much of the mist obscuring that history dispersed, our highways may now be surveyed in a clearer light, and our byways perambulated under more varied aspects than formerly. Still, Memory has not exhausted her useful stores; and many interesting facts, scattered and half-forgotten, yet invite attention.

The aim of the author and publishers is to give—with pen and pencil—a retrospective survey of the inner and older circles of Manchester and Salford. For the most part, the time embraced is limited—as Scott limited "Waverley"—to a life-lease of sixty or seventy years' duration.

A considerable portion of the volume is devoted to the romantic episodes of local history; in which remarkable occurrences in bygone years are recalled to the memory of the present generation. As many active citizens, intent on pressing business or future speculations, are apt to forget the associations of the past which mutely surround them, their attention may be agreeably arrested by a few revivals—revivals of persons and scenes that were tangible

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enough in their day, though now as insubstantial as the creations of a dream.

It was the expressed opinion of the late Mr. John Murray, a far-seeing bibliopolist, that every person experienced in life possessed some peculiar knowledge that would be serviceable to others if suitably conveyed. Writing in this spirit, and with a due regard to private feelings, even while narrating public events, I have endeavoured to preserve a few historic and biographic items which might otherwise escape notice. Such reminiscences partake much of the nature of an elder's legacy to the young. Care has been taken to ensure that general correctness of statement which is always desirable, though not always attainable. Unless statements be founded upon original sources of information, they may often be found incorrect.

In forming the list of Embellishments, an attempt has been made to combine the various styles of Art,—the woodcut with the copper-plate, and photo-lithography with the Woodbury and Autotype processes. By such combination variety at the least is secured, and variety is in itself a charm.

To render the glimpses and contrasts of the ancient town and modern city still more complete, the author has gladly availed himself of the researches of John Leigh, Esq., which aptly take the form of an Appendix.

The chief feature of the appendix—Casson and Berry's plan and prospect of Manchester and Salford—will be found minutely described. A list somewhat similar, though less complete and unaccompanied by the map here given, was inserted by Mr. Harland in his "Collectanea;" but as that work was confined to the members of the Chetham Society, Mr. Leigh's fuller description will be

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serviceable to the public at large. John Berry thrice issued his pictorial plan, with variations, an interval of five years dividing each publication.

This rare picture of the town at the interesting period when the Highland clans marched into its narrow streets by way of the Old Bridge, might well-nigh be included amongst the romances of local history. The rustic reality there portrayed seems passing strange to the modern citizen. Evidently, the easy, successful, conscientious traders of that far-away time had no occasion for distant country residences: no need to seek Dunham for woodland scenery,—Alderley for pure air,—Disley for a bright sky,—or Northenden for clear streams. All these blessings of Nature surrounded the town in close proximity to their quaint abodes, as revealed in the said plan and prospect.

R. W. P.

MANCHESTER, NOVEMBER, 1879.

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DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The best thanks of the Author and Publishers are due to the Custodians of Chetham's College, the Free Reference Library, the Greaves Collection, and other gentlemen, for many courtesies, including useful items of information, and the loan of rare and curious embellishments.

✓ MONUMENT TO HUMPHREY CHETHAM IN MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL . . . . . *Frontispiece.*

This interesting Memorial, photographed by Alfred Brothers, is printed by the *Autotype* process.

The original marble monument, sculptured by W. Theed, and placed in the Cathedral, is thus inscribed:—

HUMFREDO CHETHAM, Hospitii et
Bibliothecæ Fundatori D.D.
Gratus Alumnus MDCCCLIII.

"He that followeth after Right-
eousness and Mercy findeth
Life, Righteousness, and Honour."
Prov. xxi., 21.

Upon the Book held open by the College Boy seated on the pedestal the following inscription may be read:—

Psalm cxii., verse 9.

He hath dispers-	and his right-
ed abroad, and	eousness re-
given to the poor,	maineth for ever.

The cost of this admirable Monument, estimated at one thousand pounds, was defrayed by the late Mr. George Pilkington, formerly an inmate of Chetham's Hospital. After passing the usual term of five years as a blue-coat boy, and also acting as a chorister at the Collegiate Church, he pursued a fortunate path in business,—realized an independency,—and then testified his gratitude in the pleasing,

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enduring manner here pictured and described. If, as affirmed, there be gleams of poetry radiating our common-place events, surely here is a poet-action that may raise one's drooping faith. Mr. Pilkington died February 24th, 1864, aged sixty-four years, and was buried on the north side of the Church of All Saints, Oxford Road. A lengthy inscription, headed, "The Memory of the just is blessed," appears upon his monument. His gifts were numerous and unostentatious. At his expense three beautiful stained glass windows were placed in the Cathedral; two of them, in the south choir aisle, are inscribed "To the Honor and Glory of God. By a citizen of Manchester, once a chorister in this Church. A.D. 1858." The other window is dedicated, like the marble monument, to the memory of Humphrey Chetham. Mr. Pilkington's bequest to the poor was thus announced by Mr. Thomas Lings, comptroller, at the Easter vestry meeting, 1872:—"The account of George Pilkington's Charity showed receipts from dividends and interest £898 14s. 8d., of which £453 7s. 8d. has been expended in flannel, blankets, shawls, calico, sheets, counterpanes, and a dinner."

THE VINTNERS' ARMS, AND THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, SMITHY DOOR, 1851 . . . . . *Title-page.*

Drawn on the *wood* by William Morton; engraved by Robert Langton.

PAGE.

MAP OF MANCHESTER AND SALFORD ABOUT A.D. 1819. *Photo-lithograph* 1

Engraved and originally published by James Pigot.

The name of Mr. Pigot is well-nigh as familiar throughout England in connection with directories as is the name of Mr. Bradshaw when associated with Railway Guides. It may seem strange to the mercantile mind that within (or only just without) one century last past the business of this busy town could be conducted without the aid of a printed directory. Yet such is the fact. And as regards our forefathers during the previous seventeen centuries, how fared it with them? In the matter of directories, how were they enlightened? Did each ancient Briton address his letters, like worthy Samuel Crompton, from his "Hall in the Wood"? How were those woodland retreats,—those sylvan heritages,—discovered by the Roman conquerors, without a map or description of the district "forty miles round Manchester," as since furnished by Dr. Aikin? With the invading Danes there is less mystery,

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as they could perambulate the Roman roads, and find, perchance, at four-lane-ends, a finger-post, unlettered, to point them astray in any direction.

The story of our directories may be readily told. In 1772 Mrs. Raffald (no doubt influenced by the success of the first Liverpool directory, published in 1766, at sixpence), issued the earliest directory for Manchester. In the following year the *brochure* was re-printed; and, in 1781 appeared the third, and latest, from her hand. From that date unto the Waterloo year our successive directories have been analytically treated by Mr. Harland, in his "Collectanea." A welcome supplement thereto will embrace a few facts, arranged in chronological order by Mr. Isaac Slater, touching his widely-known firm:—

1769. James Pigot born at Macclesfield.

1792 (about). Began business as Engraver and Copperplate Printer, at 13, Back Faulkner Street, Manchester.

1803. Isaac Slater born at Manchester.

1811. James Pigot published his first Directory of Manchester and Salford, at 11, Fountain Street.

1818. Isaac Slater apprenticed to James Pigot.

1833. Isaac Slater became partner with James Pigot—firm, James Pigot & Co.—address, 55, Fountain Street.

1843. James Pigot died February 15th. Interred at St. John's Church, Deansgate. No epitaph. Mr. Pigot was a member of the choir at St. John's Church, Deansgate; and was the first to sing the now well-known Christmas Hymn—"Christians awake"—which had just been written by John Byrom.

1844. Business continued by surviving partner, Isaac Slater.

In order to show the vast extension of Manchester and Salford within a single life-lease, Mr. Slater has contrasted Mr. Pigot's earliest directory with the latest commercial volume issued by him:—

1811. Directory of Manchester and Salford, published by James Pigot, consisted of 266 pages, size of page being 7 in. × 4 in. Contained about 11,600 names, given in one form only (an alphabetical list). The cost in salaries only for collection of information for this book (exclusive of printing, &c.) £20.

1879. Directory of Manchester and Salford, published by Isaac Slater, surviving partner of the firm of "Pigot and Slater," consists of 1,220 pages, size of page being 9⅜ in. × 5¾ in. Contains about 75,000 names in alphabetical list. Information in this book given in three forms—"Alphabetical"—"Trades"—"Streets."

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PAGE.

Number of names in the whole about 198,000. Cost in wages only for collecting information for this book (exclusive of printing, &c.), £1,188 15s. 6d.

SEAL OF SALFORD HUNDRED. *Wood engraving* . . 10

"HOT CHELSEA BUNS."—OLD SALFORD BRIDGE. *Photo-lithograph* 32

PANORAMIC VIEW OF DEANSGATE. Drawn about 1840. *Photo-lithograph* 38

The low quaint building indicated at the corner of St. Mary's Gate, and popularly known as Noah's Ark, was removed in the summer of 1845, for the purpose of rounding the pathway.

VIEW OF HUNT'S BANK IN 1797 40

From "Turner and Girtin's Picturesque Views." Sketched on the spot by William Orme. Drawn by Thomas Girtin. Engraved on *copper* by W. Morton.

In the "Library of the Fine Arts" it is stated that "honest Tom Girtin" and Henry Liverseege both died at the age of twenty-nine; but the former had just departed hence, when the latter was born.

As little is known of the careful sketcher to whom the town is indebted for two valuable views of Hunt's Bank, while in in its primitive state, and for other local scenes long passed away, an authentic line from the directory of 1794 will be welcomed:—"Orme, William, drawing-master, Ardwick." His name does not occur in the commercial record before, or after, the date given. In the issue for 1815, Daniel Orme, a member of the same family (said to be William's brother), is described as—"artist (from London), 40, Piccadilly." This gentleman announced in the *Exchange Herald*, October, 1814, that in compliance with the solicitations of his Manchester friends he had come to reside amongst them; and purposed to paint portraits as usual, and to devote two days in each week to giving instruction in drawing, etching, and painting in oil. Mr. Daniel Orme further stated that he had the honour to be artist to His Majesty and the Prince Regent, and had painted some of the most distinguished heroes of the age.

THE INFIRMARY AREA IN 1824 45

After a drawing by M. W. Fry, in "Swire's Survey;" engraved on *wood* by R. Langton.

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THE VINTNERS' ARMS AND OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, SMITHY DOOR, 1851 112

A GROUP OF FAVOURITE BOOKS 122

Drawn on *wood* by W. Morton; engraved by R. Langton.

PORTRAIT OF THE REV. JOSHUA BROOKES, M.A. . 142

The original steel portrait was thus heralded in November, 1821:—"Messrs. Zanetti and Agnew, 94, Market Street, intend to publish by subscription an engraved portrait of our late Chaplain, from an excellent drawing taken a few weeks previous to his last illness, by Mr. Minasi. To be engraved by one of the first artists in London. Size, twelve inches by nine. Price, five shillings; proof impressions ten shillings and sixpence." Photographed by A. Brothers. *Woodbury* process.

MADAM DRAKE'S HOUSE, LONG MILLGATE . . . 145

Sketched in 1859 by W. Morton; engraved on *wood* by Henry Watkinson.

A few brief extracts from the overseers' books will add interest to this picture. In 1711, under the head of church leys, appears "Madam Drake, Milnegate;" and there is a similar entry in 1715—a remarkable year in Manchester, when Madam Drake and Lady Bland would probably enter the lists as rival queens. The poor rate records supply the items which follow:—"1719. Parson Leech, 2 fields Mr. Drake." "1721. Mr. Drake for part S. Leech fields." "1724. Milngate. Mr. Drake for pt of Leech field." The sum charged was ten pounds. "1740. Milngate. Wm. Drake, Esq." It seems probable that the gentleman last-named, "Squire Drake," as he was usually termed, succeeded Madam. In 1721 and 1724, Mr. Thomas Tipping was rated for land held in this street; then appears this line, "Milngate. 1729. Mr. Bennison for Madm. Percival;" and in 1736 £17 10s. 0d. was charged for "pt of Mr. Byrom's land." Under the dates 1736–40, Mr. Abraham Haworth, of Milngate, was rated for land adjacent to Coldhouse Meadow, the sum named being fifty-eight pounds. Those long-vanished fields and meadows are indicated in Casson and Berry's large plan accompanying this volume. The closing extract is somewhat curious:—"1737. Milngate. Rental, £27 10s. 0d., Mr. Wm. Gee for Langley Hall pays but £25 rent, as appears by his Lld's bk; ought to be but £20." Ten years later this Hall, divided into several dwellings, was sold by auction.

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SUN INN AND POETS' CORNER IN 1842 . . . 148

Photographed (in oval form) by John Prince Procter, from the "Festive Wreath;" engraved on *copper* by W. Morton.

VIEW OF KIRK BRADDON CEMETERY 160

Grave of John Bolton Rogerson. Drawn and engraved on *wood* by W. Morton.

Mr. Rogerson was president of the Shaksperian Society (founded April 23rd, 1849), and in that capacity took an active part in promoting the Testimonial to Mr. Macready, during the autumn of the same year, when that eminent tragedian paid his farewell visit to the Manchester stage.

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Samuel Bamford. — John Bolton Rogerson. — William Rowlinson.—Ner Gardiner.—John Critchley Prince.—Rev. Legh Richmond.—Rev. Joshua Brookes.

"I want," wrote Shenstone, "to see Mrs. Jago's handwriting, that I may judge of her temper."

PORTRAIT OF JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE . . . 172

From an original drawing by W. Morton. Photographed by Lachlan Mc. Lachlan. *Woodbury* process.

The artist, on visiting the bard at Ashton, in 1852, found him engaged—Pan-like—with his reeds; and sketched him at his ease, in working attire.

AN ENGLISH RUSTIC HOME 237

Drawn by Thomas Sutcliffe; engraved on *wood* by W. Morton.

FIRST STATUE OF OLIVER CROMWELL . . . 280

Photographed by A. Brothers. *Woodbury* process.

PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL WILLIAM RYLEY . . . 288

From the "Itinerant." Painted by Richard Bonington, of Nottingham (father of Richard Parkes Bonington). An advertisement shows that in September, 1804, Mr. R. Bonington, "portrait and miniature painter," was located in Manchester, occupying rooms at number 23, Bond Street. Engraved on *wood* by W. Morton.

CASSON AND BERRY'S LARGE PLAN AND PROSPECT OF MANCHESTER AND SALFORD IN 1751 . . . Pocket.

This rare and curious pictorial and historical Map is photo-lithographed by A. Brothers.

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RICHARDS, Mr., London Road Station, Manchester.
ROWORTH, Mr. THOMAS, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

SLARK, Messrs. JOHN & ARNOLD, 41, Fishergate, Preston.
SMITH & SON, Messrs., Market Street, Manchester.
STEWART, Messrs. ADAM & SON, Southport.

TRÜBNER & Co., Messrs., 57, and 59, Ludgate Hill, London.
TUBBS & BROOK, Messrs., Market Street, Manchester.

WALMSLEY, Mr. G. G., 50, Lord Street, Liverpool.
WENHAM, Mr. G. D., Victoria Station, Manchester.
YOUNG, Mr., Liverpool.

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MEMORIALS
OF
BYGONE MANCHESTER.

CHAPTER I.

RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.

"Now and then—through a glass, darkly."
SAMUEL WARREN.

ALTHOUGH so much has been written and pictured concerning Manchester and its thoroughfares, the neighbouring highways and byways of Salford remain comparatively virgin ground. Yet they have similar need of a native chronicler, because a similar spirit of emulation is in the ascendant—an unresting determination to "ring out the old, ring in the new." If at the close of our fatal chase with Time we cannot return, like the hunted hare, to the precise scene whence we started, we can, one and all, cast a dreamy backward glance in the desired direction. In such light any writer may hope to yield some interest to his readers, because all persons and all towns, while differing widely in particular points, are yet much the same in essentials.

The author's home was removed from Salford to Manchester during his boyhood; and if the short passage from

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one town to the other be described with some minuteness, it will serve to mark the difference between then and now, as many of the objects named have disappeared. As the route still exists, any native who has "crossed the Rubicon" of life can easily follow in the beaten track, marking each alteration in detail. The maps severally dated 1819 and 1824 will form useful accompaniments. The directories covering the same period of time will further reveal the names and positions of many squares, terraces, brows, gardens, and fields now demolished or changed beyond all hope of recognition. But if any elder search those bypast reminders too long or too often, he may chance to feel that the veteran is lagging somewhat superfluously upon the modern stage, where the actors are new and the scenes and incidents are passing strange. The severed, half-ruined rows, also, along which he may ramble, will seem to say, as plainly and as plaintively as ruins may speak, "You see that your own world has departed: why are you lingering here? You should follow your friends." Such musings may be quickly abandoned with advantage, for when reflection engenders repining, it is better to be an unthinking gazer; better still to look out the winsome bits of nature, of antiquity, of story yet remaining, and ask Memory to "pick them up and put them in her pocket" for you.

The starting point was a range of cottages in Green Vale. These are now faced by other cottages; but at that date the opposite neighbour was a large superior house, with extensive garden, and enclosed within a high brick wall; its latest possessor being, apparently, Mr. James Watkins. Previously it had long been the resi-

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dence of a family named Holland. Mr. Thomas Holland was constable of Salford in 1797, and boroughreeve in 1805. They were silk and cotton manufacturers, their warehouse being in Falstaff Yard, Manchester. The Green Bank thoroughfare was soon reached, and entered near the point where the Blacklocks (Blacklock and Appleby), calico printers, so long dwelt and conducted business, giving name to the spot as Blacklock's Brow or Bank; as likewise to Appleby's Square. Mr. Appleby (jointly with Messrs. Clay and Fisher) originated the Salford Gas Works, Clowes Street, in 1820. One of the Blacklock family, Robert, who died in the year 1813, aged eighty-three, passed as the oldest calico printer in the county. The steep mount bearing his name was situated opposite to Davies Street, which in turn was built and named at the instance of a Mr. Davies, several of whose relations the writer has known. About the same time were formed the three adjoining streets, severally called Broster, Durham, and Ryland Streets; but during many years afterwards no other rows of brick (save Cambell's Flags, in Paradise Vale) were there built. Bedford and Bridgewater Streets were of somewhat older date, being first named in the directory for 1800. In Bedford Street, during a recent pilgrimage, it was amusing to find a row of primitive cots or cabins—white and very tiny—yet standing and quietly inhabited. A little beyond Back Davies Street the road upon the same side as far as Broughton Bridge was skirted first by the tall wooden railings of a small plantation, and next by a low rail of strong timber guarding the meadows. The home of the Sandford family, on Wheat Hill, stood remote from the highway; their name survives in Sand-

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ford Street. The field nearest to the bridge was the usual recreation ground during the dinner hour of the hands engaged at the silk mill adjacent, where the working hours, as at other factories at that period, ranged from six in the morning until eight at night; and where children, as early as their eighth year, worked full time with the adults. The experience of a factory child in the earlier days of the factory system contrasts strongly with the present rules of half work and half education; strongly, too, did it contrast with the life of a roving country boy, the summer companion of flowers and butterflies. No Short Time Bill was mooted in those industrious years. Diligence was held to be the parent of good luck, while punctual rising was deemed the direct road to health and wisdom. Even the nursery rhymes were adapted to the maxims of Benjamin Franklin:—"Getting up early makes the wig curly; getting up late makes a bald pate."

The opposite side of the road was more closely inhabited, both along the frontage and up the bank side. On crossing near the bridge a delta of vacant land was passed which separated the highway from the lane leading down to the Adelphi. That triangular piece of ground often abounded with gossamer or thistle down—Ariels yielding plentiful sport to youngsters in blowing and chasing them. At that point a long brick wall, protecting some better-class homesteads with pleasant gardens attached, slanted toward the Adelphi. The cluster of retreats in question covered a portion of Richmond Hill, rather imitatively so styled. Leaving these and Mr. Clowes's bridge (then comparatively new), a succession of houses and shops and one public resort (the Broughton Tavern) were duly

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passed, with sundry streets and squares elevated on the side of the brow. The attractive row of dwellings forming Green Bank Terrace, with long gardens descending to the footpath, extended from Blacklock's Brow to Paradise Hill. Combining the desirable qualities of use and ornament, this range deserved to escape the general demolition. But on a portion of the site now stands the Free Library, the flowers of rhetoric thus supplanting the flowers of Nature. Ravald Street, running immediately behind Green Bank Terrace, was probably (as Mr. Harland has shown) named after Mr. James Raffald, who there, about a century ago, pursued his pleasant business of gardening. If such supposition be correct, the name upon the street signboard has been misspelled in accordance with the popular pronunciation. Behind and underneath the dwellings described stood a free and somewhat rugged upland termed Shaw Brows, most of the higher surface between Richmond Hill and the opposite extremity of Broken Bank remaining uncovered. Shaw Brows (as the name imports) was once crowned with small woods or groves, justifying the description of Salford as given in the charter granted in 1231 by Ranulph Blundeville, Earl of Chester and Lincoln. Almost entirely embraced by the arms of the Irwell, the wooded brows originally extended from the Adelphi, with its river-coated surface, to Greengate, Chapel Street (erst Sergeant Street, next Salford Street), and onward to the Crescent. One would give much for a manuscript diary or common-place book written by one of Earl Ranulph's primitive burgesses; more especially if illustrated with truthful pictures of those sylvan years. Such treasure being unobtainable, a few last-century notes, with others of later date, may be substituted.

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When the brows began to be dotted with detached homes, one gentleman distinguished his retreat as The Cottage; another (Mr. Holland Ackers), as The Bank; a third, as Brown Hill, and so forth. The latter, situated at the top of the present Bury Street, was long the residence of Mr. John Bury, timber merchant and brewer, who doubtless gave his name to the street afterwards formed. During thirty years or upwards he conducted his business in the premises formerly known as the Theatre, or Riding School, in Water Street, Salford. Later he lived in easy seclusion to a venerable age; certainly to the year 1811. As directories are not formal obituaries, we are unable to trace this gentleman's career to its absolute close. A near neighbour to Mr. Bury was Mr. Joseph Harrop, who retired thither upon quitting his *Mercury* office, in the Market Place, Manchester, and resigning his editorial functions to his son.

Being now in the neighbourhood of the first Salford printing press, some facts and figures—authentic, though scattered—may be advantageously brought together. In the year 1794, Mr. William Cowdroy, a compositor and editor, of the city of Chester, entered into partnership with Mr. Thomas Boden, of Manchester; and in the spring of the ensuing year began the *Manchester Gazette*, at 22, St. Mary's Gate, they being joint editors, printers, and publishers thereof. Mr. Cowdroy, on leaving Chester, fixed his home near to Greengate, Salford. The partnership was of short duration. In 1800 Mr. Cowdroy, being sole proprietor of the *Gazette*, had removed his office to 20, Hunter's Lane, where it remained until his demise, in the summer of 1814. One of the most frequent and friendly

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callers in Hunter's Lane, during the reign of the facetious editor of the *Gazette*, was James Watson, of punning notoriety, who was in the habit (as the "Spirit of the Doctor" affirms), of tripping over from his mother's dispensary, in Hanging Ditch, to enjoy a chat—congenial to both originals—upon theatrical or literary topics. From this office, in 1796, issued the popular political squib "Plebeian Politics," previously printed in the columns of the newspaper.

About the year 1803, Mr. William Cowdroy, junior, began business as printer and publisher, at 27, Bury Street, Salford. The first material work sent forth from his press was "The Gleaner," the title page of the second and concluding volume bearing date 1805. That novel and successful venture was followed by a similar miscellany called "Harvest Home," and by other romantic and once-popular serials intended for the amusement of domestic circles. In 1810 the firm became Cowdroy and Slack, engraving and periodical publishing were added to the business, and the office removed to the premises of the new partner, in the adjacent Gravel Lane. Thus it remained during several years. The earliest ventures of the new firm were the quaintly-humorous writings of Tim Bobbin and Tim the Second. These were profusely embellished by Mr. Slack, whose pencil and graver were as prolific as they were popular. When the original William Cowdroy died his son and namesake took charge of the *Gazette*, leaving in the hands of his partner the Salford printing, publishing, and engraving concern. Mr. Cowdroy removed his newspaper office from Hunter's Lane to Deansgate, where it continued until his decease, in 1822. Two years

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later his widow sold the *Gazette* to Mr. Archibald Prentice. Retiring a little while to Salford, she next passed a few years in Oldham, thence returning to Salford, where she died. Her son Henry, a dweller in Salford, acted as reporter to Mr. Prentice's *Gazette.* Prior to 1840 he occupied an office as letterpress printer in Market Place, so remaining until near the *finis.*

Another member of this family, Mr. Citizen Howarth Cowdroy, originated (jointly with Mr. William Rathbone) a weekly newspaper styled the *Courier, or Manchester Advertiser.* The first number issued from the office in Hanging Ditch, in January, 1817; but the paper had merely an ephemeral existence of two or three years' duration. At the seventy-second number Mr. Cowdroy withdrew, leaving Mr. Rathbone the sole conductor. The *Courier* (which underwent several changes of title) bore throughout the admirable motto subjoined:—"This is not the cause of faction, or of party, or of any individual, but the cause of every man in Britain." Mr. Citizen Cowdroy died in December, 1828, at Sandbach, in Cheshire: so briefly states Charles Timperley. Further and final information touching the Cowdroys appears upon a plain flat stone covering the family grave (the natural travellers' rest) in St. Mark's Churchyard, Cheetham Hill village, which graveyard is remarkable for the number of Salford people buried therein:—

> "Here resteth the body of William Cowdroy, Editor and Proprietor of the *Manchester Gazette,* who died March 10th, 1822, aged 47 years. Also Martha, his wife, who died November 1st, 1847, aged 68 years.

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Also Sarah Ann, daughter of William and Martha Cowdroy, of Salford, who died December 17th, 1809, aged 2 years and 6 months. Also Henry, son of William and Martha Cowdroy, who died September 15th, 1854, aged 49 years.

"William Cowdroy, twenty years Editor and Proprietor of the *Manchester Gazette*, departed this life August 10th, 1814, Aged 62 years."

A daughter of Mr. William Cowdroy, junior, the last of her name in this district, is at present living in Hulme.

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CHAPTER II.

GLIMPSES OF BYGONE SALFORD.

"Two towns there are, and now in all their pride
Of new-found rights—like bridegroom and his bride,
A bridge unites them, as the marriage tie,
And, man and wife like, side by side they lie."

FEAST OF FOLLY.

A FEW words seem due at parting to Mr. Cowdroy's sometime partner, Mr. John Slack, the first engraver conducting business in Salford; albeit there was previously a Salford family of engravers of some local mark, named Bottomley, trading in Manchester. Mr. Slack's "opening day" as engraver and copper-plate printer occurred about the year 1790, at Princess Street, Gravel Lane. When "The Gleaner" was projected, the publisher engaged Mr. Slack (his neighbour) to embellish the literature with copper plates, and most of the pictures bear his name as delineator and engraver. The editor and gleaner in the literary field was Mr. James Watson, just then in his brief heyday. His theatrical "Townsman" was circulating widely among playgoers, his puns and extempore verses enlivened the tavern snugs, while his portrait was "taken at the age of thirty" by an appreciative artist. One of the pictures in "The Gleaner," illustrative of an Eastern tale, is signed "C. Calvert, del.,"

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SEAL OF SALFORD HUNDRED.

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and is probably the earliest specimen of his handiwork. That plate was engraved by Mr. James Bottomley, as were also many others in the book, his usual delineator being a young artist named I. Woodruff, who has left no trace of his whereabouts. When, about 1815, Mr. Slack was left in sole charge, he continued the works in Gravel Lane during several years. Prior to 1829 his name had vanished from the directory, this announcement appearing instead:—"Slack, James, engraver to calico printers, 7, Gravel Lane, Salford." So the father's life experience seemed to convey this lesson to the son—that commerce was more profitable than art, patterns more reliable than pictures, and that an artist moving in a commercial centre may wisely cultivate the practical element.

Reverting to Bury Street, it may be noted that one of its residents, Mr. John Hampson, "master of Bury Street Academy," there taught his superior educational courses during the remarkably long period of half a century, ranging between 1810 and 1860. In 1841 he published a book of moral precepts and vacation letters, intended chiefly for the edification of his young learners. One of his earliest scholars was the late Sir James Watts, of Portland Street and Abney Hall. Several years of the venerable mentor's life were passed in retirement at South Downs Cottage, Bowdon. Finally he removed to Ardwick, where he died in his eighty-eighth year, in the month of October, 1878. The origin of another Salford street may be found in an obituary, which briefly states that Mr. Thomas Hampson, gentleman, expired in Hampson Street, Oldfield Lane, in January, 1825, aged fifty-nine; thus resembling Crabbe's Sir Richard Monday, who died at Monday Place.

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A little further afield—at Summerville House, Pendleton—died, after a residence there of fourteen years' duration, Mr. Paul Moon James, a well-known banker and poet. As a banker-poet Mr. James must, of course, yield precedence to Mr. Samuel Rogers, who in that dual capacity has held long and deservedly a monopoly of interest in the republic of letters. Britannia felt, and yet feels, proud of her successful literary son. Britannia could always appreciate success—always will. Why not as freely as the Hindoo worships the car of Juggernaut? If it be hinted that such worship is blind, is it not likewise just when Justice herself is blindfold? But this Juggernaut allusion is intrusive, and merely by the way. Our sequential remark is here: Britannia considered the notes of her banker-minstrel the sweetest she had ever heard or seen—more especially the note for a million sterling which Mr. Rogers kept framed and glazed as an ornament for his parlour, and as a comfort for the penniless scribes who sometimes came to dine with him. His poor relations—for all bards are brothers, as the reader will please to remember—are never weary of alluding to their rich kinsman; he forms an agreeable relief when placed side by side with their too-frequent inheritance—penury. Spenser, in his fanciful phraseology, would have termed him the "sunshine of their shady place." The example of Mr. Rogers infused hope into all the rank and file of the poetical army. If bankers could become poets, why not poets become bankers? The logic was as clear as when the horse-chestnut became a chestnut horse. So it has come to pass, in the customary evolutions of years and events, that England now possesses several banker-poets

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instead of one—lesser lights for the provinces, in addition to the original luminary of the capital.

Mr. Paul Moon James, one of the lesser lights in question, was (on the authority of the obituary record) a native of Exeter, and commenced active life in a banking house at Bristol. Thence he went to Birmingham, where he took the management of the bank of Messrs. Galton, and afterwards became their partner, the firm being Galtons and James. His partners having amassed a considerable fortune, retired from business; and after winding-up the concern, Mr. James, on the commencement of the Birmingham Banking Company, in 1829, accepted the position of manager in that establishment. In August, 1836, when the Manchester and Salford Bank was founded, he came to preside over its operations as managing director; the duties of which office he ably discharged to the day of his sudden decease, in the summer of 1854.

After this hasty glance at Mr. James's mercantile career, we will allow that gentleman to sketch his literary pursuits in the words of his own preface. Doubtless it would be more artistic to rewrite the matter, but we prefer to retain the author's reliable details of his poetical recreations; further, we wish to show the banker-poet's train of thought and mode of expression when addressing the public in prose. Avoiding the pictorial style, which may be said to resemble the water that "comes down at Lodore,"—here a sudden leap, there a sunny gleam, and anon a gentle, musical gliding through fairy flowers,—he seems to take rank with the more sedate chroniclers who shun the freaks of fancy, and dispense with the eccentricities of genius.

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Preface to "Poems by P. M. James."—"I do not recollect that the cultivation of poetry ever drew me one hour away from the occupations of business, or even interfered with my social duties: nor did I ever look about in search of a subject. In reading, in conversation, or in the contemplation of natural objects, the subject offered itself, and the poem, in my solitary walks, or in the 'watches of the night,' was retained in the memory and completed there, until leisure or opportunity occurred for committing it to writing.

"In my early days I ventured to publish a volume of poems—several of these are here reprinted. Others have been found in magazines of old date, recovered from old letter cases, or discovered in forgotten common-place books.

"Between the earliest and the latest, upwards of half a century has elapsed. For instance, the lines to 'Resignation,' and 'The Poplar,' were written in 1798. Both were printed at the time, or soon after, in periodical works. 'The Beacon' was composed on the Quantock Hills, in Somersetshire, on a summer evening in 1801, within sight of the lighthouse on the Steep Holms, in the British Channel. It was first printed in the *Monthly Magazine* for March, 1810. Those poems which have been written in recent years—amongst others,' 'Peace,' 'A Rose Look'd in at the Window,' and 'Evening Hours'—are favourites with the writer; perhaps because they are the offspring of his latter days.

"The gathering together of poems, written at such different periods of my life, has called forth old memories, and revived feelings long passed away. They remind me of loved scenes never to be revisited—of loved associates removed for ever from my affectionate regard—I was so fortunate in early youth as to find companions whose pleasure was in literature, or who cultivated poetry. Bristol, at that time, was still the scene of conflicting opinions as to the authenticity of Rowley's poems; Chatterton, his genius and his misfortunes, were still amongst the topics of literary circles. I formed acquaintance with his mother*

* Chatterton's mother must have been a very attractive and interesting elderly person. Myself and another boy often gladly left our play to sit with her and read to her in her sick chamber, and always came away pleased with our entertainment. She was suffering from a cancer of the breast, of which she died.—P. M. J.

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and his sister, and with the muniment room, from whence, he said, the ancient MSS. were derived; Southey and Coleridge were rising into eminence, and attracting our attention and our praise by every poem which appeared with their names; Dr. Hogg, who published his 'Travels in Egypt;' J. C. Rich, the explorer of the ruins of Babylon; Captain Kater, who distinguished himself in science, and at that time amused himself by teaching me electricity and astronomy—these formed a society which I much enjoyed, and which begot a literary taste which has never been obliterated through the vicissitudes of an active life.

"My partiality for these poems—the silent yet cheerful companions of my solitary hours—has been encouraged by the favour many of them have experienced from friends whom I honour and love, and from young persons, whom I regard as the most indulgent, and therefore the most delightful of critics. No poet could ever be insensible to their 'voice of praise'—it is in itself a reward; and to my young friends, and to those of riper years, I dedicate this, my printed but unpublished volume.—P. M. JAMES.

"July, 1853."

The author tells us, in addition, that it had been his occupation and amusement, during the evenings of one winter, to collect his stray leaves; that they had never brought him into trouble; and so he felt gratified while transcribing and arranging them.

The early volume to which Mr. James alluded was printed at Birmingham, in 1821. The first and best piece contained therein was "The Beacon," composed, as the author avers, on the Quantock Hills. Here a difficult measure is overcome with remarkable success. "The Beacon" being one of the favourites of our youth, we were not displeased to find our attention unexpectedly drawn to its author in a recent number of *Brierley's Journal;* on the contrary, we feel rather gratified thus to strew, as it were, a pansy or a forget-me-not over a fading

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memory that deserves at least a transient revival. We are simply discharging a debt of gratitude long overdue; and Mr. James, of all men, did not admire overdue accounts. It was his business to see that balances were equitably struck. With him, as with us, there was always a certain satisfaction, whether the transaction were of major or of minor import, in rendering unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar's.

THE BEACON.

"The scene was more beautiful far to mine eye
Than if day in its pride had array'd it;
The land breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky
Look'd pure as the Spirit that made it.
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion,
From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

"No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast
Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.
One moment I gazed from the hill's gentle slope
(All hush'd was the billow's commotion),
And thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

"The time is long past and the scene is afar,
Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes re-kindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
O then may the Seraph of Mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean!"

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Two of Mr James's patriotic songs, written shortly after the battle of Waterloo, were set to music by Incledon's favourite composer—Shield. His book shows that in 1822 he made the grand tour, many of his verses, written during his progress, being dated from the chief points of interest that won his admiration. He was at Chamouni soon after the unsuccessful attempt to ascend Mont Blanc, made by two English gentlemen and Dr. Hamel, when one of the guides perished. While residing at Birmingham, in the winter of 1824, Mr. James's sympathetic muse was again moved by the sad fate of a Savoyard boy and his marmot, who were found frozen to death under the wall of the cavalry barracks at that town. Leaving this monody, we turn to our next quotation, which, though brief, possesses novelty and something more:—

MATINS.

"From the topmost bough of the highest tree
The thrush is heard at the break of day,
And thus we rede his minstrelsie:
'Awake to pray, awake to pray,
For I see the sun in the golden east,
Uprising on his glorious way.'
Then chaunts the thrush like a Moslem priest,
'Awake to pray, awake to pray!'"

The author's second volume, published at Manchester in 1841, calls for no further comment. It was succeeded by several years of unvaried business attention. In 1852 Mr. James was so seriously ill that he did not expect to survive, and a short poem which he penned on that occasion furnished the verse now seen upon his tablet. Notwithstanding his recovery, he felt that a solemn

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warning had been given, and began to place his house in order. At this crisis he did not forget the children of his mind, but finally revised and corrected them for the press; thus leaving, as a legacy, all those he wished to be associated with his name. We may perchance hear it asserted that posterity will decline the bequest, withholding even the common legacy duty of thanks. That point was not for Mr. James to decide. He left us the best he had, presenting the gift in its best form; which is all that a man can do, be he banker or poet; and all that can be reasonably demanded.

"A Rose Look'd in at the Window" may be safely left to the care of its distant admirers, who will aim to keep it blooming in its purest sense—in its most poetical signification. With the last two verses in the farewell volume our specimens will close:—

EVENING HOURS.

"To ears attuned to Nature's call,
How sweet the sounds of evening fall;
When tumults from the city fail,
And youthful voices load the gale;
And tuneful bells from distance float,
And nearer swells the blackbird's note;
And songs by lips beloved are sung,
And pray'r is lisp'd by infant tongue;
And lids are shut, like closing flowers,
And night crowns softly Evening Hours.

Sweet peace of mind and calm content,
And time in holy musings spent;
The will resign'd, the spirits even,
And thoughts of earth transferr'd to heaven;
While faithful Love, that never dies,
The memory of the past supplies;

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And every solemn warning brings
The murmur of seraphic wings:
Time's downward path is strew'd with flowers,
And Mercy crowns Life's Evening Hours."

Mr. James's third volume, dated July, 1853, bears the imprint of Messrs. Simms and Dinham, of this city. Twelve months afterwards came his fatal illness. Alternating two or three days between rest and business, while vainly striving to shake off the attack, he suddenly expired in his chair. A white marble tablet, placed inside the church of St. John the Evangelist, Pendlebury, is thus inscribed:—

"This tablet perpetuates the memory of Paul Moon James, Esquire, who departed this life July 13th, 1854, aged 74 years. The faith and precious promises of the gospel were his consolation in life; his support in the hour of death. His earnest desire for his heavenly rest, and his Christian resignation, are recorded in the lines, written by himself, wherein he, being dead, yet speaketh.

"Saviour, forgive the longing soul,
That fondly wish'd to rest with Thee;
'Tis Thine her wanderings to control,
And Thine the hour to set her free.

"Also, in memory of Olivia, his beloved wife, who died December 4th, 1854, aged 71 years."

Mrs. James died at Windermere, surviving her partner barely five months. We are not forgetful of Lord Byron's disbelief of favourable epitaphs, nor of the many valid reasons for scepticism as regards posthumous praises; but

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in the case of Mr. James the eulogy on his tablet was warmly endorsed, or rather preceded, by the Manchester newspapers of that date; which added that he possessed artistic taste and sketched gracefully,—that his business talent was great,—and that the poor of his neighbourhood had lost a judicious friend. Mr. James was long connected with the Literary and Philosophical Societies of Birmingham and Manchester.

Another provincial banker-poet, and one whose name is more familiar to our ears, was Mr. John Roby, the popular author of "The Traditions of Lancashire." But fortunately no stranger's pen is here required. His career through life, dating from his birth, at Wigan, January 5th, 1793, to his melancholy death, at the wreck of the Orion steam packet, June 18th, 1850, has been fully described by his widowed lady, in "Roby's Legendary and Poetical Remains;" and to that book the reader is referred. One other familiar name—Mr. William Roscoe, the pride of Liverpool—may lengthen and close this list of banker-poets. Here, as with Mr. Roby, our office becomes a sinecure: Mr. Roscoe's name bears its own elucidation and eulogy. Further, his biography has been amply written by one of his sons.

Possibly we cannot do better, in parting from this tempting theme—the marriage of Mammon with the dowerless Muse—than cite an apt comparison from Mr. Crossley's essay anent Manchester Poetry:—"Thus shall Mitchell's Interest Tables and Lord Byron's Faliero lie in appropriate juxta-position on the same counter and desk . . . and an entry into the ledger, and the completion of a stanza, shall follow each other in alternate succession."

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CHAPTER III.

SALFORD SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

"While they pass time—Time passes them."

GODELIN.

AT the date the author left the neighbourhood of Shaw Brows indications of the building process might be observed. Writing theatrically, the transformation scene was dividing fairy-land from the active business of the harlequinade. St. Philip's Church was in the course of erection, and the foundation stone of the adjacent Town Hall about to be laid; Silk Street, near the ancient Ford,—Adelphi Street, Peru Street, were designed and spaced out; at the top of Springfield Lane excavations were made for a range of dwellings to face the first Salford Poorhouse; the highway beyond Paradise was just beginning to be called Broughton Road instead of Green Bank; while well-to-do people fond of rural retreats were removing across the Irwell into Broughton. Bricks, mortar, trowels have ever since been actively plied, the entire area being now covered. Salford is no longer a country town. Strange was the feeling caused two or three years ago by reading a letter in the *Guardian* from a worthy dweller in Paradise Vale pleading for a playground thereabouts, because the children were pent up in narrow, overcrowded

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streets. Pleading for playground at the identical locality that was nearly all green open space, with no lack of field flowers, gossamer, and butterflies, during the writer's childhood! The half-rural district, dotted with printworks, contained a preponderance of resident block printers, block cutters, and juvenile teerers, mainly employed at Collier's or Barge's, at Bury's or Blacklock's. The dyers found kindred labour at Leech's, Burgess's, and Beatty's—all in Springfield Lane.

Returning to Paradise Hill—whence we have slightly wandered—the survey may be resumed near the starting point. The Bridge Tavern (still occupying the same spot, albeit modernised and metamorphosed) was not surrounded by beerhouses or liquor vaults as at present. From our cottage door the way often seemed long while fetching the family supper beer, which seldom appeared "fresh drawn" when placed foamless upon the table. As a proof that refreshment rooms and luncheon bars were formerly rare hereabout, an advertisement a century old may be cited, in which two meadows are offered to be let, situated "near the Resting Stone, in the road leading to Broughton." Whether that resting stone displayed a Scripture text for the edification of the tired wayfarer, as rests and road-posts sometimes did, deponent cannot state. The naming of many licensed houses during the progress of this narrative might imply an inordinate love of their good cheer; yet simply as landmarks easy recognisable will they be mentioned in passing. Salford possessed its small quota of Blue Lions, Griffins, Unicorns—marvellous creations so often painted as inn signs, though seldom seen alive in zoological gardens or travelling menageries. But of

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all the Salford signboards, the most perplexing seemed the Quiet Woman, in Queen Street—a lady without head, yet otherwise comely and desirable. As a natural curiosity not to be seen elsewhere, that modern definition of Silence won many smiling observers, and drew forth some ironical observations. The symbolical sign was changed by a subsequent host in deference to his feminine patrons. Let us hope such barbarous curtailment of woman's natural rights will never be renewed, even in effigy. The ancients were more considerate. Albeit the Egyptians and Romans worshipped Silence, erecting her image upon an altar, they never sacrificed the entire head for the faults of its musical tell-tale, but merely sealed the lips of the mute goddess, with the additional safeguard of a double bandage tied over her mouth, thus tempering justice with mercy.

The Bridge Tavern (so named directly after the erection of Mr. Clowes's convenient structure in 1806) at Paradise, was kept by Mr. William Barge and his family throughout an entire generation, their silk printing works being immediately behind. At the rear of those, again, stood the Cockpit (termed, in 1788, the "New Cockpit"), with a very plain entrance in Bridgewater Street; thence to the higher end of Ryland Street the ground was mostly vacant. The Cockpit was an institution of Salford known far beyond its borders when cock-fighting, even with royalty, was a fashionable recreation. "In those days," writes a contributor to "Local Notes and Queries," "I remember the [twelfth] Earl of Derby was a great supporter of cockfighting. During Whit-week he used to stay at the Albion Hotel, Piccadilly, and about twelve o'clock each day proceeded down Market Street in a carriage drawn

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by four horses to the cockpit." The sanguinary contests, usually beginning on Whit-Monday, would continue to the end of the festive week, many of the slain birds being bought by the neighbouring cottagers. It is known that Alexander Wilson painted, in 1820, the interior of the Salford pit during a spirited battle; but the view, if engraved, would be little more than a repetition of Hogarth's familiar picture on a kindred subject, as feeders, bettors, game chickens, and the arena in which they mingled are similarly treated by each artist. Pursuing the way towards Greengate, we soon reached the Green Lane at Paradise, the poorhouse at the roadside, and Springfield, confronting that refuge of homeless poverty, where Samuel Bamford's father was sometime governor.

Arrived at this point, the occasion seems meet for the introduction of an informing letter with which the author has been favoured:—"In your book of 'Manchester Streets,' in writing of Spring Field, Salford, you have omitted the family of Leech. Nearly a century, and up to 1826, they were owners of a great part of the estate, which was called Spring Field by one of the family. The Lane [previously styled Sandy Well Lane] took the name from the estate. From the year 1819 to 1826 James Leech resided there, in a large house, with a spacious garden. He was the gentleman who first introduced the vegetable marrow into Lancashire. His was the first private house lighted with gas; and in his dining room almost the first hand-bells were played, about the year 1821. He was the leading cotton, woollen, and worsted dyer in Salford. Many subscribers to your book will remember James Leech, of Spring Field, as boroughreeve

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[in 1822], constable, churchwarden, and overseer of the poor of Salford. He was one of the deputation to London when the Town Hall was proposed and the town separated from Manchester, as his speech on the occasion will show. He was present when Lord Bexley laid the foundation stone of the Town Hall [August, 1825]. Perhaps you will kindly correct the omission of Leech, of Spring Field, and oblige one of the family."

Mr. James Leech was one of the countless sufferers by the commercial panic of 1826. At that crisis he experienced a severe reverse of fortune, and his verdant estate passed into other hands.

Sandywells, the Courthouse (on the eve of removal), and the doomed Cross, surmounted by a gilt crown, usefully ornamented by a sun-dial and supported by the stocks, were passed in the order named. Next, while traversing Greengate, were noted various old-fashioned signboards: the Blue Cap (a Blue Boy less permanent than Gainsborough's), the Three Legs of Man, the Shears, the Bull's Head, and low, simple cottages with roofs of rustic thatch. These latter graced the entrance to the Old Orchard, which once extended, as an early map shows, to the river side, near the existing Blackfriars Bridge. The orchard is now well-nigh forgotten—even family tradition is ceasing to name it—so many years have elapsed since the blossoms scented the air. Other dwellings, equally ancient, but of higher elevation, displayed quaint irregular pinnacles. Those were once owned and tenanted by substantial burgesses probably the Booths, the Lightbounes, the Claytons, or the Pilkingtons. With a peep at Bell Gates—where be Bell Gates now?—and a glance at Stanyhurst, the fairground

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of our fathers, the winding Irwell again confronted us. Ballads, written and sung by Ryley, the Wilsons, and other minstrels, commemorating the diversions, exhibitions, and characters of Salford fair, including its real old chums and its Chelsea buns, may be seen in provincial collections.

Though recently discarded, it seems scarcely needful to add that its popular fair was an institution of the borough, outlasting the cockpit. It was variously and merrily held, as many persons will remember, at Stanyhurst, at Greengate, and, finally, as regards Salford, along Chapel Street, with the chapel itself forming a sombre contrast in the centre. "The humours of Salford Fair," wrote Mr. Aston, "and the whole train of itinerant agility, wonders of creation, and Mr. Punch's wooden family divert the lads and lasses at a cheap expense of wit or money." A truce to the shows and show-gazers of our youth, which have alike departed—the shows to Knot Mill and anon to Pomona Gardens, the gazers to "the home of the last year's snow." Even showmen in the midst of their mirthful speculations have died at the fair. There, in 1811, Sieur Rea, a then celebrated conjuror, laid aside his cups, balls, and cards, with all other implements and paraphernalia pertaining to sleight-of-hand, and performed his juggling tricks no more. He expired at the Red Lion Tavern (now the Raven Hotel), Chapel Street, in his sixty-seventh year. In the obituary, with mock solemnity, he was entitled "His Imperial Majesty Sieur Rea, the Emperor of Conjurors." In the year 1812 Mr. Kite, well known as the manager of a company of equestrians, when just arrived for the purpose of enhancing the festivities of "Dirt" Fair, was seized with fatal illness, at the age of fifty-eight. He has

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been described as an honest, friendly man. At the ensuing Whitsuntide his widow, uniting her forces to those of Mr. Cimex, opened a new circus in the King's Head Yard, where her husband had usually exhibited. To the foregoing names may be added that of Mr. S. Polito, who died thereabout in May 1814, aged fifty. He owned the famous menageries that traversed the kingdom prior to the advent of Mr. George Wombwell. At Mr. Polito's professional visit in November, 1810, he thus headed his bills:—"Once more at Salford Fair, prior to fitting up Exeter Change, London, which he has lately purchased." After the death of Mr. Polito his menagerie was bought by Mr. Clarke, a cutler, occupying one half of Exeter Change, who gave to his cutlery customers a ticket to view the menagerie adjoining.

Apart from the cockpit and the fair, the most attractive holiday scenes of Salford have been her balloon ascents. The first (on the anniversary of the King's birthday, April 23, 1824) took place at the Cloth Hall, when the younger Mr. Sadler mounted alone, as the balloon would not ascend with two persons in the car. After a stormy voyage, he alighted at Monk's Heath, near Knutsford, being slightly hurt by the trees. The aëronaut arrived in a chaise at Mr. Thomas Yates's, Star Inn, Deansgate, about eleven o'clock the same night. Only five months later Mr. Sadler perished near Blackburn. The scene of Mr. Sadler's Salford ascent was thus advertised, with a pictorial representation of the place, ten years previously: "On the second day of May, 1814, the new Yorkshire Cloth Hall will open, when there will be exposed for sale, by the real manufacturers, a choice assortment of woollen

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cloths, pelisse cloths, blankets, &c. N.B. The principal entrance, up the Spread Eagle Gates, nearly opposite the Old Bridge." On Monday, October 16, 1837, Mr. Charles Green ascended in his great Nassau balloon from the Gas Yard, Lamb Lane. The aëronaut was accompanied by Mr. Charles Taylor, and a man named Carpenter, an assistant at Vauxhall Gardens, London, who had spent the greater part of his life at sea. The ascent of Carpenter was singular. Mr. Green had just got into the car to try the power of the balloon, before starting, and gave the word to let go to the persons holding down the car, which the men at the ropes mistaking, they also relaxed their hold, with the exception of Carpenter and a soldier, who were carried up with the balloon. At the height of nine or ten feet the soldier dropped, but Carpenter still held on, and when elevated as high as a factory chimney he climbed up the rope into the car with all the agility and success of a Jack tar on board of ship. The descent took place at Barnes's Field, a little beyond Poynton Park. The second ascent of the Royal Nassau balloon from the same yard occurred on the following Monday, October 23. The quantity of gas taken by the balloon on that occasion was 83,710 cubic feet. In addition to the aëronaut, the company consisted of Mr. John Sloan, of the Queen's Theatre; Mr. James Lord, junior, Pendleton; Mr. Frederick Green, of the Rainbow, Spring Gardens; Mr. James Veysey, Brown Bull, Chapel Street; and Mr. Hughes, son of one of the proprietors of the balloon. The fare was twenty guineas. The descent was effected about six miles from Wakefield and forty from Manchester, the party having been within a few minutes of an hour in the air. The

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third and last ascent of the Vauxhall balloon from the Salford Gas Yard took place on Saturday, November 4, still in the same year. Mr. Green's companions were again Mr. Sloan, Mr. F. Green, and Mr. W. Hughes, with the addition of Mr. John Chadwick, Colonel Sir Michael Creagh, Mr. Manfield, druggist, Bury Street; and Miss Ann Brougham, Hardman Street, Deansgate—a goodly company of adventurers. The balloon descended safely at Overton, in Cheshire. Mr. Charles Green, the popular aëronaut, survived to the venerable age of eighty-five years. He died at his home in Holloway, London, in March, 1870. Mr. Green was the only aëronaut who ever attempted to ascend without a car. Thrice in the course of his adventurous career he thus experimented; the third time being at North Shields, in 1834, when he alighted in the river Tyne.

If we now return to Stanyhurst, on the margin of the stream, a few footsteps will lead to the old (and erst only) Salford Bridge, where these desultory glimpses of bygone scenes and scenery connected with that borough may properly finish. The ancient bridge, triple-arched and with soiled recesses, united while dividing the two towns. Here, to our boyish view, the scene displayed much animation, the narrow, uneven thoroughfare being thronged as we passed over with pedestrians and traffic. Two or three groups of street singers, with the usual surrounding of listeners, were warbling with due plaintiveness "Home, Sweet Home," a domestic melody then just composed, and which seemed to possess a peculiar charm for our companion and guide. While listening to a favourite tune (be it "Home, Sweet Home" or other air), remembered

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possibly since childhood, the associations of the past come floating back as each succeeding note awakens a forgotten memory, until at length one feels well-nigh as much entranced as was Cœur de Lion when hearkening to the minstrelsy of Blondel. Thus far with the music alone. But the voice of the singer recalls one to the realities around, and, howsoever charming the melodist may prove, the witcheries of dreamland are over.

Scarcely had we parted from the wandering minstrels, and reached the centre or neutral ground of the bridge so often pictured, when we first met a favourite public character who is no longer seen in the streets of either town. Our attention was arrested by a novel cry of "Hot Chelsea Buns!" and one of the steaming tempters was soon placed at our disposal by an indulgent parent. A loud, peculiar "Thank you, ma'am," was the immediate response, as the vendor pursued his way in search of another patron. That peripatetic vendor was the well-known and kindly-remembered baker who lived and traded during a lengthy series of years in Posey Street and in John Street, Salford. There he compounded and baked those delicious morsels (contrived originally at the Old Bun House, Chelsea) which he rendered so familiar to our eyes, ears, and palates in the thoroughfares of Manchester and Salford. During an entire generation, dating from the year 1823, this Chelsea bun man was a trader of mark and interest in our midst—a representative character, and truly a man of the time. According to a statement in the Greaves collection of local treasures, he was the son-in-law and successor (with one musical crier intervening) to James Robinson, who was the first to make this descrip-

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tion of pastry hereabouts. Such was the popularity of our favourite bun man that no wandering artist could visit this locality without seizing upon him at the earliest opportunity, to cut him out in profile with a pair of scissors, or to copy him at full length in the act of plying his trade. In either case the style adopted was ebony, and the finished subject usually resembled an Ethiopian. There was nothing of the half-tone, tint, or colouring which distinguishes modern photographs; yet the multiplied portraits possessed a certain attraction, especially when ennobled by the motto line of the poet, "A likeness is all that we can rescue from the grave," and displayed upon the back and breast of a living perambulator. Many of those characteristic silhouette resemblances are preserved in the advertisements of the period. His likeness and calling were further embalmed upon drinking vessels and other ingenious contrivances still occasionally meeting our gaze, thus reminding us of the famous last-century song, commencing "Dear Tom, this brown jug." Although the favourite caterer was thus accommodating to artists who approached him respectfully, he was less yielding on other occasions. He knew where to draw the line between freedom and license. A comic singer once took the liberty of personating him—voice, buns, and all—upon the stage of Benjamin Lang's music hall, Victoria Bridge. Our friend waited on the vocalist, showed him how wise he would be to desist, and he desisted accordingly. The Chelsea bun man deserved to retire from business with a modest competency; for during many years he was so regular on his rounds (usually entering Manchester by Blackfriars Bridge and returning to Salford by the

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Victoria Bridge route), so true to time that he served the purpose of a public clock. But who shall unravel the intricacies of trade, or escape the various "ills that flesh is heir to?" At all events the worthy man persevered in his calling until near the time of his decease, which occurred in November, 1863. He rests in the cemetery at Mode Wheel. A few months prior to his demise, while receiving our last bun from his store, and listening to his usual sonorous acknowledgment, "Thank you, sir," we remembered our maiden purchase at mother's side; and with the remembrance came a throng of thoughts—a flush of feeling—never included in the original Chelsea recipe. A line of Beranger's, slightly altered, will apply at parting—

"They'll think of his *bon-bon* through many a day."

While lingering near the Old Bridge, it may be incidentally stated that Mr. Henry Clarke, an eminent mathematician and schoolmaster in the last century, exercised his talents hereabouts. But as his memory has recently been rescued from oblivion by Mr. Bailey in the "School Candidates," there is no present need to loiter at Mr. Clarke's former threshold, or repeat the story of his life.

Another noteworthy dweller at Salford Bridge was our learned historian and antiquary, the Rev. John Whitaker; but whether his home was situated upon the eastern or the western side of the Irwell is not clear to us.

There is yet one other worthy (though of a different order) to mention, while loitering above the suggestive waters of the Irwell. Notwithstanding that our pen is

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"HOT CHELSEA BUNS."

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devoted to the past, it may fairly pause a moment with the living present, for the purpose of writing the name of Mark Addy, the heroic oarsman of that river. With "all his blushing honours thick upon him," nothing more is needed than health and long life to enjoy them. The casual reference to the notable oarsman of the Irwell is naturally suggestive of the once-popular regattas which enlivened the surface of the stream, and attracted throngs of holiday gazers through many successive autumns, beginning in 1842. But of those aquatic diversions we have no special record to offer. Though frequently watching the rival rowers and coxswains contend for prizes between Throstle Nest and Regent Road Bridge, the sage advice of Captain Cuttle was neglected—no notes were made—and memory has failed to register the precise number of seasons when the "Keel lads of coaly Tyne" succeeded or failed in their spirited endeavours to wrest the laurels from the brows of local champions of rowing or sculling.

To Pendleton Pole, or "Pendleton Pow Posey," as Ryley termed it in one of his songs, a passing allusion seems due. But although in imagination the Pole—so long a prominent and familiar object by the wayside—might easily carry us back through a series of May-day gambols, even to the merry reign of Queen Elizabeth, we have yet, in reality, no more story to tell of its vanished dancing, flower-wreathed days, than had Canning's knife-grinder. So the festal narrative may be left in reserve for the deeper research of a future chronicler, who may relate in amplified order how the lads of the village, with the lasses to match, won the annual dower by excelling in "Sir Roger de

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Coverley," "I'd rather have a guinea than a one pound note," or kindred old English dances.

In the adjacent Chapel Street—pursuing a direct route from Pendleton Pole—lived the family of Colonel Drinkwater, the heroic author of the "Siege of Gibraltar," and the "Battle of St. Vincent." The marble monument erected at his expense in Trinity Church, Salford, to the memory of his brother who perished at sea, is well-known, and as the Drinkwaters have not been forgotten by local annalists, a gentle reminder may here suffice.

To distant or unsympathetic readers some of these details may seem of insufficient interest; but to others, as to ourselves, they will appear necessary to complete the general prospect. The feeling we aim to cultivate is thus expressed by a recent correspondent:—"As the last of my name in Manchester," writes Miss Cowdroy, "I feel interested in all concerning the records of the days gone by."

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CHAPTER IV.

A GLANCE AT MANCHESTER HALF A CENTURY AGO.

"When I was young I spent a good deal of my time in Manchester and Liverpool."

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

PASSING on from ancient Salford, we came in full view of the famous Old Church clock, within its time-worn tower; but of course too young to set our watch by its fingered dial, as the worthy old man in the Rev. Richard Parkinson's narrative, and the early-lost author of "Green Mantle" and countless other time-preservers have since done. So we need merely change the figure of speech, and echo the refrain of Don Cæsar's song, "Turn on, old Time, thine hour-glass."

As we entered Old Bridge Street, Manchester, the rain began to fall, and a convenient shelter from the passing shower was found in a cellar with easy sawdusted steps at the lower corner of Hanging Bridge, wherein an obliging shaver was assiduously operating with the razor, while his boy, with brush and soap bowl, was preparing another customer. Between Hanging Bridge and the river stood a peculiar tavern, of rosy hue, named the Von Blucher, and six or seven of those painted black and white shops in

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which our bygone townsfolk so much delighted. The next, or next bar one, to the tricoloured pole was Ford's familiar store, the birthplace of the bibliopolist, established there since far into the last century. The tinners and braziers of the firm worked in the rear of the premises, and the busy rattle of their hammers often saluted us afterwards in Stelfox's Yard. The business dwelling in question, with the church tower as a pleasing background, survives in two published views of the ancient town. A few years later those shops, together with the entire block of buildings ranging along the river side as far as Hunt's Bank Bridge, were demolished, to form the new entrance to the embryo city; and many a curious winding passage or bewildering flight of spiral steps descending to the water level were demolished with them. The site of the shops in Old Bridge Street is now marked by the Cromwell statue. When, in 1845, the foundations of the Von Blucher were dug for new erections, several English coins in gold and silver were found, but none older than the reign of Charles the Second. There were also some tradesmen's tokens, a French franc, and a curious globular stone, but nothing that could support Whitaker's idea of Roman occupation thereabout. The findings were submitted to Mr. Harland for examination.

Of the Ford family the most widely-known member was the esteemed bookseller and collector of literary and artistic rarities previously alluded to. He transferred his business to his son in January, 1820, in these terms: "W. Ford, English and foreign book seller, begs leave to return his sincere thanks to his friends for favours conferred upon him during a long series of years, and informs them

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that he has resigned business in favour of his son, John Ford, who has commenced in the same line, and also that of stationer; and he trusts that by punctuality and attention on his part to their commands he may merit and receive a continuance of their support." During the same year the son issued his first catalogue. An appreciative reminiscence of Mr. William Ford, from the pen of Mr. James Crossley, appears in the second volume of the "Register of the Manchester School."

Immediately in front of Mr. Ford's birthplace, and at the junction of Smithy Door and Deansgate, appeared the grotesque overhanging mansion in which John Easby was born, as described in his brief autobiography. The simple architectural plan of a portion of Deansgate here presented, truly conveying the life and character of the street until displaced by the wide, magnificent boulevard now in progress of erection, will doubtless gratify the gazer, and will advance in interest with advancing time. That narrow defile of a road, once traversed by Ancient Britons, continued to exist in its narrowness unto the present generation. Although we are still known to the world as Britons, the author need not linger with the aboriginal owners of the name, who lived hereabouts rent free, and with never a poll-tax to pay, until Julius Cæsar, envious of their happiness, dispossessed them of their woods —not streets—leaving his generals in command long after he had passed homicidally to the shades. Marvellous traces of the power and glory of the Roman Legions still delight the eyes of antiquaries in many parts of England; but the only remnant of the castle in which they overawed Manchester is a shapeless heap of ruin, chiefly mortar,

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occupying its original position at Knot Mill. Two verses have been altered to adapt them to the occasion :—

"The human flowers have passed away,
Great Cæsar's self is gone;
Bold Agricola is in the clay,
Without a churchyard stone.
What was their beauty or their love,
Their valour or their fame,
There is no record here to prove,
But books preserve each name.

"And stone by stone the walls decay,
While mosses o'er them creep;
And in the distant future, they
Will be a shapeless heap.
And there the milkmaid, homeward bound,
May pluck the summer flower,
And know not that the grassy mound
Had once been Cæsar's tower!"

The name of Knot Mill is still slightly retained in the street register, but no longer appears on the street sign-board. Smithy Door likewise has latterly been extinguished, even to its homely designation on the lamp-post.

Returning to Hanging Bridge (long devoted to savoury eating-houses), the shop at the north-east corner, in close proximity to the church gate, was the noted chap-book store of the Swindells family. In later years we often feasted our young eyes upon the penny legends, usually adorned with a rough vignette upon the title page, displayed so constantly in its windows, — thus had Samuel Bamford feasted in the prior generation. The "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," "Chevy Chase," and the "Children in the Wood" seemed evergreens; nor were the

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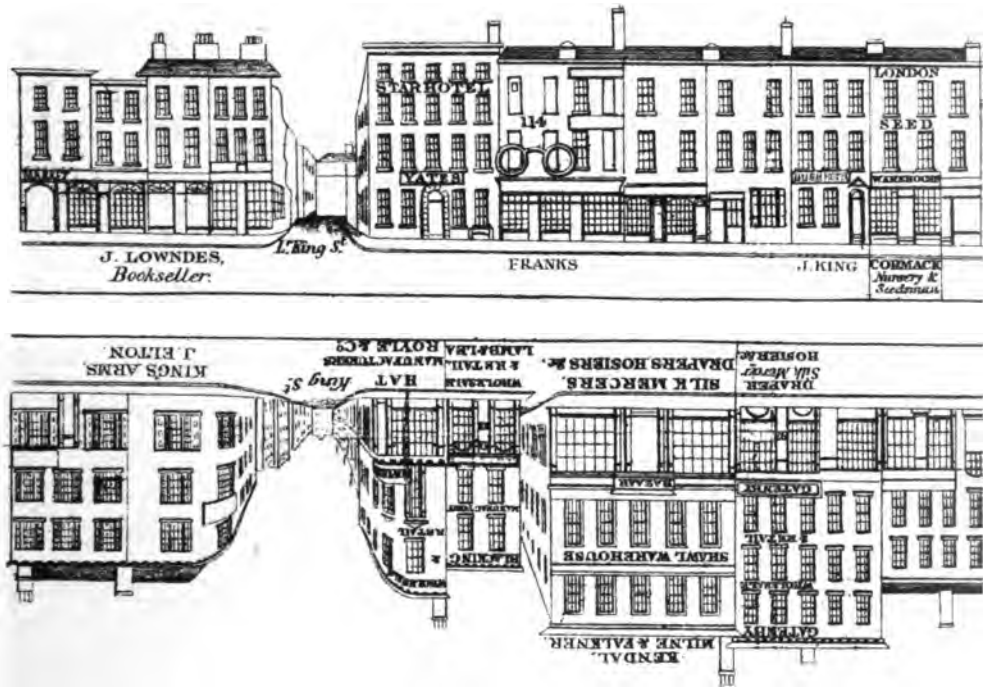

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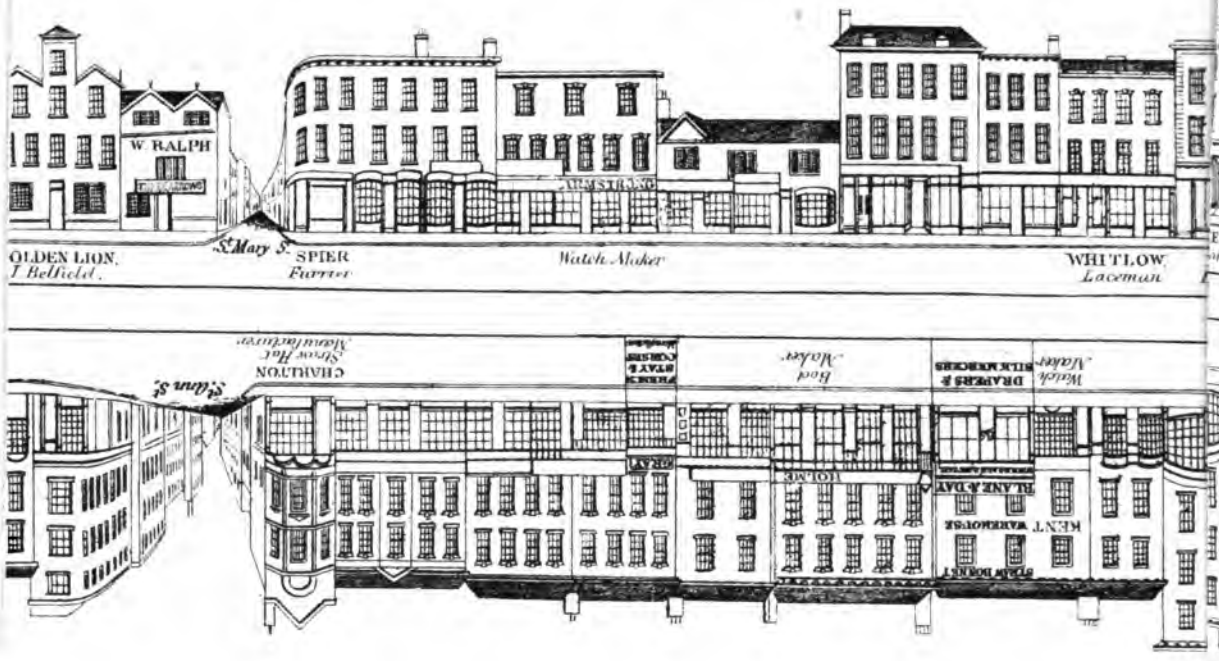
DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER A.D. 1840.



Palmer & Howe, Manchester.

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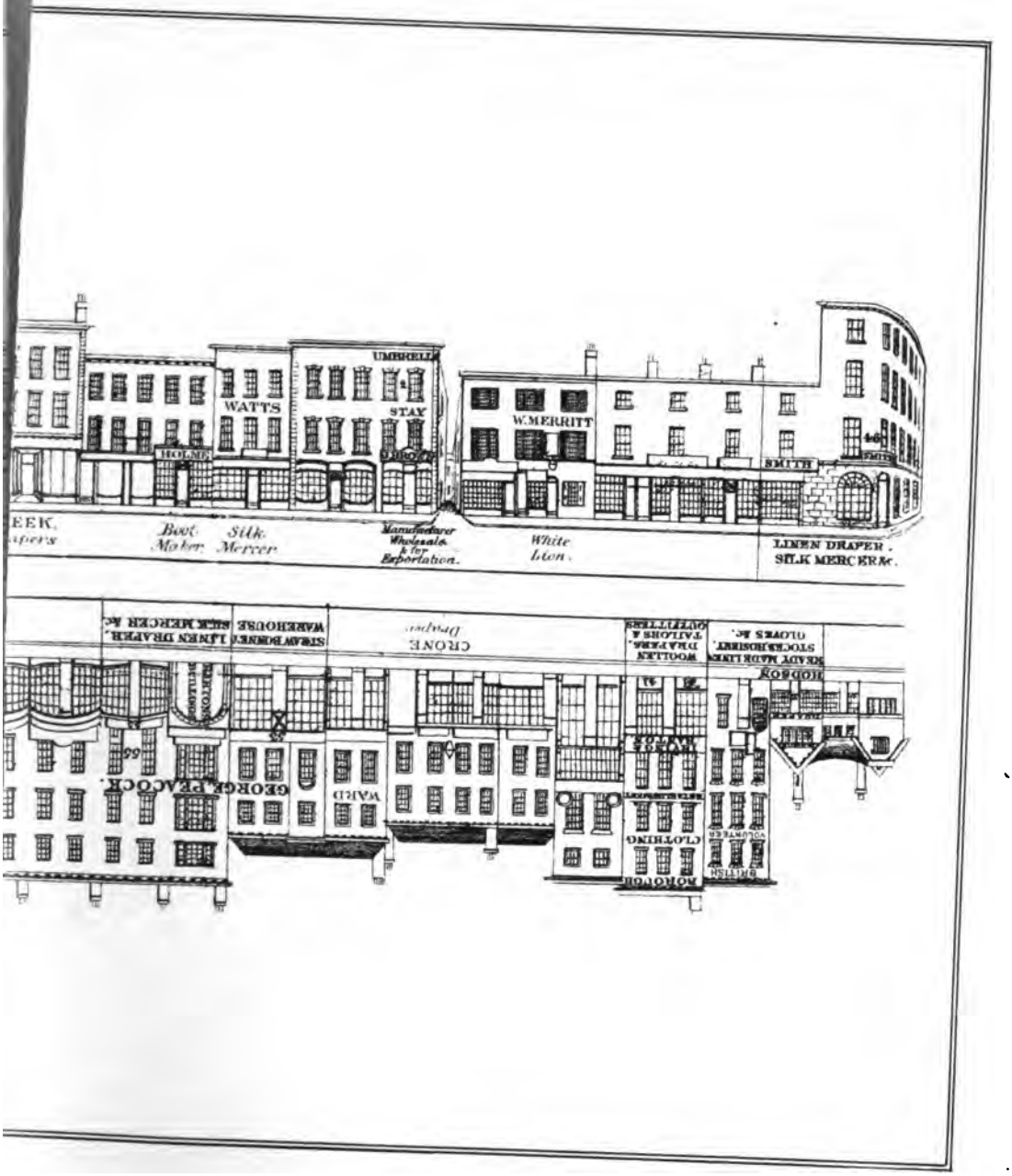

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"Seven Champions of Christendom," "Cinderella," or the "Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green" far to seek. A gentleman now living at the Isle of Man, but erst a dweller in Salford, has found pleasure in collecting all the issues of that juvenile library, and has latterly printed a list of their names, which is considered complete as well as unique. But from that collection of chap-book marvels we miss two favourites—to wit, Bold Slasher, of pace-egg celebrity, and the ballad hero Lord Bateman, who was, we are assured, a noble lord, and of high degree. How long the Swindells family occupied that shop no available record will enable us to state with precision; but in 1788, according to the directory, George Swindells, patten maker and printer, was its tenant, and a close neighbour to a similar tradesman, Nathan Wood, of quaint memory. Two years earlier the place was described as "the new printing office." A few notifications of marriage and decease are briefly appended as a passing tribute to those early printers and circulators of legendary and juvenile lore, as likewise of the songs made popular by comedians at the theatre:—

> 1785. February 7.—Married, Mr. John Swindells, bookseller, of this town, to Miss Frances Platt, of Stockport.

> 1796. March 1.—Died, Mr. George Swindells, printer. [Said to be a native of Disley, Cheshire.]

Upon a gravestone in St. John's Churchyard, Byrom Street, may be read the subjoined inscription:—

> In memory of Matthew Swindells, who died 11th May, 1821, aged 63 years. Also

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Hannah, his wife, who died October 10th,
1787, aged 35 years. Also John, their son,
who died 30th October, 1805, aged 20 years.

Matthew Swindells, bookseller and agent for periodicals, traded at the beginning of the century in Queen Street, St. Ann's, and afterwards at Bank Top, where he died. The family retained possession of the chap-book store at Hanging Ditch until the year 1846, after which date, passing into other hands, it degenerated into a beer vault. Its last printer, Mr. John Swindells, after retiring from his old shop, survived seven or eight years, dying at the age of sixty-seven. Elsewhere the printing business was continued by several members of the family. Henry succeeded to the long-established office of Mrs. Russell, at the lower end of Deansgate.

At the Hunt's Bank side of the Collegiate Church, opposite to where the College gatehouse once stood, appeared a wide, easy flight of steps leading conjointly to the Churchyard, to the passage flagged with gravestones, well-nigh surrounding the Church, and to a terrace of dwelling-houses (including the Flying Horse Tavern) sloping down the bank to the confluence of the Irk and Irwell. This point, viewed from the Millgate corner of the Apple Market, well deserved sketching before the demolition took place. A general view of Hunt's Bank at an earlier period, taken at the foot of Strangeways, will be found in Mr. Orme's excellent drawing here presented. One of the buildings appearing in Mr. Orme's picture is the ancient prison adjoining the College, and of that dungeon an early record is printed in Dr. Halley's "Lancashire":—"Cuthbert Scott visited Lancashire, and

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View of Hunts Bank in 1797.

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committed several men and women charged with heresy to close custody in a room of Manchester College. On the death of the Queen [Mary], which soon followed, the authorities of Manchester released them without waiting for any orders from the Bishop." The name of Hunt's Bank was derived from an ancient Manchester family formerly residing at Hunt Hall. They held much property here, were connected with the church both before and after it was collegiate, and continued to live here until the beginning of the eighteenth century; but the Hall and its owners have alike vanished, the name alone surviving. So in effect states the late Canon Raines in his "Lancashire Chantries."

Continuing the migratory ramble, Cateaton Street, traversed without note or query, led us promptly to Hanging Ditch, at one corner whereof, next door to the Roebuck Tavern, in the year 1743, Thomas Barritt, "antiquary, herald, painter, and saddler," was born. At the date of our exodus he had very recently been conveyed from the Ditch (which he had known as a veritable watery way) to his rest in the west cross aisle of the Collegiate Church. After Mr. Barritt's silent departure, probably the oldest inhabitant remaining in Hanging Ditch was Mr. William Sudlow, musician, teacher, and music seller, at whose sedate double-windowed shop, opposite the end of Cannon Street, music was sold and friendly musicians and singers congregated throughout a lengthened generation. He, too, was intimately linked with the Collegiate Church, being organist thereof during many years.

While quietly pursuing our way along Hyde's Cross,

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Withy Grove, and the lower end of Shudehill, we skirted the "Old Gardens" and the "Old Infirmary Yard"—suggestive names no longer known to the directory. May not "Huntsman's Court" here still existing denote that this district was once hunting ground? The neighbouring sign-boards seem affirmative—the Hare and Hounds, the Roebuck, and the Dog and Partridge to wit. Perchance the White Horse would carry the huntsman proudly to the meet, while the Spread Eagle, from its eyrie, would watch the spirited chase over the Coldhouse Meadows, and the Seven Stars would light the jovial scarlet coats to the squire's convivial board at Withingreave Hall. The ingenuity of any local antiquary might fail to show the exact site of Withingreave Hall; many inquiries with that view have been vainly made; but a reasonable supposition points to two taverns—the Mosley Arms and the Rover's Rest—as now occupying the divided and converted mansion. That the Hall was situated in Shudehill, together with its croft, orchard, garden, and barn, has lately been made apparent by a rent roll of William Hulme's Estate; and previously by a newspaper announcement. Strangely enough, the Hall is not found delineated in the Barritt collection.

In Bradshaw Street we metaphorically pitched our tent, and the simple exodus ended. Yet we had not exactly reached the oasis in the desert—the Elim of old; no wells of water alleviated the thirst, nor did palm trees yield grateful shade to the encampment. This street was named after its principal resident, Mr. John Bradshaw, during forty years an active magistrate of the town. He was energetic in quelling the Shudehill fight, in 1757. One

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Saturday in November of that year about nine hundred rioters came from Clayton, after destroying the corn mills there, in consequence of the high price of provisions. A party of soldiers was ordered by the High Sheriff to occupy Shudehill in order to be ready for the mob. About eleven o'clock the excited crowd came up and pelted the military with stones until one soldier was killed and nine wounded. In return a volley was fired, by which three rioters were killed and fifteen wounded. The latter were carried to the Infirmary, opened five years previously in the adjoining Garden Street. Two hours after the first attack the dispersed rioters re-assembled and destroyed Bramhall's Mills and house, situated near the town, also burning the haystacks. At night they returned to the town, attempting to break open the dungeon on Salford Bridge to release one of their companions there confined. The constables, in order to prevent a second conflict, released the prisoner. Besides those killed in the affray as combatants, a young man was shot who had climbed a tree—one of the numerous willows there flourishing—to see the riot. This unfortunate affair brought forth a lengthy pamphlet from the pen of Tim Bobbin, entitled "Truth in a Mask; or Shudehill Fight," published in the same year. Mr. Bradshaw died at his country seat, at Darcy Lever, in 1777, aged sixty-nine, and was buried in the Collegiate Church. An account of this forgotten magnate, written by Mr. John Palmer, appears in the second volume of the "Foundations in Manchester," and many allusions to him occur in the letters of Mr. John Byrom.

Before passing from Shudehill a more modern incident

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may be briefly noted. During the progress of some excavations at the upper end of Thorniley Brow, in August, 1874, six coffins were unearthed in the small, forgotten graveyard behind the old Baptist Meeting-house. The coffin lids were curiously inscribed with initials and figures formed of steel nails, the dates ranging from 1770 to 1774 inclusive.

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THE INFIRMARY AREA IN 1824.

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CHAPTER V.

THE RETROSPECT RESUMED.—THE INFIRMARY AREA.

"You should come to Manchester, deposit your portmanteau at the Queen's [the Albion, the Royal, or the White Bear], unfurl your umbrella, and take a walk down Market Street."

G. A. SALA.

THE retrospect may be resumed without preserving exact chronological order, and incidents may be introduced according to their localities as well as by their dates. From Bradshaw Street, moving along High Street, the Infirmary Area is soon reached.

A passing glance at Swire's map of Manchester, dated 1824, will show that the principal view thereon was sketched at the Royal Hotel—upon the identical spot where bloomed the last of the Market Street Gardens. If the author takes a retrospective survey from the same standpoint, three events of some general interest—the last garden, the first circus, and an unusual exhibition at the Infirmary—may be described.

It may not be generally known to the present generation of readers that a spacious garden, adorning a genteel private residence, flourished at the corner of Market Street so recently as the year 1826, or thereabouts. Its tardy extinction seems worth noting. For this purpose a forgotten advertisement in the *Exchange Herald* and sundry

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other printed records of the past may be called into requisition; the "legal jargon" we have ventured to curtail:—"Capital premises, at the corner of and fronting extensively both Mosley Street and Market Street, now in the possession of Mrs. Thomas Potter. To be sold by auction, at the Bridgewater Arms Inn, Manchester, on the 13th of September, 1814, all that plot of land, extending in length to the front of Mosley Street 44 yards and 35 inches, and to the front of Market Street 32 yards and 8 inches; to the back co-extensive with Back Mosley Street 45 yards 24 inches, and to the front of Meal Street 23 yards and 31 inches; and containing in the whole 1,432 superficial square yards of land. And also the dwelling-house, coach-house, stable, offices, and other erections now standing on the same plot. The above premises will be sold subject to an annual ground rent of £47 14s. 8d." After particularising the numerous rooms and stating that the plot was exempt from the payment of land tax, the announcement thus continues:—"Adjoining to the yard is a spacious garden, surrounded by a wall, and comprising nearly one-half of the above-mentioned land." After the date of sale the premises passed to Mr. C. B. Potter, who continued to occupy them until 1825, or a little later. In 1827 the gentleman's mansion was converted into an inn, under the name of The Royal Hotel and New Bridgewater Arms. This change was effected by Mr. Henry Charles Lacy, the great proprietor of mail and post coaches, an office for the coaching business of Messrs. Lacy and Allen being formed out of the Market Street portion of the premises. Doubtless Mr. Potter's spacious garden, with its floral or sylvan contents, would remain in Market Street until the exi-

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gencies of the new hotel required the space for business purposes. This change, as frequently happens, was occasioned by another. Mr. Lacy had previously, during seven or eight years, conducted his extensive trade at the Old Bridgewater Arms, in High Street — a building that retreated, as many persons will remember, from the main thoroughfare, and was guarded by posts and chains; thus far resembling the Palace, in Market Street, the dwelling of Miles Bower, in Deansgate, and other superior homes of the ancient town. It was widely known during the palmy coaching days as the principal resort of commercial travellers in Manchester. Mr. Lacy's predecessor at that inn was Alexander Paterson, mail contractor, who there successfully traded over thirty years. Prior to 1788 Mr. Paterson was host of the Lower Swan Inn, Market Street Lane. The old Bridgewater Arms was taken down or converted into warehouses about the year 1828, its site being still indicated by Bridgewater Place, High Street. As already stated, Mr. Lacy transferred its business to Mr. Potter's mansion, and associated its name with the present Royal Hotel.

At the beginning of the present century Robert Southey was a guest at the Bridgewater Arms, when Mr. Alexander Paterson was the host. The poet's description of the inn and of the town generally reads curiously now, and will be new to many citizens. Dr. Southey's "Letters from England" (whence the subjoined quotations, slightly condensed, are selected), were written in the assumed character of a Spaniard, and published in 1808.

"The entrance into the city reminded me of London, we drove so long over rough street stones, only the streets

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were shorter, and the turns we made more frequent. It was midnight when we arrived at a spacious inn, called the Bridgewater Arms. In these large manufacturing towns inns have neither the cleanliness nor comfort which we find in smaller places. In the country there is a civility about the people of the house, which, though you know hospitality is their trade, seems to show something of the virtue. Here all is hurry and bustle; customers must come in the way of trade, and they care not whether you are pleased or not. We were led into a long room, hung round with great-coats, spurs, and horsewhips, and with so many portmanteaus and saddle-bags lying about, that it looked like a warehouse. Two men were smoking over a bottle of wine at one table, and describing diagrams with a wet finger; a single one was writing at another, with a large pocket-book lying open before him. We called for supper; and he civilly told us that he also had given a like order, and if we would permit him should be happy to join us. To this we of course acceded. We found him to be a commercial traveller, and he gave us some useful information concerning Manchester. It was going towards two o'clock when we retired. I must not forget to tell you that over the entrance to the passage on each side of which the bedrooms are arranged, is written in large letters *Morphean!*"

Upon leaving the Bridgewater Arms the poet proceeded to inspect the town and its staple manufacture, his strictures thereon being very unfavourable.

"I had provided us," the narrative continues, "with letters to a gentleman in Manchester. He took us to one of the great cotton manufactories, showed us the number

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of children who were at work there, and dwelt with delight on the infinite good which resulted from employing them at so early an age. I listened without contradicting him, for who would lift up his voice against Diana in Ephesus? 'You see these children, sir,' said he, 'they get their bread almost as soon as they can walk about, and by the time they are seven or eight years old bring in money. There is no idleness amongst us;—they come at five in the morning; we allow them half-an-hour for breakfast, and an hour for dinner; they leave work at six, and another set relieves them for the night; the wheels never stand still.' It would have been in vain to argue had I been disposed to it. I thought of the cities in Arabian romance, where all the inhabitants were enchanted: here Commerce is the queen witch, and I had no talisman strong enough to disenchant those who were daily drinking of the golden cup of her charms."

Such were the impressions that Manchester and its factory system made upon an observant stranger seventy years ago; when cotton spinning was in the flush of its power, and when the foundations of so many Lancashire fortunes were substantially laid. Naturally, a poet located in the romantic region of the lakes would revolt from the strongly-contrasted scenes presented to his view in the cotton metropolis. Mr. Southey says the most remarkable thing he saw here was the skin of a snake, fourteen feet in length, which was killed in the neighbourhood, and was preserved in the college library. The concluding observation of our famous visitor is to the effect that he willingly left this town on a certain Monday morning, and embarked upon the canal in a stage boat resembling Noah's ark,

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bound for Chester, a city which he had been advised by no means to pass by unseen.

In January, 1816, a few years after Mr. Southey's visit, a daring robbery, committed in the Bridgewater Arms yard, created much excitement in commercial circles. While the guard of the London mail coach, just arrived, was taking out the London bags, some adroit thief carried off the bags belonging to Cheshire and Derbyshire, and eluded the hue and cry set up for his discovery. In consequence of that robbery, a new postal regulation ordained that the guard should thenceforward deliver his letter-bags at the post-office (then in Ducie Place), before delivering his passengers at the Bridgewater Arms. This incident won a rhyming record from the pen of Mr. Joseph Aston. The noted inn was originally built as the private residence of Mr. Jeremiah Bower,—a fact gleaned from a footnote in Byrom's remains. Mr. Bower was borough-reeve of the town in 1743. Upon one of its upper window panes, still existing, appear some amatory verses, written with a diamond, by a pensive tavern guest, in the manner of Shenstone. A brief rejoinder was appended by some merrier swain. These verses have recently been copied by Mr. Robert Wood, and published in "Local Notes and Queries." It has also been inferred, with much probability, that the extensive range of stabling attached to the inn gave name to Stable Street immediately adjoining.

Our second glance around the Infirmary area, embraces Tib Street, where. in December, 1787, the famous equestrian, Philip Astley, caused to be built, with a view to other seasons, the first permanent riding-house in Manchester. This erection was the forerunner of the long line

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of substantial circuses, hippodromes, and amphitheatres since built for equestrian displays in various parts of the town. Some years previously he had erected the first temporary circus at Knot Mill Fair. As that fair is now a vanished holiday so far as Knot Mill is concerned, Philip's earliest Easter programme may prove locally interesting. The announcement is quoted from the *Mercury* for March, 1773; but the illustration thereto, showing a boy five years old in the act of taking the high leap while riding two horses is perforce omitted:—

> Horsemanship.—The celebrated Mr. Astley and pupils, from London, will exhibit several feats of horsemanship and activity in a very extraordinary manner, in the Camp Field, the first fair day, opposite to St. John's Church. Mr. Astley is no stranger to the numbers that are pretenders to that noble art of horsemanship; nay, some have had the impudence (having no other merit to recommend them) to go by his name, by which they have greatly imposed on the public. Mr. Astley cannot be in the country at any other time, on account of his engagements in London.—N.B. There will be a stand erected in Camp Field for the reception of the ladies and gentlemen.

An editorial paragraph contains further information respecting this chief of circus performers:—

> The celebrated Mr. Astley (a native of this town, and grandson by the mother's side of Samuel Leech, Esq., who first made our river navigable) will be in this town some day this week, and publicly exhibit that noble animal, the horse, in several extraordinary attitudes, in a manner really surprising. He has had the honour to show his wonderful feats of activity before their majesties of England and France, and has lately performed in Chester and Liverpool with the greatest applause.

Mr. Philip Astley stayed at Knot Mill fair about a week. Of this notable rider a few recollections appear in an

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early volume of *Chambers's Journal.* Therein he is described as a capital specimen of John Bull—frank almost to bluntness, good-hearted, and, though quite unlearned, possessed of natural politeness. Mr. Astley, when showing the favourite tricks of his docile steed in the centre of the ring, usually wore silk stockings, powdered hair, with a long queue, his best ample coat, and wielded the customary long-lashed whip. He was the originator of nineteen amphitheatres in England, Dublin, and Paris.

Duly reverting to the immediate vicinity of the Infirmary, a strange exhibition there witnessed many years ago invites description. Being a young observer at the date in question (Friday, August 25th, 1826), we remember going with our guardian to view the body of Alexander M'Keand, at the Manchester Infirmary, where it lay for public inspection previous to being dissected. The criminal had been executed with his brother Michael, at Lancaster Castle, on the Monday morning preceding. The weather was exceedingly wet, and the sight far from being agreeable to us; yet the novel exhibition proved irresistible to many, for the murder of Elizabeth Bate had been much canvassed throughout the district, and the small road-side tavern where it occurred had been constantly besieged by eager inquirers. The romantic capture of the two brothers, also, at Kitling, near the wild moors of Kirkby Stephen, Westmoreland, after a week of desolate wandering, had given additional interest to the sanguinary transaction. How much of fear, privation, and remorse those hunted wretches endured in the course of that week was clearly revealed by the evidence given at the trial. While bathing their tired, blistered feet in the stream, they were casually

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recognised by a villager who had read a description of the murderers while awaiting in a barber's shop his turn to be shaved. This slight circumstance led to the apprehension of the M'Keands, after a desperate resistance. When captured, the soles of their shoes were worn off, their feet covered with blisters, and not a coin in their pockets. Yet their first thought was resistance, and they fought with an energy surprising in starving men. Alexander, the taller of the brothers, overcame both his captors.

At a later date, accompanied by a friend, we visited the scene of this murder, at Winton, near Worsley. We looked wistfully at the tavern sign, the Jolly Carter, and afterwards partook of some refreshment in the room where the M'Keands had often been similarly engaged. Mr. Blears, the original host of the house, had retired from business; but his successor showed the curiosities of the place. We first viewed the bed wherein the boy Higgins slept on the fatal night (May 22nd, 1826), until he was awakened by a struggle in the centre of the room, when he saw Alexander cut the throat of the servant woman. Next we examined the staircase over which the boy leaped in his alarm, and although followed by Alexander, escaped. His escape, however, was a narrow one, for Michael would certainly have intercepted him at the bottom of the stairs had he not been engaged in stabbing Mrs. Blears in the bar parlour. The last point of attraction was the dry ditch, where the lad lay concealed until the M'Keands passed him in their search for his hiding-place.

The brothers, who were travelling packmen, usually made the Jolly Carter their house of call when transacting business in its neighbourhood. Their prior conduct had

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been unobjectionable; but on the fatal night, seeing the host asleep, and all save the hostess retired, they were tempted, in the hope of plunder, to commit the murder. On this subject we have recently been favoured with a communication by Mr. David Kelly, who thus quaintly writes:—"It is somewhat singular that the person on whom I relied to give me some information about the murder at the Jolly Carter spent the greater part of the very day of the murder at the house. Many of the Stretford people of that day sent their carts for coal to the Worsley mines, and of course the carters were thoroughly acquainted with the house, both inside and out. My informant played a little on the fiddle, and as the day was a red-letter one with a women's club that met at the Jolly Carter, the landlord prevailed on him to stay and play for the members of the club. I don't think he would need much pressing to engage in the work, as he was a drouthy sort of a fellow then, although a very decided 'Good Templar' now. He knew the murdered woman well, and says she used to give him good motherly advice. This man's wife remembers a song that was popular long after the event, a part of which she recited to me, and thinks that if she took a little time to 'unbethink hersel" she could recite the whole of it. I will send one of my girls to her house some evening when the old lady has had time to think the matter over, and get the entire song taken down, if possible. These are all the lines of the song I can give you at present: they are a sort of 'last dying words, speech, and confession:'—

> Oh Betsy Bates we murdered thee,
> For which we're on the fatal tree.

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* * * *

We stabbed the mistress in the bar,
And gave her many a cruel scar;
And in her head we left the knife,
But William Higgins saved her life."

The remainder of the song has not been found elsewhere. An obliging member of the Blears family has supplied a few additional lines, but possibly the reader will be satisfied with the sample already given. A copy of verses of somewhat better quality commemorating this crime may be found in Charles Kenworthy's volume of poems.

Notwithstanding that the mistress of the roadside hostelry was thus severely wounded, she survived the danger fully twenty years, as certified by the inscription on the family gravestone in Eccles Churchyard:—

> Here resteth the body of Joseph Blears, late of the Jolly Carter, Winton, who died May 13th, 1846, aged 70 years. Also Martha Blears, his wife, who died July 6th, 1846, aged 70 years.

Elizabeth Bate was buried at Street Gate Chapel (otherwise Peel Chapel), near Walkden Moor, on the road to Wigan.

The sequel to this narrative is far from pleasing. In 1849, a newspaper paragraph recorded that the same boy who, in 1826, was such an interesting little hero, had fallen into evil habits. So a veil may be drawn over his subsequent career; the small mystery will be none the worse for concealment.

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CHAPTER VI.

FOUNTAIN STREET.

"The conduit or watercourse whence the supply was obtained was just off Market Place, the fountain itself being near the top of King Street. Thence it was conducted by pipes to the Market Place."

THOMAS CHORLTON.

LEAVING in our rear the Infirmary Area and its associations, Fountain Street, unsought, presents itself for observation. Our earliest fact relating to Fountain Street bears brief reference to "the bill for the conduit of water in the town of Manchester," and is likewise suggestive of the hidden fountain whence the name of this street was derived. The said bill for the conduit was passed in January, 1550. From this point a dearth of novel facts extends to 1776, when the conduit ceased to flow in consequence of the failure of the fountain. A further series of years elapse, the conduit becomes a half-forgotten memory, and the interest of the street is mainly absorbed by theatricals and music, so remaining until the removal of its concert room to the corner of Lower Mosley Street, in 1831, and the destruction of its theatre by fire, in May, 1844. These refining entertainments, therefore, claim some passing notice. As the record of its first four dramatic seasons is already in print, we may content ourselves by taking up the pen where the

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chronicler of "Manchester in Holiday Dress" laid it down at the opening of the year 1811.

The seasons of 1811 and 1812 were somewhat remarkable for first appearances upon this stage, the earliest comer being Mrs. Ward, wife of the manager. She chose Elvira as her opening part, and remained the leading lady of the company until her retirement from public life in 1816. Mrs. Ward's performance was soon followed by her husband's farewell as an actor. They were married at Liverpool, when both were members of Mr. Younger's company. It was at Liverpool, also, that the lady first trod the stage. As we have elsewhere given the leading incidents in the professional career of these local favourites, a suitable ending thereto will be found in their epitaphs. They rest in their family vault at the Rusholme Road Cemetery, where the subjoined inscription may still be read with interest. The stone is numbered 1,413, and immediately surrounding are many familiar names worthy of a thoughtful glance:—

> In Memory of Thomas Achurch Ward, who died December 1st, 1835, aged 86 years. Also Sarah his wife, who died May 19th, 1838, aged 82 years. Also of Letitia Margaretta, daughter of the above (and relict of Gavin Hamilton, surgeon, of this city), died February 19th, 1860, aged 81 years. Also of Rachel Milroy Hamilton, grand-daughter of the above, who died December 28th, 1857, aged 46 years.

Towards the close of February, in the year 1811, Mr. Laurent, the clever pantomime clown from Drury Lane Theatre, made his *début* on the Fountain Street boards in

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the "Merchant of Bagdad." After amusing our townsfolk about a fortnight with his mirthful activity, he selected for his benefit night a variety of entertainments, including a diversion called "Nixon's Prophecy, or the Lancashire Witches." With this compliment to the palatine belles Mr. Laurent bowed his adieu. Possibly Laurent's diversion was suggested by a ballad bearing a similar title, which appeared originally in the *General Evening Post*, a London newspaper, dated August, 1769. Thence (by favour of Mr. Holt) it is here transcribed. As we have never seen a copy elsewhere, we feel pleasure in thus reviving the long-forgotten local lyric. It was sung by Charles Dibdin at his farewell entertainment in Manchester in the closing year of the last century. He also composed the music:—

THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

A NEW SONG.

In history often recorded we find,
  Attested by poor and by rich,
That the greatest tormentor and plague of mankind,
  Is that terrible creature a witch.

If milk yielded butter in quantity small,
  Or Hodge tumbled into a ditch;
If cattle grew sickly, or children would squall,
  'Twas surely the work of a witch.

If Susan had stumbled when going to th' cow,
  Or barking had seiz'd the spay'd bitch,
The lass would have cried, "Oh, deliver me now,
  For surely near hand there's a witch."

This made honest hearts, without silver or gold,
  'Gainst *old* women run through a stitch;
A female who then had the fate to grow old,
  Was certainly mark'd for a witch.

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Such idle chimeras 'fore reason retire,
When thought soars a rational pitch;
But who can with safety pass through Lancashire,
Where Cupid himself is turn'd witch?

This truth we must own, if we view but their charms,
Though they ride not on broom or on switch,
That if men could resolve, they would boldly take arms,
And each one engage with his witch.

To beauty's strong spell let us virtue unite,
The possession of that must be rich;
Then Lancashire hail as true seat of delight,
Where beauty and virtue bewitch.

No sooner had Mr. Laurent departed than our playgoers were humoured with the first visit of a kindred spirit, Joseph Grimaldi, accompanied by Mother Goose, Tippity-witchet, and all the comical paraphernalia with which he had enraptured his London and provincial audiences upwards of two hundred times. In his original part of Squire Bugle (afterwards Clown) Mr. Grimaldi was as blithely successful here as elsewhere, and a re-engagement ensued. During his fortnight's stay he performed other characters which he had rendered popular—Scaramouch, Robinson Crusoe, and (for his benefit, March 29th, 1811) Squire Acres in the "Rivals." Both Laurent and "Joey" were materially aided by the "light fantastic toes" of Monsieur Dubois and Miss Johnston. Grimaldi's next visit to Fountain Street was in March, 1813, when he stayed a week. By one of our dramatic critics Grimaldi was denominated the "First Lord of the Court of Momus;" by Pierce Egan and other sporting authorities he was pronounced unequalled during the whole of his professional

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career. By Lord Byron also he was much admired, as testified by a present of five guineas at one of the clown's benefits at Covent Garden Theatre. Since Grimaldi's hey-day the glory of stage clowns has suffered an eclipse, few opportunities being now given to them by modern managers. Year by year the harlequinade is curtailed, and rendered more subservient to the scene painter, the musician, the property-man, and the *ballet troupe.*

The theatrical seasons of 1811 and 1812, although varied and pleasing to the public, were far from being satisfactory to the players or profitable to the treasury. So, in effect, stated Mr. Rae (then leader of the stock company) in an address to the audience. The reason suggested was the pressure of the times—long-continued war times. Many of their pit and gallery patrons were reduced to the necessity of patronising the soup shops in Miller's Lane and Spear Street, where the holders of tickets were furnished with soup at a cheap rate each Wednesday and Friday, the thousands of quarts thus distributed being fully chronicled in the weekly newspapers. The price of admission to the pit was reduced from half-a-crown to two shillings. At that period the pit was described by the press as the established resort of the critical portion of the theatre's visitors. The performers were lowered to half-time—only three nights' acting each week; while some of them took second benefits, in consequence of the first proving failures. This state of affairs was slightly improved after the return of peace. We cannot give a correct idea of the value of theatrical benefits, farewell or ordinary, at the period of depression in question, but a curtailed list for the year 1822 (when trade had revived)

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may be appended. The gross receipts are stated, from which, in most instances, about sixty pounds was deducted for the current expenses of the house:—

Mr. Salter	£238	11	0
Mr. Browne	184	9	0
Mr. Bass.....	183	5	0
Miss Clara Fisher	181	4	0
Mrs. M'Gibbon	162	4	0
Mr. Andrews	150	3	0
Mrs. Radcliffe	150	1	0
Mr. Eland	120	2	0
Miss Hammersley	69	6	0

At the benefit here quoted, Mr. Salter, after performing Virginius, delivered his farewell address, and hence the "bumper" house. He was quitting the town in consequence of the jealous rivalry existing between himself and Mr. Vandenhoff; but a re-engagement following, he remained here several additional seasons. The principal weekly salaries then paid were—Mrs. M'Gibbon, £2 15s.; Mr. Salter, £2 10s.; Mr. Bass, £2 10s.

Bright though ephemeral changes were not lacking to relieve the settled dulness of the stock company. In August, 1811, the advent of Parker, Davis, and Crossman's troupe of equestrians brought a succession of crowded houses during two or three weeks. "Blue Beard" and "Timour, the Tartar" formed the main attractions. One of those auxiliary performers, Mrs. Parker (considered the circus queen), was new to the Fountain Street theatre. That equestrian troupe repeated their attractive amusements in the following year, the playhouse being again converted for the time being into a circus, or "horse theatre." Six months afterwards Mr. James Crossman

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died at Knutsford, on his way to London, aged forty-one. His place in the firm was filled by Mr. John Astley, and the whole of their Covent Garden theatrical, pantomimical, and equestrian company returned to Manchester in November, 1813, their reception being a renewed triumph, eliciting a grateful address at the end of their lengthy engagement. That visit introduced to Fountain Street several new names, afterwards rendered familiar to our playgoers. The pantaloon was Blanchard; the harlequin, Ridgway; the buffoon, Usher; a well-assorted trio. The last-named, who re-appeared after a long absence, was ever a prime favourite with our fun-loving fathers. We will bid good-bye to those circus visitors with an anecdote of Laurent Franconi, founder of the school of horsemanship which has made his name famous wherever a hippodrome is known. His name was brought forward at the conference held in Paris after the abdication of Napoleon. "We must have a king who can mount and ride well," said the Duke Decazes. "Parbleu, then," rejoined Prince Talleyrand, "You had better take Franconi!" This famed circus rider died at Paris in May, 1849, far advanced in years.

Towards the close of 1811 were presented, amongst other novelties, three Italian operas, by the entire company from the Opera House in London; and our managers thus headed their printed announcement:—"Never exhibited on this stage. Italian Operas complete." Upon two evenings in January, 1812, between the play and the farce, Young Belcher, Richmond the Black, and other pugilists gave specimens of their skill in the art of boxing, by sparring within a ring corded for the purpose on the stage.

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Another *outré* exhibition occurred in December of the same year. One Sieur Sauches on several occasions walked against the ceiling of the theatre with his head downward, thus reversing the natural order of progression.

The earliest re-appearance in January, 1813, was that of Robert Bradbury, the stalwart Lancashire clown. A mysterious interval of three years' duration, caused by serious illness and misfortunes in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, gave additional interest to his name. He opened in Thomas Dibdin's favourite pantomime, "Mother Goose," and the lovers of mirth in its most eccentric exuberance found a rich treat in his performances. Bradbury's engagement was succeeded by the re-appearance of Mrs. Clarke (youngest daughter of Mr. William Cowdroy) as Euphrasia in the "Grecian Daughter." As heretofore, she was kindly received and supported, realising at her benefit two hundred pounds. On that occasion she assumed the character of Young Norval. Miss Cowdroy was married in 1806 to Mr. William Clarke, at Ashton-under-Lyne; and she died, at a far-advanced age, in 1871. The latest engagement in the year 1813 was partly musical, partly terpsichorean. Madame Catalani sang at the theatre on several successive nights; while Monsieur Vestris, the famed dancer, and his pupil, Mdlle. Mori, lent diversity to the performance. The dancers had not previously displayed their talents in this town.

Mr. J. H. Payne, the young American Roscius, who was starring here in the spring of 1814, in the characters usually associated with Master Betty, was favourably compared with his juvenile prototype. Mr. Payne's face (on the assurance of critical observers) was almost too beautiful

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for a man, while his voice was the clearest and most bell-like ever heard upon the stage. A few years later John Howard Payne made his name popular in lyric and dramatic literature. He died at Tunis, the seat of his consulate, in April, 1852, aged fifty-nine. In addition to the stars already named, a few others—Munden, Holman, Young—flitted across our theatrical horizon; and some still-recollected members of the stock company should not be omitted, as Mr. and Mrs. Tayleure, Miss Grant, Messrs. Cooper, Banks, and "Jim" Browne. The latter comedian came here young—too young, as a critic asserted, to forget his spectacles while playing the part of an old man.

At the dates in question the old concert room (a near neighbour of the theatre, being situated in Fountain Street) was enlivened by various notable singers and instrumentalists. In September, 1812, appeared Madame Catalani, assisted by Messrs. Isherwood, Vaughan, Yaniewicz; and on the following Friday she sang gratuitously at St. John's Church for the benefit of the infirmary, the collection amounting to one hundred and fitty-five pounds. In October next ensuing, Miss Stephens (afterwards Countess of Essex) first appeared in Manchester. She was vaguely announced as the pupil of Mr. Thomas Welch, the leader of the orchestra being Mr. Yaniewicz. In September, 1813, the directors of the room announced Mrs. Salmon, Miss D. Travis, Mr. Braham, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Lindley for two concerts. It may not be known to the general reader (as the fact is omitted in musical histories) that Mr. John Braham, the vocalist, was married at Manchester, in December, 1816, to Miss Bolton, daughter of Mr. George Bolton, of Ardwick.

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The Duke of Sussex became godfather to their first child. Another of the concert room singers just named, Miss Deborah Travis (afterwards Mrs. William Knyvett), so well known in the musical world in the early part of the present century, died in January, 1876, at Hey Cottage, Shaw, near Royton, in her eightieth year. A pupil of Mr. Greatorex, she first appeared as a principal singer in 1815 at the Ancient Concerts. Her last performance was at the Birmingham Musical Festival in 1847. Being a native of the village of Shaw, Miss Travis was long and deservedly a favourite hereabouts. A near neighbour of hers (the Royton Bard) grew thus enthusiastic in her praise:—

> "In Jarrot Wood I've heard the thrush,
> The linnet and the blackbird sing,
> While music reached the farthest bush—"

But Deborah Travis, he declared in rhyme, eclipsed them all, and charmed him more than vocal May. She survived her husband nearly twenty years. These brief biographical glimpses,—these sudden minglings of the wedding peal and the muffled bell,—seem due to vanished favourites while passing in dreamy review.

Resuming the dramatic record we find that in October, 1814, died, at Liverpool, an actor of minor note, Thomas Hollingsworth, styled the father of the Manchester and Liverpool theatres. He was introduced to the stage by Mr. Joseph Younger, the good-natured manager who took so many Thespian aspirants by the hand, and who was (jointly with Mr. George Mattocks) the first manager of our theatre in Spring Gardens. One hundred years ago Thomas Hollingsworth played with Miss Farren and her sisters, when those juvenile actresses left the boards of our

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earliest theatre (situated at the upper corner of Marsden Street, on the ground now occupied by the new offices of George Spafford and Company), to enliven the audiences at the new royal house. During one of Mr. Hollingsworth's early seasons at Liverpool he narrowly escaped being killed. While peering, between the play and the farce, through a hole in the green curtain, an apple with a penknife stuck in it was thrown at him; the knife penetrated so deeply into his cheek that he was long confined, and a permanent mark remained. By slow degrees he won his way to a fair position in the Covent Garden and Drury Lane companies; which he held until age abridged his powers, when he returned to the provincial boards, where his humorous talent was still appreciated. Until within a few weeks of his decease the veteran "lagged upon the stage," his latest efforts to amuse being displayed (during the brief management of Mr. Ryley) upon the identical boards in Spring Gardens where his youthful exertions were mostly seen. Forty years of comic business behind the footlights have been followed by sixty years of "sleeping well," and the few words and figures upon his headstone—if such remain—may be left to the churchyard gleaner.

As we have just stated that Miss Farren and her sisters played at our *first* theatre, while others have asserted the prior existence of a wood and canvass structure, a pertinent enquiry is thereby suggested:—Was the first Manchester theatre a tent? Instead of meeting this direct question with a reasonable No, perhaps the better course will be to subpœna a few witnesses and examine them impartially, leaving to the jury of readers the finding of the verdict.

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As certain stray facts and figures will assist in carrying the subject backward, probably to its source, they may be advantageously combined. Beginning with Hollingworth, his chronicle states that a play or mystery, called "Robin Hood," was performed in the Old Church during the reign of Queen Mary, of sanguinary memory. After that preliminary event a long interval of time elapsed without further notice of plays or players in Manchester. When our first Exchange was built, in 1729, upon Penniless Brow (where the splendid lamp of five lustres now stands), certain London and Dublin companies began to pay flying visits to this town, charging for concerts and giving plays to evade the Dramatic License Act. Those performances took place in the Exchange, as the newspapers of the period certify. If the reader declines to make tedious search in those veritable chronicles, he may find the various items of intelligence ready to his hand in the early history of the Manchester stage. In 1753 appeared the first announcement of the erection of a theatre in this town, and it was quickly engaged by Mr. Elrington, manager of an itinerant company, the agent of the new building, situated in Marsden Street aforesaid, being Mr. Aulay Macaulay. Mr. Elrington immediately issued bills announcing that on Monday, December 3rd, 1753, he would open the theatre with a play and other amusements for the benefit of the Infirmary (originated in the previous year in Garden Street, Withy Grove). The authorities disapproving of such arrangement, forbade the maiden performance and ordered the players to quit the town within twenty-four hours. That stern order was obeyed to the letter, the unfortunate company promptly returning, by way of

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Parkgate, to Ireland, whence they came. Brief particulars of that transaction are given in the memoirs of Charles Lee Lewes, comedian and lecturer on heads. The theatre remained unopened (save for one concert and the musical masque, "Acis and Galatea") until December, 1759, at which date James Whitley brought his company of comedians, and began the first theatrical season upon the new boards. The London actors finding at their visit in October, 1760, Mr. Whitley in possession of the town, performed in the Riding School, on the Salford bank of the Irwell, about halfway between the present Victoria Bridge and Blackfriars. That Riding School was clearly a spacious structure, as General Elliott, in November, 1764, reviewed therein the regiment of Scots Greys, the weather proving unfavourable for open-air reviewing. One of the earliest pieces seen upon our new stage was Addison's "Cato," performed by the senior scholars of the Free Grammar School in December, 1759, and repeated in 1760 and 1761, the principal character being sustained by Richard Pepper Arden, who subsequently became the first Lord Alvanley. Through a long series of years "Cato" was a standard favourite with those scholars, the earliest notice, bearing date December, 1732, occurring in the Common-place Book of Mr. R. S. Townshend, a former resident of Manchester. From this point our theatres, managers, and principal actors can be clearly and consecutively traced; but from beginning to end there is no sign of a tent. Nor was it named in print until Mr. Aston (usually a safe guide), vaguely introduced it in these words:—"The earliest theatre recollected by the oldest inhabitant of Manchester was a temporary one of timber,

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erected on the ground lately occupied as the police office at the bottom of King Street." This statement, accepted upon easy trust, has since been often repeated without sufficient examination; but when put to the test not the slightest evidence is forthcoming in support of the hearsay. Without evidence there can be no conviction, mental or legal. Should an apparent myth continue to usurp the place of an historic fact? At all events the notice here given in drawing the attention of other searchers may tend to establish the truth.

One of the latest playbills issued here in the year 1814 heralded the first appearance of Mrs. Charles Reece Pemberton, as Grace Gaylove; she came with her husband (the Wanderer), from the Newcastle Theatre. On the opening night (December 26th) of the same theatrical season, another name of greater mark was first seen on our bills. A preliminary criticism was thus laudatory:—"A Mr. Vandenhoff, late of the Bath Theatre, and of whom report speaks in the warmest terms as an actor of sterling merit, who has taste and judgment enough to act upon his own conceptions of the characters he undertakes, is likely to be a very great addition." He made his *début* as Coriolanus, being supported by Mrs. Vandenhoff as Virgilia, Mr. Cooper as Tullius, and Mrs. Ward as Volumnia. Afterward Mr. Vandenhoff proceeded to Liverpool, dividing his energies between that town and Manchester.

Outside the theatre, as within, during the four years embraced in this cursory survey the general state of affairs —the daily and nightly occurrences—revealed a series of strongly contrasted scenes. Amidst the semi-starvation of the multitude at home came, ever and anon, glorious

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news of a great victory abroad. On such exciting occasions the Boroughreeve promptly summoned a public congratulatory meeting, or the loyal gentry rejoiced at a grand dinner at the Bull's Head, in the Market Place, or marched in lengthy procession through the town. In the meantime the church bells were set a-ringing loudly and merrily until the steeples well-nigh rocked. One enthusiastic "Bob Major" suggested in print that two treble bells should be added to the peal of eight in the Old Church tower, to enable the ringers to make more triumphant noise in the world. On the other hand, one or two reverses on the battle-field brought a general fast, which, to the hungry mortals fasting daily seemed a bitter jest, a needless humiliation. At length arrived the culminating bulletin, announcing (in the boldest type the newspaper offices could furnish) the fall of Napoleon, the entry of the allies into Paris, and the consequent peace and happiness of the world! Of course Manchester, ever demonstrative, ran wild with joy. In consequence of the festivities and illuminations the manager's wife, Mrs. Ward, postponed her annual benefit, and Mr. Tayleure, the low comedian, produced a patriotic rhapsody styled "Elba Room for Boney," which soon became the most popular song of the period, being nightly *encored* by the elated Britons who joined in the chorus.

In the autumn of the same year, and in the open fields, occurred an incident which is quite cheering in the midst of recent strictures touching the decadence of Lancashire men. The red rose, we have been assured, is no longer in bloom, and the military standard must be lowered to meet the lessened inches of Lancastria's sons. Yet here is a

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model family sufficiently tall and stalwart for Spanking Roger, wherewith to adorn his pet Herculean regiment. People who are familiar with the neighbouring village of Waterhouses, under its new and fanciful name of Daisy Nook, may like to be informed or reminded of a remarkable mowing exploit which there took place. An account of the feat appeared in Harrop's old *Mercury*, which always yields something new to the diligent searcher. One Jonathan Andrew and his nine sons were engaged (in September, 1814), to mow some hay grass. The father led the van, the sons following according to their seniority. When the work was completed the father and sons were respectively measured, weighed, and their ages taken, which were found to be exactly as follows:—

	Years.	Ft.	In.	Score.	lb.
Jonathan Andrew.....	56	6	0	10	0
James Andrew.....	35	6	1	9	12
Samuel Andrew	34	6	3	9	5
Aaron Andrew	33	6	2	9	15
William Andrew	31	6	1	9	0
John Andrew	29	6	1	9	4
Jonah Andrew	27	6	2	9	10
Jonathan Andrew.....	23	6	2	9	10
Richard Andrew	19	5	10	8	0
Matthew Andrew.....	16	5	10	6	10
	303	60	8	90	6

Members of statistical societies and others who complain, with sufficient reason, of the degenerating effects of town life may here find contrast and consolation, and may cease to envy the Patagonians, or even Mr. Lemuel Gulliver himself.

Apart from the theatre and the concert room, another

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institution of Fountain Street is the Overseers' Office, where the daily routine of business is so sternly matter of fact that few persons would expect the place to furnish a romance for these pages; yet what can be more romantic than the truthful story subjoined? In December, 1814, a middle-aged woman, named Sarah Taylor, applied for, and duly received, relief at the Churchwardens' Office, in Fountain Street. A strange revelation ensued. She stated that while very young, she was in the habit of assisting her father, a bricklayer, as his labourer, and for the sake of convenience wore boy's clothing. Being tall of her age she enlisted, when fourteen years old, in the 15th Light Dragoons, adopting her father's name—William Roberts. She readily passed muster at a time when recruits were urgently needed and the examiners were far from being strict. Successful in her riding exercises and sedate in her conduct, she remained in the 15th Light Dragoons as private, corporal, and sergeant during twenty-one years, when her discharge was tendered. Wonder or not, it is clear that a woman can keep a secret. Preferring to remain in the service, she was transferred, in the year 1800, to the 37th Regiment of Foot, then stationed at the island of St. Vincent in the West Indies. Seized soon afterward with the yellow fever, and expecting to die, she entrusted her secret to the wife of a sergeant. Recovering, and assuming her natural dress, she married a private of her regiment, and in due time became the mother of three children. Still following the fortune of war, she was, with her husband, captured and confined in a French prison during two years, being released at the peace in 1813. Her husband suddenly dying, the widow unwillingly

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quitted the camp, returned to the home of her parents in Lee Street, Newton Lane, and endeavoured to obtain a pension in return for long and faithful service. In the meantime she found aid and sympathy in Fountain Street. Though receiving several wounds during her foreign campaigns, which included Egypt and the Red Sea, she suffered more (she averred) in the French prison than in all her warfare. As this Manchester heroine was seen and admiringly described by Mr. Aston, the facts are placed beyond doubt.

This strange incident calls forth another, of kindred character. About twenty-three years later—April, 1838—some curiosity was created in the town by the appearance of a female husband, who lived in Cumberland Street, Deansgate, under the assumed name of Henry Stoakes. It transpired in evidence that she early adopted male apparel, and was apprenticed to a builder in the West Riding of Yorkshire. She was married at Sheffield in 1816, removing to Manchester in 1829, where she regularly followed the trade of a bricksetter, being especially expert in the fixing of ovens and kitchen boilers. During several years she acted as a special constable in this town, performing the duties with ease and efficiency. After thus successfully concealing her sex, a domestic quarrel about household expenses,—a curtailment of the weekly supplies, led to a revelation which verified the proverb touching secrets in every mansion. Estrangement and separation ensued. As no further information has reached us concerning the wedded pair, we know not whether they sullenly kept apart, or ultimately became re-united. The true story is one of the Cambuscan order, and must remain

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half-told. Taken in its entirety, this was considered one of the most singular cases of its kind, surpassing the better known adventures of the Chevalier D'Eon, inasmuch as the Chevalier had no experience of married life.

The race of Amazons was still surviving in 1877. During a battle at the river Lom, in Bulgaria, a young Russian officer, who was observed gallantly endeavouring to rally the men was killed, and the body when subsequently discovered, proved to be that of a woman. "She was buried," writes the war correspondent, "where she fell."

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CHAPTER VII.

MARKET STREET:—A BYGONE NEWSPAPER.

"Aston's *Herald*, and the *Guardian's* page,
And Wheeler's famed third book of *Chronicles*,
Cowdroy's *Gazette*, and Harrop's *Volunteer*,
And wingèd *Couriers* proclaim their deeds!
The rest postponed." GIMCRACKIANA.

THE merry stringer of names thus quoted traded in Market Street, nearly opposite to the end of Fountain Street, and pictured in his book the substantial pile of buildings embracing his shop. Mr. Gregson (the rhyming bookseller in question), while putting together the names of local journals, might have lengthened the string to advantage. One of the long-vanished newspapers (the *Manchester Observer, or Literary, Commercial, and Political Register)*, omitted and postponed by Mr. Gregson, it will be the business of the present chapter to name and elucidate. As the large diurnal sheet now forms so important an element in the routine of Manchester life, perchance a few glimpses of the small weekly issues which served the bypast generations of this neighbourhood may prove as interesting as they are curious. When in boyhood we first listened to the conversation of our local politicians of the operative class, the newspaper most in favour with them was "th' *Obsarver* papper." At that distant period the paper had been defunct four or five years only, and its

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memory was consequently fresh in the minds of its admirers. After a short life of fiery opposition it had died the death of a martyr—literally slain by lawsuits for libel, and was venerated accordingly by the horny hands in whose cause it had prematurely perished. It has happened strangely enough that we never saw a copy of the *Observer* until half a century had elapsed. At length a broken file was placed at our service by a friendly bookseller, who is fond of discovering and circulating provincial curiosities. A short summary of the forgotten contents, with occasional illustrative remarks thereon, will furnish some panoramic scenes of the period under review. The first weekly number, in quarto size, was dated Saturday, January 3rd, 1818. The price was sevenpence for ready money, an extra charge being made for credit, and a discount allowed for yearly payments in advance. The editor's address to the public, promising to "cleanse the Augean stable," fills three columns. "Others," observed that political champion, upon donning his new armour, "may devote their time and talents to prop the falling fortunes of their favourite party, whether Whig or Tory; we, however, cannot be limited in our support of any portion of our countrymen: our cause is that of the People—our interests are those of the Nation. Happy would it be for our common country if Britons would for ever abjure all party spirit. It is the usual fault of political writers to attach themselves to one party, which they never cease to eulogise; while they as zealously, and perhaps as blindly, endeavour to vilify and defame another." The editor's universal sympathy was illustrated by a rough woodcut of an all-seeing eye.

The first printer and publisher of the *Observer* was

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Mr. Thomas Rogerson, but so early as the fourth number he withdrew, because the editor, deviating from the original design, had given too much attention to politics to the neglect of commerce and literature. Probably the readers reversed the publisher's policy, requiring more politics than literature, and thus placing the earnest editor in a difficult position. An advertisement from James Wolfenden, mathematician, of Hollinwood, appears upon the opening page, announcing that he had engaged a room in Dale Street, Manchester, where he would privately teach the higher branches of mathematics. James Wolfenden, described in obituary notices as one of the most extraordinary mathematicians in humble life, died at his native village in March, 1841, in his eighty-seventh year. He was a valuable but ill-rewarded contributor to many scientific publications, little of his mathematical skill being required to partition his effects when he departed hence. A short memoir of the gifted peasant, written by the late Alderman Wilkinson, of Burnley, may be read in Mr. Fielding's "Rural Historical Gleanings." Wolfenden's bust, presented by Mr. Binney, in 1875, is preserved by the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society.

Conspicuous upon another page of the *Observer* is a lengthy subscription list in behalf of William Hone, for the firmness and ability displayed in his successful defences of the liberty of the press and trial by jury, the Duke of Bedford heading the list with one hundred guineas. Next there is Bish and his ever-recurring lotteries — thirty thousand pounds always in the lucky wheel, besides pipes of wine and spirits galore. The printing press of Mr. Mark Wardle (a very familiar name amongst provincial

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typographers, more especially in connection with the *Oddfellows' Magazine)* furnishes the fifth and many succeeding numbers. The tenth issue contains two political impromptus of no present interest, by Trim (D. W. Paynter), and a requisition for a reform meeting, to be held near St. Peter's Church. Scarcely a paper without a public meeting—Oldham, Middleton, Ashton, everywhere throughout the country—to secure "Liberty, plenty, and general happiness." Some of those invitations to reformers to assemble in force were headed with the spirited line usually forming the war-cry of excited multitudes, "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!" William Benbow, describing himself as "late of the Bastile," announces the opening of his cheap shoe shop, near the Crown and Kettle, New Cross—a Cross apparently never pictured, and of which little is recorded. Mr. Benbow may be remembered as the main promoter of the blanketeering expedition. In April—still 1818—appears a lengthy account of the attempted assassination of Lord Palmerston, then Secretary at War. While ascending the stairs to his office he was shot in the back by a half-pay officer. Mr. Astley Cooper immediately attended to the wound, which was found to be slight; and the officer proving deranged was handed over to the close custody of his friends. From that grave incident we quickly pass to a gay adventure. Richard Usher (the Manchester pantomimic favourite), then clown at the Coburg Theatre, undertook in July of the aforesaid year to sail from Blackfriars Bridge to Westminster Bridge in a washing tub drawn by four geese. He started with the tide at half-past one, and won his singular wager in one hour. An immense number of

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persons witnessed the novel undertaking. He then sailed to Cumberland Gardens, offering for a wager of one hundred guineas to return thence through the centre arch of London Bridge; but no sportsman would accept the challenge. Nearer home, and in September, a young man was fatally shot and several others wounded during a riot by turn-outs at Mr. Gray's factory, Pollard Street, Ancoats. When the remains of the victim were conveyed from the Infirmary to their resting place in Hulme, ten thousand sympathisers joined the procession or lined the pathway.

During the same month the *Observer*, while presenting a history of much-abused Manchester charities, gave an interesting notice of the vanished Miller Street Almshouses. If prefaced by a few lines from Mr. Edwards's more recent *brochure* anent local benefactions, it will here form the most complete account of those dwellings hitherto published. Their exact position and extent being clearly stated, the vague impressions afloat may be corrected. "In 1621," writes the author of "Manchester Worthies," "Edward Mayes bequeathed one hundred and twenty pounds to be employed in the purchase of land, or to be otherwise profitably invested for the use of the poor of Manchester, to whom the rents and profits were to be distributed according to the discretion of the churchwardens and others, on Good Friday in every year. Land and dwelling-houses in and near Millgate and Miller's Lane were accordingly purchased. [Mayes Street and Back Mayes Street are still existing]. In 1794 an Act of Parliament was obtained authorising the granting of building leases, the annual rents of which amounted in 1825 to £429 18s. 6d., and the then estimated annual value to

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£1,875." Thus far Mr. Edwards. "The Almshouses," states the *Observer*, "once stood in Miller's Lane, and were given to the poor of Manchester for ever. To each house was given a portion of land to be used for the purpose of a garden; the houses were two storeys in height, and the whole building was about one hundred and fifty feet in length, and contained accommodation for about twenty families. Those Almshouses were so constructed that each family had an entrance to their own apartments, without interfering with another. In front of the building a large stone was placed in the wall, on which was the following inscription:—

> In usum Mancunium pauperium erecta fuerunt hæc domicilia annoentibus Irenarchis fideig commissoribus percurum præfectorum. Anno Dom. 1680.
>
> OSWALDO MOSELY, Armig.
> JACOBO MARLER, Gent.
> JACOBO RADCLIFFE, Gent.
> RICARDO FOX, Gent.
> SAM. DICKINSON.
> JOHANNE ALEXANDER.

About eleven years ago [1807] a communication was made between [Hanover Street] and Miller Street by opening a street called Edward Street; this improvement was effected by taking down two or three of the Almshouses. About twelve months after this a person, who acted as steward for the charity, ordered the poor inhabitants to quit the premises without having provided other tenements for their possession. To do this they refused, and pointed to the stone in front of the building as an existing document of their right to remain. The simplicity of this

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appeal was merely laughed at, and workmen were ordered to pull down the premises. This was soon executed; the building was unroofed, and the walls chiefly knocked down while the inhabitants remained in their dwellings. They retreated from room to room as the work of destruction proceeded, dragging their beds and furniture out of the wreck. Finding the poor thus determined to remain in the ruins, it was at last proposed to about ten of them, who were the real objects of the charity, to provide themselves with cellars, and the rents should be paid; which is to this time [1818] continued. Thus were the Almshouses of the poor of Manchester swept from the land on which they stood, after being occupied one hundred and twenty-seven years. The inscription which was once in front of the Almshouses is on a plain stone slab, which stands in the corner of a timber yard [Wallis's]; and any passenger on going down Mayes Street, by stopping to cast a look upon it, may sigh as he walks on—'Alas! the poor Almshouses.'"

In November, 1818, Manchester, like other parts of the country, was startled by the suicide of Sir Samuel Romilly, following quickly upon his election, at the head of the poll, for Westminster. On the Tuesday morning next ensuing a gentleman named Elliott, chairman of Henry Hunt's Election Committee, was sitting at breakfast, when the newspaper was brought in; after reading of the melancholy fate of Sir Samuel he suddenly put an end to his own existence in a similar manner, by cutting his throat with a razor. The next item, interesting to playgoers, tells how Bradbury, the celebrated Lancashire clown, was to make his appearance in the Drury Lane Christmas Pantomime,

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in lieu of Paulo, who had engaged his droll abilities to Mr. Elliston, lessee of the Olympic.

The year 1819 was opened and enlivened by a stormy scene at the Theatre Royal, not included in the playbills. Henry Hunt, being one of the audience, was assaulted in the midst of his friends by the Earl of Uxbridge and other officers of the army. On retiring to his inn, the Spread Eagle, Hanging Ditch, the working men's champion was escorted thither by a large crowd of persons; but on their departure he was assailed in his room by a party of commercial travellers. Mr. Hunt having expressed his intention of visiting the theatre on a subsequent evening, the house was suddenly closed by order of the magistrates —a piece of intelligence conveyed to the Spread Eagle by S. W. Ryley, one of the performers, who prefaced his unwelcome information with the manager's compliments and regretful apology. Samuel Bamford, one of Mr. Hunt's stalwart defenders, has written a full account of this adventure in his "Life of a Radical." Other short announcements, dating a few months later, will add to the completeness of this pen picture of a time that was thoroughly "out of joint." The public were respectfully informed that the regular quarterly collection would take place at Christ Church, Hulme, on Sunday, October 3rd, and that all money above five pounds would be given to the subscription for the benefit of the sufferers at the meeting on St. Peter's Field. To that fund Earl Grosvenor subscribed fifty pounds. A reward of ten guineas was offered by a grocer, trading in Ancoats Lane, to any person who could prove that he, the said grocer, had acted as a special constable on the 16th of August, or that he

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had informed the police that a haircutter in the same lane kept a quantity of pikes in his shop ready for the use of his customers. "Which unfounded reports," concluded the teaman, "have caused my windows to be broken and my property otherwise injured." Party feeling grew dangerously embittered. The *Observer* illustrated its leaders with the cap of Liberty, inscribed "Death or Liberty!" as a rallying cry for all indignant reformers, and in prominent type exhorted its readers to practise a rigid system of exclusive dealing. At certain public dinners water was substituted for excisable liquors; while, in domestic circles, tea and coffee were partially superseded by the use of herbs, sassafras, or Mr. Hunt's breakfast powder. Further, a weekly periodical was started bearing the name of the Radical ensign, "The White Hat." So much was that party badge worn in Lancashire that we are assured a hat manufacturer near Colne received in one week orders for three hundred dozens of them. On the other side, retaliation was not lacking. In the streets a crusade was raised against white hats and their luckless wearers; and it was publicly announced that scholars would be dismissed from the Sunday Schools if seen wearing any peculiar article of dress. The special aversion of the *Observer* and its readers seems to have been Mr. Joseph Nadin, then deputy constable of the town, whose name is seldom absent from the Radical pages,—in prose or verse, in bitter jest or more bitter earnest. This active and still-remembered officer retired after twenty years' service, in 1821, being succeeded by Mr. Stephen Lavender, of the metropolitan force, the spirited arrester of Thistlewood. The poetical pieces inserted in the *Observer* were as sternly democratic

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as the prose articles, the most frequent and best-known contributor to its poets' corner being "B. Middleton;" but only one of those early effusions, "Brandreth's Soliloquy in Prison," has been preserved by Mr. Bamford in his volume of poems. Another bard, less frequently appearing, was Charles Kenworthy. In November, 1819, was printed a large placard, containing a letter from Mr. William Cobbett announcing his acceptance of an invitation to visit Manchester on his return from America, and be present at a public dinner at the Union Rooms, George Leigh Street. The authorities interfering, Mr. Cobbett's entry into the town was forbidden and prevented.

At the beginning of the year 1820, Mr. James Wroe took leave of the *Observer* as a proprietor and also of active political life; notwithstanding that he was supported by the largest circulation in the provinces, which he estimated at ten thousand readers weekly—buyers and borrowers all told. The borrowers far outnumbered the buyers in those days of fourpenny stamps. For instance, in the shops where barbs and barbers most did congregate, it was usual, on Sunday afternoons, to lend out the newspaper to customers at a penny each; the paper was divided to accommodate two readers at once, the halves being duly exchanged when read. Surrounded by lawsuits and attendant costs, Mr. Wroe felt the hopelessness of contending further against the authorities, and sold his copyright to Mr. Evans. A public subscription was immediately opened to defray the legal expenses of Mr. Wroe, who, from the first, had been the principal seller and circulator of the paper. In the previous year he had also published a political and literary register named the

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"Argus;" it was issued weekly, price threepence halfpenny, but did not long survive. The last number of our file of the *Observer*—still small and still sevenpence—contains a full account of the execution of Arthur Thistlewood and four of his associates, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered for joining in the Cato Street conspiracy. The same issue announces the arrest of the new editor on a charge of libel. The *Observer* died (but not in peace) when aged about four years, in which short period it changed hands about half a dozen times, though always printed and published in primitive Market Street.

> "The storm, the shadow, and the strife,
> That made and magnified its life,
> Have sunk like winds along the deep,
> And left it to untroubled sleep."

If a newspaper conveyed a moral, that of the turbulent *Observer* might be found truthfully rendered in a remark of Lord Macaulay's who wondered that any man in his reason could prefer the dangerous turmoil of political strife to the calm security of literary or domestic retirement. In this view he coincided with Juvenal.

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CHAPTER VIII.

MARKET STREET.—CONTINUED.

"And Market Street, which now's so very small,
Will be enlarg'd, and all those dangers ended
Which threaten trembling passengers: depend on't,
There's many a life been lost at th' lower end on't."

MANCHESTER [in 1822] BY BEPPO.

THE literature of Market Street may be further illustrated by glancing from its newspapers, which have at present no more novelty to offer or suggest, to two or three of its literary hands.

John Stanley Gregson, previously introduced, was the author of "Gimcrackiana," and "A Code of Common Sense." He served his apprenticeship with the late Mr. Thomas Sowler, bookseller and newspaper proprietor, in St. Ann's Square, to whose service he returned after the lapse of a few years. Unfortunately he joined a gentleman in the Manchester trade, thereby losing his small inheritance. A printed statement to the effect that he enlisted in the army and was rescued therefrom by his friends, has been proved erroneous and may be set aside. Several years of declining health ensued; he was then started in business as a bookseller in Market Street aforesaid; but his illness continued, and the pressure of debt in which his large stock of books involved him preyed upon his spirits. He sought consola-

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tion in cheerful company, where his ready wit and well-stored mind rendered him a welcome companion. During the last few years of his life he was engaged with Mr. Gleave, bookseller, Deansgate. With the permission of Mr. Gregson's sister, the remainder of his brief life-story may be given in her own words, as the record would lose something of its interest if not rendered *verbatim*.

My loved brother died at my home at Brixton, October 2nd, 1837, and was within a month of thirty-seven years. He travelled with my husband and myself on our removing from Derby to live in or near London. He was then in deep consumption; and his desire for change was gratified by Mr. Bridgett allowing me the opportunity of having him during many months to watch over his last days. He was buried in Brixton Churchyard; but no stone was placed. Did you read the epitaph he wrote for himself in "Gimcrackiana?" Your book has awakened many pleasant as well as painful memories with reference to my brother and Manchester. My mother survived her son a few years only; and my father was buried in Cross Street Chapel-yard, at the early age of thirty-five. MARY BRIDGETT.

Kensington, February 25th, 1875.

Another Market Street printer of note and remembrance was James Patrick, who first appeared in Market Street Lane, as a letter-press and copper-plate printer, about the same time that the writer hereof made his first appearance in the world. His name is conspicuous in some of the views of ancient Manchester sketched by John Ralston and others. Removing, on the demolition of old Market Street Lane, to Cockpit Hill, Mr. Patrick dedicated his types and talents to the ephemeral yet exciting literature of the turf,—the entrance, or full return lists, and correct cards of the races,—long before tissues and telegrams were rendered familiar to the speculative multitude. It was

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amusing, when important news was astir, to watch the congregation of flying stationers rush from his office to disperse themselves along the various highways and by-ways of the town (not city), their long narrow lists floating like streamers in the wind. "Patrick's correct card" was their matin chaunt, while their evensong was "Patrick's full return list." The street in which we lived was usually traversed, as we remember, by Jim Bent, an active man lodging in the neighbourhood, and by a woman, a stranger. With the woman, judging by her cry, it was Northallerton races nearly all the summer round. She vanished, at length, without notice or reason,—we only know that she ceased to come; but we never hear the name of that little sporting borough in the North Riding without thinking of her. She was a slow coach, as the Jehus might say, that never raced for places, but was content to pick up the stray fares which Bent left behind in his hurry. Poor Jim! His living depended on his nimble feet, and when we last saw him they were no longer nimble. Frequent rainfalls and surfeits of cold culminated in rheumatism, which gradually contracted his sinews and his circuit, limiting his income to a few worthy customers, who, respecting and pitying the harmless old wayfarer, would be served by no younger hands. We have no certain information that he ultimately sought a shelter in the poorhouse, and there died, but we know intuitively that such would be his sad end; and we can almost see his name, nothing more, written on a slip of paper and pinned upon the winding-sheet that covered his motionless breast. Reverting to Mr. James Patrick, it may be briefly added that he died towards the close of 1837, presumably at his house in Moss

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Lane, Hulme. His business was continued during several years upon the old premises by his son (or brother) Joseph, after which time Cockpit Hill was deserted for the lower end of Cannon Street. As the customary trade line appeared regularly in the directories until the year 1861, and is not apparent in the next or succeeding issues, it may fairly be assumed the proprietor had in the meantime retired from business—perhaps from life. Of the inner movements of Mr. Patrick's sporting establishment, of his turf associations, his dealings with trainers and jockeys and clerks of racecourses, and even with the feeders of game cocks, we have taken no account. Such account, to be satisfactory, must be taken from within, not from without, the mystic circle. Only to the initiated are the mysteries of office fully revealed.

James Everett, Wesleyan minister, local chronicler, bard, and bookseller, left Sheffield in May, 1825, for the purpose of fixing his home and business in Manchester. He engaged a shop at Merchants' Square (since removed in order to form Corporation Street), at the lower end of Market Street, and there displayed his literary wares. The rent, as stated in Mr. Everett's diary, was one hundred pounds a year, under a seven years' lease. At that date he was aged about forty-one, being born at Alnwick, Northumberland, in May, 1784. He had previously visited this town as a preacher in 1815, and again in 1817. While here trading his pen was actively plied. Much against his judgment he was induced to edit and publish a new weekly periodical entitled the "Manchester Journal," which soon failed: the first number made its appearance in March, 1826. The following year brought forth his

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"Wesleyan Methodism in Manchester and its Vicinity." Of that venture its author had little hope, and the result was a small sale. "Persons," moralised Mr. Everett, "who sow despondingly rarely reap with joy." More successful, in 1831, was the "Village Blacksmith;" quickly followed by "Edwin," a lengthy metrical tale. Of the latter work the author observes in his journal, "Montgomery had the public with lined pockets, while I had the critics and lean fare. Give me the public." Many controversial pamphlets and tributary verses flowed from Mr. Everett's pen. Soon after the publication, in 1834, of his excellent "Panorama of Manchester," he suddenly quitted this town, being called to the performance of distant circuit duty. Mr. Everett died May 10th, 1872, and was buried in Sunderland Cemetery. Much of the information here condensed is derived from "James Everett: a Biography;" by Richard Chew, issued three years ago, wherein the literary pastor's varied progress through life is fully described.

Although Mr. Everett's "Wesleyan Methodism in Manchester" was coldly received by the public, it contains a description of the first Methodist preaching room in this town, which bears more than a passing interest. The description takes the form of a letter from a correspondent, the period being 1747:—"The site of the house," stated Thomas Berry, who was born therein, "was a rock on the bank of the Irwell, exactly over the main sewer, excavated out of the solid stone, through which the water pours itself into the river. It is on the north side of Blackfriars Bridge, immediately adjoining it. This is a remarkable circumstance by which its precise situation may ever be known. The house itself stood at the bottom of a large

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yard, known at that time by the name of the Rose and Crown Yard, which name was derived from a public-house at the top of it, the sign-board had those representations, and the front looked into Deansgate. The entrances to it were two,—one of which was the Rose and Crown Entry, leading out of Deansgate, the door of the public-house being on the right hand,—and the other at the bottom of the yard, on the left hand, which came out beside the Ring of Bells public-house, whose back part entered the yard, and stood near the top of the steps leading to the old Blackfriars Bridge. There were a number of wood-built cottages, partly thatched, on each side of the yard; but the house in which the room was occupied for preaching, was built of brick, three stories high, slated on the roof, and had a cellar in the back part of it, which was towards the river, and which cellar was for the use of the respective tenants. The ground floor was occupied as a joiner's shop; the two rooms in the middle story, by my father and mother, who had not been long married; and the garret by the person who allowed the use of it for preaching, who worked with Mr. Richard Barlow, packer, Market Street, and afterward, through a kind Providence, acquired considerable property in the cotton line. My father's name was James Berry; he was a fustian shearer by trade. The garret was generally well filled when there was preaching; and I have heard my mother say, that she was often afraid of the roof falling through, for one of the main beams was very much cracked. Mr. Hopper, and others, used to preach in it. My father left the house in 1760; the interior was afterwards burned, but again repaired and occupied as a

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dwelling-house. Sometime about 1805, it was taken down, together with the other houses, and a number of warehouses, which go by the name of Bateman's Buildings, were erected in their stead. Number ten, at the bottom of the yard, occupies the site of the old preaching house. The principal entrance is through a gateway, leading into Deansgate; though there is another on the right hand, as we proceed to Blackfriars Bridge. It was with pleasure that I heard Mr. Hopper refer to the old house, several years after, when preaching before the Conference."

According to anticipation, the frail garret at Blackfriars Bridge yielded, in 1749, to the pressure of increasing worshippers; who, beating a timely retreat, were kindly accommodated at the Anabaptist Meeting-house at Queen Street (now Thorneley Brow), Shudehill, and popularly known as Coldhouse Chapel. The society at the time consisted chiefly of elderly women, in addition to the few young men who had engaged the original room. Mr. Everett hints that it was wisely done for the Wesleyans and Anabaptists to unite in such friendly fashion, as with both sects it was evidently the era of small and feeble things. In 1751 the Methodists were occupying a separate meeting house of their own, situated near the present Birchin Lane, off Church Street.

Another Wesleyan link, from a different source, may be welcomed here. While recently lingering in the consecrated portion of Kersal Moor we copied from a headstone the epitaph subjoined:—

> "Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Mary Crowther, widow of the Revd. Jonathan Crowther, who was President of the Wes-

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leyan Methodist in Conference 1819. She received her first ticket of membership from the hands of the Revd. John Wesley himself 1790. Died in Higher Broughton, March 15th, 1869, aged 95 years."

Would this interesting link, so recently broken in our immediate neighbourhood, be the last that bound the present generation to the great religious reformer, who died in 1791, only one year after he had handed to the future Mrs. Crowther her ticket of admission to his society? Herein lies a query worthy of a few informing notes.

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CHAPTER IX.

POPULAR TUMULTS IN 1826 AND 1829.

"The lowest point to which wages can be permanently reduced is that which affords a bare subsistence to the labourer. The highest point to which wages can be permanently raised is that which leaves to the capitalist just profit enough to make it worth his while to invest his capital."

A MANCHESTER STRIKE.

THE sufferings and complainings of the poor which found painful and successive vent in the Luddite riots, in the abortive blanketeering expedition, in the columns of the people's champion, the *Observer* newspaper, upon St. Peter's Field, and in the Cato Street conspiracy, were relieved after the latter outbursts by transient gleams of prosperity. Then came the commercial crisis of 1826, swiftly followed, in 1829, by stagnation of trade and consequent distress.

During the riots which were so frequent here in the years just specified, it was a common occurrence for troopers to be seen entering the town by forced marches or galloping along the streets like maniacs. The time for military forbearance and discrimination had gone by, and many innocent persons were wrongfully punished. One mounted hero in particular made a sword slash at a quiet neighbour of ours engaged in cleaning her doorsteps, which might have maimed or killed her. As sternly as if by sound of the curfew people were commanded to stay

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within doors. At those periods of excitement the huckster's store and the barber's shop, like greater marts of trade or temples of amusement, were panic-stricken. Many of their unemployed customers became objects of charity—seekers of tickets for pea soup, or for meal and bacon, which were gratuitously distributed in various parts of Manchester. Thus many small dealers fell with the fall of their usual supporters. Beards were shaven and hair was shorn for pity's sake; while the staff of life—the bread and cheese—was sold upon long hopeless credit. Happening to know the fate of one food concern, its story may be briefly told to illustrate the rest. A young couple, just prior to 1826, having received a legacy of forty pounds sterling, were advised to convert their house into a provision shop. The advice was followed; provisions being laid in, and their limited cash laid out. The eatables were duly sold, but the buyers, instead of paying money in return, got diminutive account books, which quickly became filled with cart wheels, full moons, crescents, strokes, and other hieroglyphics peculiar to little shops and the trust system. When the panic arrived and wages ceased or became much curtailed, excuses grew manifold at the counter, and defaulters multiplied in proportion as the provisions were subtracted, until finally nothing was left to the young traders save bare shelves and empty tills. Yet not all was loss: in return for their money they gained forty pounds worth of worldly experience, which, in a pugilistic point of view, was equal to taking lessons to that amount in the art of self-defence. After thus losing their first round in the battle of life, there would doubtless be more cautious sparring.

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In the official *Gazette* of the period the lists of bankruptcies became fearfully lengthened, and the consequent meetings of creditors followed, while banks were breaking in all directions. "Crash followed crash," as Carrington writes in his vivid description of a summer storm. Subscriptions in aid of the distressed operatives formed prominent features of the weekly newspapers. In addition to commercial evils, the seasons in 1826 proved unfavourable. There was a long drought. From April to July no rain fell to alleviate the burning heat. Indeed, the weather authorities acknowledged that it was the hottest and driest summer ever experienced in this country: it began early and continued late. With continuous sunshine pasture lands grew almost as sterile as deserts, while rivers were forded as easily as sands are crossed during the outflow of the tide. A curious illustration may be given, as noticed in the *Manchester Gazette.* At the beginning of July, in the open day, hedgehogs were seen wandering along the streets of Oldham. Presumably, the rindles at which those animals usually drank being entirely dried up, the thirsty creatures were compelled to reverse their natural habits by seeking moisture in the town.

That was the time for mournful interest. Scarcely an hour passed without its scene of excitement. One day will picture many. In the morning came the rush of perishing mortals to the relief stores, where only a part—not the whole—could be relieved, though immense quantities of provisions were thus distributed. The disappointed applicants, gathering in clusters towards noon, attacked the bakers' shops and vans, taking forcible possession of

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their contents unless the loaves were promptly cast out by the scared bakers. As the cry arose, "The rioters are coming," shopkeepers and others hastily closed their shutters and locked their doors against the impending danger. Then came the magistrates on horseback, the military armed at all points, the runners with cutlasses, the special constables (unwilling warriors) with truncheons —displays of legal strength, which were quickly succeeded by the reading of the Riot Act, the clearing of the streets, the chase after offenders, and the apprehension of somebody, guilty or innocent. After a lull, and after dark, the town would become suddenly illuminated by a blazing factory, such gala nights being then common and free to the public. Again were the authorities astir, lashed into official fury, while the peaceably-disposed inhabitants shrank into their dwellings. When safely housed, the clattering of military chargers would reach their ears; and if they ventured to peer stealthily from the door or window, swords gleaming in the moonlight threatened instant destruction. But it were needless to follow the riots or the rioters in detail. As the autumn advanced the reign of terror subsided, and the familiar voices of Labour were once more heard—to wit, the early calls of the knocker-up, the shuttle's click, the hammer's louder sound, and the clanging of the factory bell. The convenient saloop stalls were restored to their wonted corners, and ruined families quitted their temporary shelter in the poorhouse to renew the comfort of their cottage homes. Those welcome revivals were swiftly followed by the usual concomitants of a popular outbreak—disgrace, punishment, and bootless contrition; after which sorrowful sequel

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the commercial atmosphere slowly resumed its ordinary, though dubious, serenity—dubious because, resembling Mount Vesuvius in winter, there is always fire under its ice.

Those mournful scenes, though long past, arise in all their vividness to our "mind's eye." To call spirits from the vasty deep is the sage advice tendered by the immortal originator of many apt and familiar quotations. Yes; call spirits, and they will come in disembodied crowds. Summon Memory, and she will not be slow to resuscitate her buried legions. The events and the people connected with this narrative having mostly passed into shadow-land, they have been silently recalled in the manner of Merlin, but without the magician's mirror and independent of his wand. The true Merlin is Memory—nature's own magician—though dealing only with the past and leaving the future to charlatans.

During the disastrous year 1826 our players fared little better than our workers, as evidenced by an old cash book of the Fountain Street Theatre. A few cheering audiences barely relieved a disheartening array of empty benches. The climax of desertion was reached in February, when the entire receipts of the evening amounted to £12. 15s. only. Even the stars (with two or three bright exceptions) failed to shed a remunerative lustre. One night Miss Foote's half profit was £1. 14s. On another occasion Mr. Young's "divide," after performing Othello, was £1. 4s. 6d. Those were, of course, exceptional cases, yet they serve to show the general stagnation of the time. The season (the first under the Beverley administration) closed in May with a free benefit for the relief of the poor; but the play most

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appropriate to the occasion—the "Road to Ruin"—was not selected. The so-called Beverley administration had just succeeded the joint management of Messrs. Knight, Lewis, and Ward—the latter retiring into private life. Mr. Ward was allowed to be the legitimate Lord Ogleby of the stage, after the retirement of Mr. Thomas King.

In times of violent commotion such as these described our old police force—or rather lack of force—was found unable to cope with the dangerous emergencies, and the townsfolk sometimes protected their property as best they could. For example: In December, 1796, a numerous meeting was held at the Cannon Tavern,* in Cannon Street, to form an association of proprietors to patrol the streets around their own warehouses between the hours of eight in the evening and six in the morning nightly during three months, and "then to reconsider." In the year 1820 the whole number of watchmen belonging to the town was fifty-five, with the addition of a few beadles for day duty or for special night incursions. The latter officers were popularly known as runners, or more emphatically bang-beggars. Those were the closing days (and nights) of the oil-lamps, the watch-boxes, the loud-crying watchmen, with large lanterns; the era, in truth, of Tom and Jerry, made famous by Pierce Egan, when fast young men found their favourite midnight diversion in wrenching knockers, tearing down signboards, or in overturning the sleeping guardians of the night—watch-boxes and all. Of such

* The Cannon Tavern was neighbour to another suggestive and long-vanished signboard, *anno* 1774:—

SUDLOW AND WAINWRIGHT,
At the Violin and Flutes,
No. 27 in Cannon Street, Manchester.

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roystering clans, a few years later, the Marquis of Waterford was the hero in chief.

What has become of all those watch-boxes and huge lanterns—those familiars of our boyhood? Their ultimate destiny might form a prize conundrum. At that era, and some years later, accommodating watchmen were also knockers-up, at the rate of a penny a morning for regular customers, or twopence for a casual knock. We learn from *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* (one must go abroad for home news!) that when Sir Charles Shaw took charge of the Manchester police force, in 1839, he found the workpeople in the habit of paying sixpence a week each family to the old watch for calling up in the mornings, and he put a stop to the practice. Employers, however, complained of the interruption to business, requesting a return to the usual custom. Sir Charles consented to allow the police to call up the workpeople at twopence a week, provided the masters would deduct the amount from the weekly wages, and pay it over to the police fund. The masters were willing, but their hands objected. They preferred to pay sixpence of their own free will, rather than have twopence stopped from their wages. Ultimately the police were relieved of the difficulty by a small staff of professional knockers-up—nimble and usually punctual servitors,—who have gradually increased in number, while extending their rounds, until they now embrace the city and all its suburbs. In short, it has been observed that knocking-up is one of our institutions. The city police arrangements of to-day, when compared with the primitive staff of an earlier era, form a contrast sufficiently striking. The present strength of the force reveals a total of eight hundred

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and one, as officially rendered—to wit, one chief constable, one deputy constable, four superintendents, thirty-three inspectors, sixty-six sergeants, six hundred and eighty-six constables, nine clerks, one messenger. It may be incidentally stated that the small plain police-office, with a back door sort of entrance in Police Street (then merely a narrow passage), was sold by private contract at the beginning of 1826, being superseded by the Town Hall, in King Street.

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CHAPTER X.

ST. ANN'S SQUARE.

It was never merry world in England since patriots were divided into partisans.—SHAKSPERE, freely rendered.

EVER since St. Ann's Square ceased to be Acre's Field countless meetings and processions have been there formed. Even earlier. When its latest harvest was reaped and its Ruth departed with her final sheaf of barley gleanings, an annual fair was there held, and annual crowds assembled to enjoy the amusements. Before the Church or Lady Bland gave name to the meadow thus wrested from Ceres, it was known simply as The Square. Trees were adorning St. Ann's Square to a comparatively recent date—say to the opening years of the present century. The reverend historian of St. Ann's Church states in his "Memorials" that the trees were planted at the formation of the square, shortly after the erection of the church, but he is less informing as to their removal—he has forborne to be the Gibbon of their decline and fall. Mr. Prentice records that two of them were uprooted and carried away in 1792 by a political mob. Of the retired and select residents of that area, one of the earliest to mar the privacy of the square by business pursuits—followed quietly in his home—was Mr. Aulay Macaulay, stenographer and teaman; but the first to introduce a shop window was Mr.

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Holland, linen draper, living at number one. He also removed two trees from the front of his shop because they obscured the view of his wares—a daring innovation warmly opposed by his neighbours, who protested against that domain of fashion being rudely invaded by trade. Nevertheless business maintained a firm footing, gradually extending its encroachments until it triumphed over the entire locality. Since Sunday schools became established in Manchester the old and the young of successive generations have flocked to that convenient square at the festive Whitsuntide gatherings, or for the celebration of other public events.* To treat of those displays consecutively and efficiently an entire volume would be needed. At present a single incident will serve the purpose.

An election scene we once witnessed at that place will be long remembered, and may be shortly described. It was a nomination day (Wednesday, December 12, 1832), the first that Manchester had known in modern times—the first, indeed, since Cromwell, with his sturdy phalanx of Ironsides, withstood the dashing charges of Prince Rupert and his cavaliers. Nearly two hundred years had elapsed since our first member, Major General Worsley,† sank prematurely to his rest, yet not until now had the town

* In the present year of grace, 1879, the original trysting spot has become superseded by the newer and larger Albert Square, in which space on Whit-Monday last (June, 1878) the Sunday Scholars were mustered for the first time.

† His mother's epitaph, recently copied, may prove locally interesting. A flat stone on the right hand, half way between the western gate and the west end of Birch Church, Rusholme, is thus inscribed:—

> Here lieth interred the body of Debora,
> the very affectionate, prudent, and pious
> Wife of Raphe Worsley of Platt, Gent. who
> deceased May the 8th, 1681.

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been summoned to replace his immediate successor, Richard Radcliffe, Esq., of Pool Fold. The novel field of candidates consisted of five, the various party colours displayed representing Mr. Mark Philips, the Right Honourable Charles Poulett Thomson (afterwards Lord Sydenham), Mr. Samuel Jones Loyd (since created Lord Overstone), Mr. John Thomas Hope, and Mr. William Cobbett, the latter entering the ground in procession, heralded by a band of music. Whigs, Tories, and Radicals—as thus represented at the nomination—were equally alert, if not equally hopeful, and wild with the joy of their new franchise. Many shops being closed and numerous banners waving aloft gave the town a holiday appearance. St. Ann's Square was crowded to suffocation, not omitting its dotted roofs and gay balconies. We arrived early, and luckily, as we thought, secured a central position near the hustings. As the time approached for business, the multitude gathering behind and around, became uneasy, swaying forward and backward like an agitated sea. Repeatedly were we forced amongst the guarding constables, triple-lined, and as rudely forced back to our place.

The candidates, (save Mr. Thomson, an absentee), supported by the proposers, seconders, and most prominent partisans, being all duly arranged in their several compartments, silence was proclaimed, and the writ read out. The Boroughreeve (Mr. Benjamin Braidley) then advanced to the front of the hustings, being received with general cheers. He warmly congratulated the people on the possession of their new privilege, hoping they would exercise the trust in such a discreet manner as to form a

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precedent for future elections. Reminding them that fair play is proverbially a jewel—an Englishman's boast,—he besought them to listen patiently to each speaker in turn, and then, separating the true from the seeming, the kernels from the shells, decide in favour of the best men. A hearty clapping of hands marked the general approval of sentiments so admirable, and the returning officer resumed his place. We soon gleaned by the remarks of the people about us that it was in the present instance an easy matter to pick the good from the bad, as upon one side were ranged, they said, rosy angels, and on the other side their blue antipodes. It was still easier, they affirmed, to follow the excellent advice of the Boroughreeve, for to support the cherubim and crush the imps of darkness to his utmost ability was the self-evident duty of every true man. No sooner did a gentleman step forward to propose a red candidate than the nature of the blues and greens became manifest; they hooted and howled till not an angelic word could be heard. They could not, however, prevent their rivals from drowning the discord with prolonged cheers, especially as some friend upon the hustings was kind enough to wave his hat when a point fell from the speaker or when an extra effort was needed to maintain the preponderance of noise upon the speaker's side. The pearls of the rosy orators were not wholly cast unto swine or lost in the Babel-like confusion of many tongues. "Our own reporters" caught the words lovingly as they descended from the lips, and faithfully preserved them in printers' ink. When the blues, in turn, essayed to speak, the reds repaid them in the same clamorous coin, and with such vigorous interest to boot that their eloquence was speedily reduced

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to dumb show and shorthand. The uproar reached its climax during the address of the stranger candidate, Mr. Hope, who was persistently refused a hearing. Yet as often and as earnestly as the crowd hooted the Tory the ladies waved for the gentleman, nearly all the favours from the balconies and windows being bestowed upon Mr. Hope, who was young and prepossessing. If Venus in the good time coming be allowed to elect the member of Parliament it will be useless to oppose Adonis. Doubtless the remembrance of those gay kerchiefs and beaming eyes gladdening St. Ann's Square would yield consolation to Mr. Hope when his manly beauty prematurely faded, only two years later, at his father's seat, near Edinburgh, at the early age of twenty-eight.

The enthusiasm of the hour did not entirely blind the listening gazer to the traces of a better nature which peered forth at intervals under a cerulean aspect, nor to the presence of the "earth, earthy," which occasionally sullied the rosy wings. Such discoveries tend to weaken the voice and contract the elbow. As he has not since forgotten the inconvenient habit of dissection or fully recovered the power of cheering and waving, he may never become a thorough, undiscriminating partisan. Ultimately the show of hands—the bootless privilege of the cottagers—was carefully taken by Mr. Braidley, and declared to be favourable to the reds and the greens. But the losers ridiculed the decision in ironical terms, while denouncing the returning officer's lack of vision. Anyone might see, as was petulantly averred, that the majority of hands and hats, kerchiefs and ribbons, favoured the other side. With a few soothing words from the Boroughreeve, thanking the

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people for their peaceful attention to the important business of the day and acknowledging with a smile their flattering opinion of his decision, the proceedings ended. If the entire nomination scene, thus truly rendered, were not the merest repetition and parody of a boisterous street game familiar to our boyhood, in what respect was it better?—

> "Bravo our side, our side's won;
> Our side will be a side when your side's done!"

The vast number—nigh forty-four thousands—polled at our election in the year 1876 makes the return of 1832 look singularly small:—Philips, 2,923; Thomson, 2,068; Loyd, 1,832; Hope, 1,560; Cobbett, 1,305. The difference in the expenses is still more impressive. Of course the various items of expenditure are more strictly rendered now than formerly. In 1832, £729 2s. 6d. defrayed all the cost of the election, whilst in the contest recently closed, where only two candidates were engaged, nearly £16,000 was expended and paid! Here is one of those evils which may be expected to work their own cure. The pockets of John Bull, though proverbially capacious, are not quite so deep as Artesian wells.

Of the five candidates engaged in our first election under the Reform Bill, only one—Lord Overstone, "the last leaf on the tree"—now remains (at the age of eighty-two) among the living; whilst the election itself, with the novel interest thereto belonging, is little more than a half-forgotten memory. Mr. Mark Philips continued to be one of the representatives of the town during fifteen years, when declining health compelled him to resign the honour. So states the inscription upon his monumental obelisk

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erected at Welcombe, near Stratford-on-Avon, at which place he died in December, 1873, in his seventy-fourth year. Mr. Poulett Thomson's connection with Manchester was of short duration. In 1839 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada, and in the following year was raised to the peerage as a reward for his good government of that important colony. In September, 1841, he received severe injuries by the falling of his horse, which resulted fatally, at the age of forty-two. He was buried at Kingston, Lake Ontario, where he had fixed his official residence. As Lord Sydenham died a bachelor, his new title expired with him.

After a storm comes a calm, saith the proverb; and this is a truism that applies equally to the sea and to politics—the calm of the latter being forgetfulness. Who amongst us is now moved by the names of Oliver and Edwards, the spies; or by the once-popular cry of "Henry Hunt and Reform?" Even the Peterloo affray, which promised to become immortal in these parts, is calmly alluded to at distant intervals, and the annual procession designed to keep its memory verdant has long been discontinued. Major Cartwright is quietly accompanying Sir Francis Burdett into oblivion; while William Cobbett and Indian corn, Thistlewood and the Cato Street conspiracy—yea, even the trial of Queen Caroline,—all are comparative strangers to our conversation; and if the Black Dwarf be mentioned, it is more in connection with the novel of Sir Walter Scott than with the libellous philippics (printed without being previously penned) of Thomas Jonathan Wooller.

With some of the scenes and personages thus summarised

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we were just enabled to make acquaintance to the slight extent of a parting peep at the form, and a farewell sound of the voice before their final disappearance from the world. The first was William Cobbett, in his perennial canary-coloured waistcoat, and with his customary fair, Saxon, country-squire appearance. He was delivering, prior to the nomination day in question, an election address at Mr. Jager's hayloft, near the corner of St. George's Road and Miller's Lane. The number of street listeners was moderately, not excessively, large. On that occasion our eyes must have been busier than our ears, for, while still retaining a vivid recollection of the orator's features and apparel, every syllable of his earnest oration has been forgotten. Nevertheless that oration has ever since given additional interest to the picture of the political cobbler, one of the most suggestive and popular of Liverseege's illustrations of character. That sturdy son of Crispin appears earnestly conning his "Register," and is evidently deep in the intricacies of paper currency or pondering over the nutritious virtues of Indian corn. But we miss the famous gridiron upon which William Cobbett promised to be self-immolated should his prophecies fail to be fulfilled. Shortly afterwards, and within a year or two of his decease, we saw Henry Hunt on one of his customary visits to St. Peter's Field. He was standing in a carriage at the head of a procession in Newton Lane, proceeding leisurely towards New Cross. We did not follow in the line of political march, but stood watching the Radical leader, bowing and lifting his ample hat in acknowledgment of passing cheers. Although both Hunt and Cobbett bore evident signs of the rural origin and rearing in which they

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always rejoiced, there was a marked difference between them, the latter being roundly formed, while his rival was broader and squarer in build. Hunt seemed a perfect British yeoman, his burly frame and hardy sun-browned complexion giving promise of continued health and much greater longevity than he ultimately attained, sixty-two, as recorded on his coffin plate. Cobbett survived to the age of seventy-three, breathing his last at Normandy Farm, near Farnham, Surrey. It was a coincidence that those two popular reformers died within four months of each other, in the year 1835. Their country graves are not many miles apart. The large obelisk monument erected to the memory of Henry Hunt is still a conspicuous object in Mr. Scholefield's chapel-yard, Every Street, Manchester. The foundation stone was laid by Feargus O'Connor in 1842.

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CHAPTER XI.

OLD SMITHY DOOR.

"I have a particular affection yet for the large old window near the top of the most picturesque old house in Manchester—that at the higher end of old Smithy Door." GREEN MANTLE.

CONTINUING our central stroll, we now come, as a matter of course, to the site of the dwelling eulogised above by the late Mr. Joseph Perrin.

In the earlier representations of Smithy Door, the Vintners' Arms (the house of which we treat) is pictured as "Willmott's;" in the later series of views, after the lapse of two or three decades, it appears as "Sandiford's;" and now (February, 1875), when doomed to be razed to the dust, it will go down as "Deakin's Entire." That the interesting relic of past ages should be thus left standing alone when all its companions (paraphrasing Moore) are already gone is a compliment paid by the authorities to its comely antiquity, and many citizens possessing the ancient feeling will be gratified to perceive the organ of veneration so largely and worthily developed. Willingly would we trace the history of this building to its source, and present a few supplementary glimpses of its early tenants, were our store of knowledge sufficiently ample for the purpose. So far as we can gather, the Vintners' Arms, albeit a favourite place of public resort, has always been of a

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retiring, reticent character. Declining to become the head-quarters of rebel officers, like the Palace Inn; or the actors' house of call, like the Unicorn; or the exclusive rendezvous of a party, like the Bull's Head or John Shaw's Punch-house, it has remained to the present day quietly and wisely at liberty to welcome all comers bringing ready money for ready refreshment. For ourselves, notwithstanding our admiration of the ancient picturesque beauty of the Vintners' Arms, we formed in youth a much closer alliance with its next-door neighbour, Old Jacob, the eccentric bookseller and curiosity dealer. So, in the absence of personal knowledge, a few items gleaned from our early directories may prove useful. Such bypast directories have been said to be as productive of interesting recollections as the tombstones in churchyards: and to this averment we can add our testimony. In the year 1804, Mary Willmott, victualler, was hostess of the George and Dragon, at the bottom of Bridge Street; in 1808 she had removed to the ancient house, number four, Smithy Door. In 1811 she was succeeded by Harry Willmott, "liquor merchant and free vintner." At the dates thus given the house possessed no distinctive sign. In 1829 it first appeared as Vintners' Arms; three years later it became Willmott's Tavern; and in 1840, under the direction of James Sandiford, it reverted to the Vintners' Arms, which designation it still bears.

* * * *

Few ancient structures, be they manor-houses or otherwise, have found more admiring sympathisers than has the building here noticed, especially since its demolition was decreed by authority. Although that decree is now (June,

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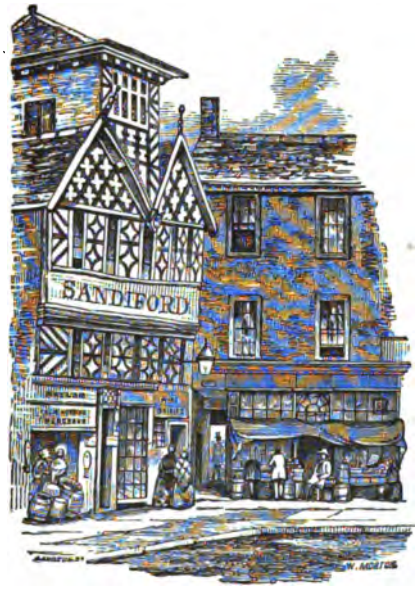

SMITHY DOOR, 1851.

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1875,) mainly and ruthlessly executed, the desire to learn something of the early history of the Vintners' Arms remains unabated; and many citizens, with a sprinkling of country cousins, may be seen passing under the weather-beaten "Sandiford" signboard to snatch a farewell glimpse of their fallen favourite through or over the hoardings by which it is surrounded; while Mr. William Hull, and other limners have made final drawings of the scene. Anxious to make some addition to the mites of information already contributed, we have appealed once more to those silent and willing servitors our elder directories. Those witnesses prove that the winsome old house was not a tavern until so converted by Mrs. Willmott. Two or three short extracts may be interesting, and will serve to clear the point so long obscured in doubt:—"1797, Saunders, Arrowsmith, and Co., importers of Irish linen, and fustian manufacturers, 4, Smithy Door." "1800, Saunders, J. R. importer of Irish linen, and fustian manufacturer, 4, Smithy Door." The latter entry is repeated in 1804, shortly after which date the tenement passed to the Willmotts, who conducted it as a liquor vault about forty years, when they resigned it to Mr. James Sandiford, though retaining, we believe, the ownership of the edifice. Ultimately the property passed to Mr. Gillum, of Bath. So far back as 1781 (perhaps farther) the Willmotts were public caterers. At that date John Willmott was host of the Rising Sun, Dolefield, and, seven years later, occupied the Sun, New Bridge Street, near the present Albert Bridge. His success in trade is proven by the existence of Willmott Street, Dolefield. In 1794, and following issues, another member of that family was thus announced at large:—"Willmott,

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Harry (original Rushton's Punch-house), wine, rum, and brandy merchant, and vintner, of London, 48, Market Place." Elsewhere in the directory, a Salford vintner is curiously designated a "Free Ranger."

Rushton's original Punch-house, just incidentally mentioned, was a neighbourly rival of John Shaw's; the entrance was reached by a narrow passage on the site of the existing Exchange Street. Going further backward, the history of the Vintners' Arms is not so readily traced. In the oldest directories the name of Mr. Saunders does not appear; and as those aboriginal tomes seldom gave numbers, the means of identification are unfortunately lost. But a reasonable supposition was thus furnished by Mrs. Raffald, in 1773:—"Syddall, John, gentleman, Smithy Door." In the previous year that gentleman had been described as of Slade Hall. At the same time and place lived a Thomas Syddall, presumably a kinsman of the historic Thomas. A suggestive line in the Burial Register at the Cathedral thus reads:—"1778, February 15th, Esther Syddall, widow, dropsy, 74." This refers to the hapless relict of Thomas Syddall, wig maker and rebel officer. Her sufferings by the hands and tongues of unfeeling mobs will be patent to readers of Manchester history. Mr. Harland states that the said Thomas was owner of some houses in 1745, at which period his shop was in the Market Place. A descendant of the Syddalls of Smithy Door (whom we have long known) has vainly tried to trace the pedigree to a satisfactory point; his chief reliance at present being a family record of births and deaths written upon the fly-leaves of an ancient Bible. One reference is to Edward Syddall, who died December

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11th, 1707, and "was buried on the 13th at night." An obliging official friend has examined various deeds connected with the range of premises recently razed in Smithy Door, but no antiquated documents can yet be found. He hints that possibly the ancient slips of parchment (those legal conveyances were very tiny in the olden time) may be lying hidden and forgotten in strong deedboxes, at the offices of certain confidential lawyers: but here, again, the "Open, sesame," is lacking; and for the present, at least, we can explore no further. Let us "rest and be thankful."

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

"May Smithy Door Market prevail."—T. WILSON'S SONG.

Perhaps the most singular and best known character that Smithy Door or its market possesses is Jacob Williamson, master of the book, print, and general curiosity store there situated: perhaps, also, he is aware of the fact, and exerts himself to maintain his position as a singularity. Who does not recollect him sitting in his covered doorway, and making the market ring, at intervals, with the sudden exclamation of "Hoy, hoy! Ay, ay, theer!" At those sounds many a thieving hand has sprung, as if galvanised, from the pocket where it had no legitimate business. Those exclamations have seriously annoyed many a gin-drinking matron and Miss, when paying a secret visit to Jacob's next-door neighbour, the noted vintner: they have caused the matron to rush headlong into the vault to elude observation; while Miss has stood demurely, as if she never meant anything sinister, and then glided hastily through Cotton Court into Deansgate. It is not our habit

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to describe dress, but if it were, Jacob's apparel would puzzle us; his hats or caps (always picturesque) were changed nearly every day; and although his wardrobe was as extensive as a stage player's, he sometimes appeared only half dressed; and at other times only half shaved. More than forty years have elapsed since the commencement of our acquaintance with the subject of this slight sketch. At that time, while dwelling in Long Millgate, he exhibited his motley collection upon two stalls placed against the curbstone, between Smithy Door and St. Mary's Gate. Motley indeed—the first sight whereof rather astonished our young optics. There were arrayed books, numbers, prints, paints; together with masks, wigs, swords, and stage property of all descriptions; likewise birdcages, razors, hones, strops, oil paintings, clocks, stationery, joiners' tools, etcœtera, defying our limited power of enumeration. Though a tiny and trifling purchaser, Jacob had few more frequent visitors than the present writer. We have spent many agreeable hours in poring over his miscellaneous assortment, never failing, when practicable, to make his stall lie in the way of our errands.

At length improvement banished our ancient friend from his favourite standings to an adjacent shop in Smithy Door. Here we passed and repassed during several months, without venturing to enter, although casting many a wistful glance at the curious heaps within; for there is a freedom attached to a stall which a shop can never bestow. Yet bookstalls have been termed, somewhat uncourteously, the half-way house between the publisher and the butterman. One morning Jacob's daughter desired us to look

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around, and after this breaking of the ice, we resumed our genial visits as heretofore. The windows of his shop were generally filled with coloured squibs and caricatures of bygone interest. Here the gazing public were amused and edified with Rowlandson's humorous hits at the follies of Fashion, long after the vain arbitress had metamorphosed her modes; with prints illustrative of the wordy warfare of Pitt and Fox, when the rival statesmen were known to be sleeping peacefully within a few feet of each other in the nave of Westminster Abbey; with Hone's bitter burlesques anent the "fat Adonis of fifty," when the crown had been struck from the temples of the royal libertine by Death, and when Venus would have recoiled from his spectral embrace.

On passing into the shop, the chief attractions were still pictorial, though less prominently displayed, being mainly stored in portfolios. Who that remembers Jacob can forget his portfolios of engravings, some of them containing revelations of beauty that brightened his small dark sanctuary, and impressed one with the idea that grisettes were still as good-natured and as fair as Yorick found them, a century ago, during the course of his sentimental journey.

Not at first, nor in truth during some years, were Jacob and his visitor on friendly terms. We could not understand each other: our peculiar humours would not harmonise. Ultimately we grew more familiar; and although, in consequence of being plentifully stocked with books, we are now less of a buyer than formerly, we are certainly more of a friend.

Eccentric in his manners, as a comet in its course; quaint in his expressions; whimsical in dress; and strange

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in his dealings, Mr. Williamson has well earned his title to originality. Thus curious in trade, he is yet the most cunning and wary of his craft; and the man must be wise in his generation who twice overreaches Jacob. To-day, judging by his remarks, you shall deem him well-nigh as rich as Crœsus; to-morrow, as poor, in comparison, as Lazarus; but the true position of his finances would form a capital prize enigma, which even his daily associates must be puzzled to solve. Designated "Old Jacob" when we were a child, he seems almost unchanging, whilst everything around him has changed so much. He is still hale and florid, merry and boisterous; as his neighbours can amply testify. Time has wonderfully preserved him. May Time continue to spare him; likewise the beautiful corner of antiquity, which forms companionship, at once rare and appropriate, with his own picturesque varieties.

* * * *

We regret to state, by way of addenda, that this appeal to Time has proved as fruitless as the fabled prayer to Hercules. Even for Jacob, there was no exemption from change. In the few months that have elapsed since the foregoing remarks were penned, his picturesque wares have disappeared from their accustomed corner, and even Jacob himself has vanished from amongst us. In December, 1853, he attended his last book-sale: on his return home he seated himself with his curiosities as usual, but sank to the ground in a fit of apoplexy, we believe, and soon ceased to exist. We had long intended to surprise the old man by placing our book—when book it became—in his hands, but his sudden death has deprived us of that pleasure. A certain writer of celebrity whose name, at the

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moment, we forget, has advised all authors to lay aside their completed manuscripts during the space of nine years, and then to revise them for publication.* In some respects the advice is good, and by following it, authors would gain maturity of thought and experience. But what would they lose? They would lose the major part of the kindly critics of their early days—of the beings they wish most to please. How many friendly faces, and welcoming voices, have the last nine years removed from us? So many, in truth, that were we at liberty to choose between the living and the dead, we would take our readers from the grave, in preference to the world; for in the grave are those who could compare the barren prospects of youth with the little triumphs of manhood, and by that comparison alone can we prove a gainer.

From the old local bookseller to old local miscellanies, is a transition at once natural and easy. It has long been a source of regret that in a city of such magnitude and importance as ours not a single literary publication can prosper without extraneous aid. Possibly there are substantial reasons for these failures, but for us the facts are all-sufficient. Numerous periodicals have, from time to time, "glinted forth" amongst us, yet they have merely imitated the premature snow-drop, or the mountain daisy, by unfolding their adventurous leaves and expiring.

Pertaining to those ephemera, the few titles that follow may serve as a kind of after-math to the "Lancashire Library." The earliest local issues were mainly literary mules, combining the attributes of the newspaper and the magazine: some of these are noted more at length in other

*"Till the ninth ripening year mature its worth."—HORACE.

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chapters. Apart from politics, one of the oldest and rarest of our periodicals was the "Lancashire Magazine, or Manchester Museum." Twelve semi-detached weekly numbers of that work have lately passed through our hands, and may be briefly described. They range from number two to number twenty-eight, and form part of a set once carefully stored in well-known attics, probably since the date of issue, but have recently been discarded as waste paper by the new heir-at-law. Apart from its value as a scarce contribution to the bibliography of the district, there is not much of present interest either for reading or reference in this twopenny Museum, which was printed by T. Anderton, near the Market Cross, and was sold by "all the news carriers in England." The only local bit worth reproducing appears on the cover as an advertisement:—"This day is published, and sold by Thomas Wolfinden at the Preaching House, near High Street, A Letter by the Rev. Mr. John Wesley, late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. Where likewise may be had all the books wrote by the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley." Mr. Anderton issued the first number of his magazine in March, 1763, but there is nothing to show how long it was continued. Certainly it survived to the close of one year; Mr. Harland saw number fifty-two, with two or three of earlier date. Apparently the work was unknown to the indefatigable Charles Timperley, as there is no mention of it in his elaborate "Dictionary of Printing." The size of the Museum is demy octavo; there are sixteen pages in each number, with printed cover, and occasional plates. The twelve parts have now passed to the Reference Library, where they have joined issue with Mr. Harland's division of the same work.

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Coming within the present century, may be named the "Argus," the "Townsman," and the "Manchester Magazine" (monthly), all dying before we were born. They were superseded by the "Patriot," the "Scrap Book," "Manchester Iris," the "Phœnix," "Sporting Chronicle," "Museum of Entertainment," Jones's "Literary Gazette," and the "Falcon:" these in turn being followed to their ruin by the "Regenerator," "Bradshaw's Journal," "North of England Magazine," "Manchester Review," "Country Words;"—with Temperance Stars, and political and religious miscellanies, forming a lengthy procession—including a "Messenger" of broken hopes, and a "Reporter" of fallen fortunes. The organs of certain (so-called) secret orders, dealing mainly with the brethren thereof, are omitted, being supported by private funds rather than by public appreciation. Likewise are omitted several recent periodicals enjoying a reasonable term of existence and popularity. The longevity of the latter class being chiefly due to advertisements, they barely come within the range of literary ventures: their advertisement pages yield the manna requisite to sustain them.

Odd numbers of those bygone journals were always hiding, as it were, in Jacob's store room, and generally it required the patience of Job to make them break cover; but this difficulty was a mere trifle to the real lover of literary oddments, who would overcome piles of printed rubbish with as much pleasantness as Tom Moody exhibited in overcoming five-barred gates, and with perseverance worthy of a gold-digger, when delving through tons of dross for a few bits of coveted ore.

In our estimation Jacob's treasury held no valuables

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equal to his books of poems and pictures; for the poems infused ideal life into the commonplaces of existence, while the pictures gave to our view remarkable spots, famous people, beautiful scenery, which sedentary habits would ever have prevented us from realising.

The pencil and the graver have been brought to bear on a few of those silent associates, with others of more recent date. The result is before us. The books are strangely though not inaptly blended. "Festus," with his consolidated fund of thought,—his single lines containing matter for entire poems, sojourns with "Punch," at a period when that merry monarch is celebrating his majority; "Jacob Faithful," with his snatches of song and lively views of "human natur," is linked with our dear "English Opium Eater;" the dreamy "Pilgrims of the Rhine," surrounded by water nymphs and forest fays, who revel chastely in the moonlight, until we feel, in watching them, as if we had really taken, like the inebriated fairy, "a buttercup too much of the May dew,"—these repose with Sam Weller and the Pickwickians. Few serving men have been more popular than Sam Weller: though for our part we liked him fully as much in his original but much less important character of Fiddling Dick, in the interesting pages of the "Itinerant." With such a large amount of literary capital in his possession, Mr. Dickens might have well spared a trifle by way of acknowledgment to poor Ryley. The acknowledgment, to be of any service to the versatile stroller, was required with promptitude; for the same year that saw Pickwick completed, saw the Itinerant become stationary in the breezy churchyard of Neston, on the bank of the Cheshire Dee.

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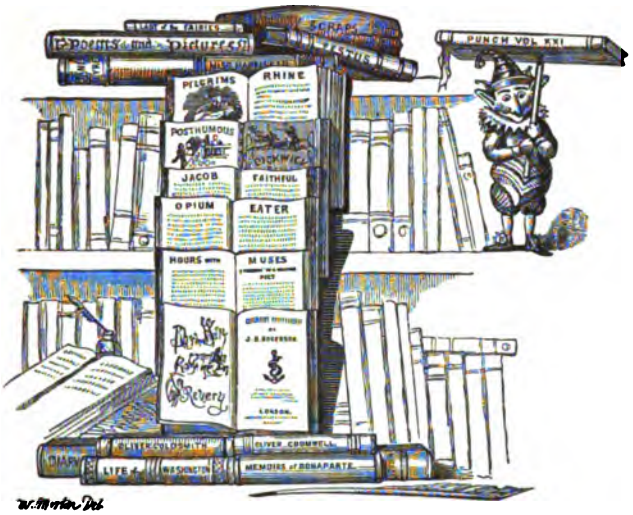

A GROUP OF FAVOURITE BOOKS.

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With judiciously-assorted books like these we need not fear splitting our sides with unqualified laughter, or weeping until, like Niobe, we are all tears. The old time is brought to temper the new,—the sunbeam to chequer the shadow, and thus the golden medium is preserved. An original impulsive stanza may not be out of keeping, if inserted at the basis of the artist's unique design.

> Bid Art her sunlit scenes unfold,—
> Her moonbeam'd visions hoary;
> Bid Poesy tint all with gold,
> And o'er the beauteous and the old
> Fling mind's undying glory.

Thus we leave old Jacob to his dreamless rest; while his curious hoards are consigned to the tender mercies of the auctioneer's hammer. His familiar shop has latterly been occupied as a glass and china store, but is now demolished.

For the derivation of the odd name Smithy Door we may accept the aid of tradition pure and simple. There is no probability of getting beyond the stalwart blacksmith and the scored door of his smithy, which he once, during a trial, carried in triumph to the Court House, and placed before the astonished authorities as weighty evidence against his disputing debtor; whom he thus comically defeated, besides originating the quaint name for the locality of his forge.

To quit this busy scene without naming its popular mart, would be like quitting Ephesus without a reference to Diana. But brief may be the parting allusion, as songsters have warbled its characteristics, and essayists have treasured its memory in type. A contributor to the "Phœnix," describing his experience of Saturday morning in Manchester,

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in the year 1828, thus writes:—"All is bustle and liveliness. I take a stroll through Smithy Door. The first thing that attracts my attention is the basket [Old Chum's] containing Bradburn's real Eccles cakes: I generally buy one. Passing along, I meet the Chelsea-bun man—like to hear his sonorous stentorian voice—think him a valuable acquisition to the town, and in consequence patronise him." Saturday, especially at night, was then the crowded carnival of the week; and as no half-holidays or railway trips tempted the townsfolk to quit their houses, Smithy Door Market was a favourite resort.

The subject-matter of the next chapter will lead us to the Market Place when in its older and more spacious form; long before its peculiar features—the Stocks, the Pillory, the Cross, the first Exchange, the Obelisk, the Shambles—were cleared away.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE MARKET PLACE.

"I now arrived at a large and populous town, which the natives designate by the name of Manchester. On my first entrance, the crowding and bustling that everywhere met my eyes, made me believe that the inhabitants must be celebrating some annual feast, which was attended by all the people of the surrounding districts. This I afterwards found to be an erroneous opinion, for each day there was the same number of people, ever careering through the streets, with haste in their steps, and anxiety in their countenances."

MSS. OF A CHINESE TRAVELLER.

FEW parts of the town have been oftener pictured or more frequently described than the Market Place, especially under its primitive aspects, as a glance at the sketches of Barritt, Ralston, James, and others will show. If a running account be here rendered of one of its well-known yet well-nigh extinct newspapers, another mite will be added toward the completion of its history. From this printed record—Robin Whitworth's *Manchester Magazine*, 1749-50—may be caught faint views of an earlier era than our own, and of a Manchester differing widely from the city we now behold: an era when readers were content with distant intelligence, stale and dubious, in their weekly journal, receiving their home news mainly from the town bellman, duly licensed and liveried. That important functionary, summoning his audience by ring of bell at the cross roads, would loudly inform the sympathising inhabitants, amongst lesser marvels, that sundry dames had lost their

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bairns, or that other dames had happily found them. When the theme proved too lofty for the handbell of the crier, the news pealed forth from the Old Church tower, the only musical steeple in the town. If our great-grandsires had no expensive carillons, they certainly knew the utility of bells, both festive and funereal, invariably giving them full play. Another contrast may be noted. An attempt made here, in 1750, to introduce Hackney coaches as an improvement on sedan chairs failed because the dwellers in the small town could easily walk to the outskirts in any direction; as may be seen by referring to the curious plan of the period gracing the appendix to this volume. Further, the excitement caused by the Rebellion was subsiding; the heads of the executed officers had just been stolen from the spikes surmounting the Exchange, and consequently "Doctor" Thomas Deacon had ceased to bow to them in reverential recognition; lastly, the widow of Thomas Syddall was allowed to grieve in silence, undisturbed by heartless mobs. The fixing of those severed heads is thus recorded in Mr. Whitworth's journal dated September 23rd, 1746:—"Last Thursday about five in the morning the heads of Thomas Siddal and Thomas Deacon were fixed upon the Exchange. Great numbers have been to view them." This original evidence may serve to satisfy us that two heads only (not three, as sometimes printed), were then elevated.

It was in the midst of such scenes and manners that the *Manchester Magazine* was borne by the news-carriers—not the early railway trains—to its very limited number of town and country subscribers. Those news-carriers, though usually reliable servitors, sometimes, it would seem, dis-

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appointed the public. Mr. Harrop, in his fourth number (March, 1752), thus complained of one of that staff of circulating mediums:—"The person who carried this *Mercury* last week to Warrington, Liverpoole, etc., being obliged against his will to serve for awhile another master [?Whitworth], 'tis hoped will not be an hindrance to the sale of this paper." Mr. James Everett states that Mr. Harrop had been assisted in starting his rival newspaper by the Rev. John Clayton, who also became a frequent contributor to the controversial columns of the *Mercury*. Before reverting to the neighbouring establishment, we may note that one of Mr. Harrop's printers, Cornelius Leigh, was engaged in his office upwards of half a century.

Some years ago—over twenty—an acquaintance of ours, on receiving a small quantity of sun-raisins from his grocer, found the fruit wrapped in a leaf of Robin Whitworth's magazine already named. Although not a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, he was a fellow of infinite research as regarded literary gimcracks, which he hunted and hoarded until they formed a miniature curiosity shop. Perceiving that the leaf was one of an almost extinct species, he proceeded immediately to the shop whence it came, and discovered the remaining fragment of a once-bound volume lying as waste paper upon the counter. He rescued the relic by a prompt purchase; and the mutilated treasure eventually passed from his care to ours. That grocer little knew he was destroying pages of a primitive Manchester newspaper that had no known duplicates, and might never be replaced. For the few numbers that are left there is some reason to be grateful; small mercies, though often ridiculed, are better than none; and these

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stray leaves are still prizable. If they be not brands snatched from the burning, they are innocents rescued from the knife. A few gleanings, chosen mainly for their quaintness, are subjoined. The papers range from Tuesday, January 2nd, 1749-50, to Tuesday, August 21st, 1750; but a few intervening leaves are missing. The numbering possesses the merit of originality in a striking degree, but is rather perplexing to the modern student of numerals, as the numbers go either forward or backward without standing, like the guests of Macbeth, upon the order of their going. Mr. Whitworth's business address is there given with sufficient brevity; but is thus set forth more at large in an earlier number preserved at Peel Park.—"The Manchester Magazine, No. 230, June 2nd, 1741. Printed by R. Whitworth, bookseller, at the Three Bibles, over against [opposite] the corner of the Exchange, next the Cross. Price three-halfpence, containing more news than any weekly paper in England."

The quotations may commence with a letter to a gentleman in London containing an amusing piece of intelligence:—"You saw the extraordinary red lights in the sky last Tuesday evening, and know that they were succeeded by a storm. Perhaps you may be pleased with knowing some part of their effects. The day before (the story is certainly true) a poor woman came to our professor of geometry, and begged him to recover for her five pounds four shillings, which had been stolen out of her house, and had ruined both her and her husband. The professor, to carry on the humour of being a conjuror, told her to come to him again in three days. The woman returning home, told all the neighbours the professor would

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get her money. At night came such uncommon lights and so violent a storm, with which the thief being terrified, concluding it all happened on his account, actually brought the money, and threw it into the house, where it was found the next morning." The value of conjurors is hereby made apparent—if people have implicit faith in them. A trait of superstition as curious in its way as the foregone sample, occurred a few years later nearer home. In May, 1764, one James Leech, of Warrington, yeoman, announced in Whitworth's rival, the *Mercury*, that having had the good fortune to be born the seventh son of a respectable family, he therefore possessed the gift of curing the King's Evil, and promised to relieve anyone so afflicted for a reasonable remuneration. A short list of cures was appended in proof of his power of healing.

For the next incident we are again indebted to the capital city:—"The boxing match between Taylor, the barber, and Slack, the butcher, was fought at Broughton's [Amphitheatre] and was as severe a one as ever was known; they fought twenty-six minutes, when Slack was defeated. There was present the greatest number of nobility ever known on such occasions." The principal patrons of the prize ring at that period were the Dukes of Cumberland and York. The tonsorial champion was further honoured by the pencil of Hogarth in two drawings, which represent Taylor wrestling with Death. In the first scene the pugilist wins the throw; but in the second he yields his back to the universal conqueror. The news from Ireland was peculiar:—"We hear that leave is given to bring in a bill to encourage Papists to become good Protestants." From Scotland, also, strange tidings arrived:

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"Death having lately forced the town piper of Falkirk to leave that place, and the people at present being in a deplorable situation for want of musick, give intimation to all pipers and fidlers, providing they have queer faces, and think themselves qualified to stand a comparative trial before the baillie and the bairns, to repair thither by the first of May next, and give a specimen of their musical modulations. Happy that minstrel who is found to excel in his profession!" Falkirk was ever prone to merry-making; her great trysts are well-nigh proverbial. She has, moreover, a famous gruel, efficacious in all cases of witchcraft, even to the "blink o' an evil ee." The next item will be interesting to the readers of the genial, graceful English Essayists:—"Last Tuesday, died at his house facing Norfolk Street in the Strand, Mr. Batt Pidgeon, the oldest and most eminent hair cutter in England." Batt Pidgeon was an especial favourite with Steele, Addison, and kindred writers of that era, by whom his name and merits have been lovingly preserved. A short advertisement may be given for the sake of the local names and places mentioned therein:—"To be sold by auction, at Edmund Schofield's, the sign of the Crown and Cushion, Long Millgate, in Manchester, on Thursday, March 8th, betwixt two and five in the afternoon, all the messuage, house, and tenements, late in the possession of Benjamin Smith, and his under tenants, known by the sign of the Ram's Head, situate at the upper end of Salford Bridge" [Smithy Door Bank]. Such trifles may assist us in recognising the vanished dwellings and altered streets of our native city. The Ram's Head afterwards became the Von Blucher.*

* Behind the Von Blucher were some dangerous spots overhanging the

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Amongst the very few local notices, the wedding of a right worthy townsman finds brief record:—"A few days since Mr. Edward Byrom of Manchester, son of Dr. Byrom, was married to Miss Halsted, of Limn in Cheshire; a lady of great merit and a handsome fortune." The motto on Mr. Edward Byrom's coat of arms—*I retire within myself*—surmounted by a hedgehog, was characteristic of his unassuming life, as likewise of his father's careless content. In the year 1750 there would doubtless be a bountiful harvest, as seed descended, we are next gravely told, ready to hand and duty free:—"We are informed from Andover in Hampshire, that on Saturday the first of March last, a sample of seed was brought to that market, which fell from the clouds in a storm of hail the same week; it is like hempseed in form, but larger, and of several colours and tastes." Once more two burly professors of the art of self-defence were found contending for the championship: "The grand boxing match between Broughton and Slack, which has been the subject of so much conversation among the modern English heroes of all ranks, was fought yesterday. The house [amphitheatre] was full very early. At eleven the champions mounted [the stage]; and Broughton was fairly beat in fourteen minutes and eleven seconds as near as could be computed. The first two minutes the odds on Broughton's head were twenty to one; but Slack, soon recovering himself changed the betts, by closing the eyes of his antagonist; and following him close at the same time, gained a compleat victory, to the no small

Irwell, where accidents frequently occurred. As an instance, in August, 1812, a man who was confused with liquor, wandered to the back of the Ring-o'-Bells tavern, opposite the church tower, and fell over the railed fence into the river, thereby losing his life.

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mortification of the knowing-ones, who were finely taken in. Before they began, Broughton gave Slack the ten guineas to fight him, according to his promise, which Slack immediately betted against one hundred guineas, offered by a gentleman against him. The money received at the door amounted to one hundred and thirty guineas, besides two hundred tickets at a guinea and half-a-guinea each. . . What is very remarkable in this affair is that hardly any person during the late war, ever had the compliments of so many of the nobility and gentry paid him after a defeat, or even a victory [as were paid to Broughton]." Clearly that was the hey-day of the P. R. as it is technically termed. No wonder that Scroggins, the fistic poet-laureate thus sighed for its return:—

"The stars of the ring, can I ever forget,
Who have dropped off their perch, and whose glory has set."

Even staid John Byrom, as shown by Dodsley's collection of poems, was moved to indite extempore verses pertaining to those trials of manual skill; which were so fashionable and consequently so favoured at the era in question.

It appears, further, that in July of the said year, Hannah Snell, the female soldier, petitioned for some reward in return for seven years' service, performed under the assumed name of James Gray. The truthful story is sufficiently romantic even for the stage. Her sweetheart being impressed, she put on male attire, enlisted, became his messmate, and sailed to the wars in the same ship. With great intrepidity she fought at her lover's side during the siege of Pondicherry, and elsewhere, until he died. Although seven times wounded, her sex was never dis-

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covered, or suspected until, upon returning to her home at Worcester, she thought proper to reveal her secret in the petition aforesaid. A pension of thirty pounds a year was granted to her by the government. She continued to wear male attire, a laced hat and cockade, sword and ruffles, and was forbidden to alter the military dress without further orders from the Duke of Cumberland. Hannah's portrait graces the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1750, accompanied by some laudatory lines.

Upon another of Robin Whitworth's pages there is an account of fifteen hundred salmon being taken at one draught in the river Ribble, near Preston. And from Frankfort came a somewhat startling fact, running counter to the general belief; it will be found worthy of the serious attention of all students in midwifery:—"We have just received advice of the death of the young Prince of which the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt was lately brought to bed." Perhaps that remarkable case of *lusus naturæ* had some invisible connection with the destruction of the world, which was then considered imminent, the subject forming the chief attraction of several numbers of the newspaper. "A person who has lately left off the business of a shoemaker, and for some time followed the employment of a field preacher, was taken near Carnaby Market, and carried before a justice, for impiously affirming that he had received positive commands from God, by an angel, to declare that the dissolution of the world would be the Sunday morning following:—which time is happily elapsed to our comfort, and his own conviction." Again, in a similar strain:—"The Life Guardsman who prophecied the destruction of the city of Westminster this week is confined, he appearing

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to be delirious." "Last Sunday being the first of April several hundred people went from this town, and parts adjoining, to Edmonton, upon the report of a hen's having laid an egg there the day before, wherein was inscribed in large capital letters, Beware of the third shock; when, to their great mortifications, they were very well wetted by the rain, and returned home with the salutations of all they met." "The strong apprehensions the town was under last night of being visited with another shock of an earthquake, produced the most extravagant effects imaginable. . . An incredible number of people were walking in Hyde Park, and in all the fields round London, all last night; and many people of fashion in the neighbouring villages, who thought themselves not far enough off to be quite secure, sat in their coaches all night." The most cool and intrepid spirits—when the apparent danger had passed—were the poets, who forthwith composed satirical verses entitled "A Word to the Wise, and especially to the Otherwise, who are not yet run away from our Metropolis:—"

"Come out of your holes, for you've got a reprieve,
Ye sons and ye daughters of Adam and Eve;
We thank you, kind friends, you have saved us by flight,
Some thousand more sinners had ruin'd us quite;
The city thus clear'd of the guilty, has stood,
And London is saved for the sake of the good."

With that escape from the ending of the world the reader hereof may fairly escape from this rambling dissertation anent Whitworth's *Magazine*—a Manchester newspaper containing very few particles of Manchester

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news—but yielding, nevertheless, some curious glimpses pertaining to the times in which it was printed.

As a rider to the magazine, here is another singular phase of Manchester life in the last century, which may interest the sons of St. David. A correspondent of the *Guardian*, writing in 1864, sends the recollections of a venerable Welshman who was living in this town in 1781. He stated that in the year named he looked a considerable time before seeing any person whom he knew to be Welsh. At last he met a young man from Beaumaris, who knew three or four of his countrymen; and when, shortly afterward, the six youths clustered together, they compared notes, but none of them knew of any other Welsh person being then in the town. At the closing of the year he went to reside at Stockport, and there received from his sister, living at Carnarvon, a welcome Christmas present, to wit, a leg of dried mountain mutton. A friendly invitation to share his Christmas dinner brought over the five Cambrians from Manchester; and the food yielded extra enjoyment to the youthful party because it came direct from North Wales.

If we now proceed along Old Mill-gate (or Meal-gate), adjacent to Robin Whitworth's printing office, and then enter the long and sinuous Mylngate, we shall thereby complete, in consecutive order, the retrospective survey of the inner and older streets of Manchester and Salford which it has been our aim and desire to give.

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAST OF LONG MILLGATE.

"We returned through the apple market, to go down Long Millgate. . . Before leaving the town, my uncle would probably call at the Queen Anne [then usually styled the Queen's Head], in Long Millgate, to see if there were any suitable company going our way. Another calling-house was Schofield's [Queen Anne], over Scotland Bridge; and the last in the town was the Flower Pot, Red Bank."—BAMFORD'S EARLY DAYS.

AT the date of Mr. Bamford's description (1793) the long winding thoroughfare giving name to this chapter was studded with calling-houses to the number of sixteen, where refreshment was constantly enjoyed by man or pack-horse, but seldom by woman—unless seeking her truant husband. The good wives of that period preferred the retirement of their own neat but not gaudy homes, where comfort without pretension was usually found. The Flower Pot, to which the veteran has alluded, is yet standing near the top of Red Bank, approaching Cheetham Cottage-town. That cottage-town, as its name suggests, consisted of a group of comfortable, retired homes, with Garden Lane as a centre, which have mostly been swept away, and much of the ground, extending to the Mile House, converted into brickfields. The designation, Cheetham Cottage-town, disappeared from the directory in 1840, shortly after North Street had been christened. Referring to Long Millgate in the year 1821, the painter of a local

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picture, "Rural Sport," expresses his belief that the place for spirited inhabitants and mirthful goodfellowship had not its superior in the town. Some years later another enthusiastic resident wrote a descriptive song, with "Millgate, dear Millgate for me" serving as its refrain. The last verse of the lengthy lyric is subjoined:—

"From peril and danger,
This land of the stranger,
May heaven still shield each forthcoming year;
Contentment and pleasure,
Without any measure,
To each gen'rous heart, and true Millgateer."

Thus rhymed and warbled one of the numerous fustian cutters there dwelling, but he vanished long ago from the scene he had celebrated in 1853. It were well if the present condition of this district could court comparison with the past and prove the gainer thereby. Long Millgate, be it known to the uninitiated, is "seated vppon Irke, from Ashley Lane to Irwell," where, as Hollingworth faithfully chronicles, there was formerly free fishing, with power to set down stakes and fence in the said river, or upon either side. Such was the angler's millennium as secured by Joane Bexwick from Lord De la Warre. Ashley Lane was the steep and somewhat rugged way to Ashley Fields and Collyhurst Woods and Commons. A more recent description of this portion of the Irk, and differing widely from Hollingworth's, was written by the late Dr. Kay in 1832:—"Immediately beneath Ducie Bridge, in a deep hollow between two high banks, it sweeps round a large cluster of some of the most dilapidated buildings in the town. The course of the river is

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here impeded by a weir, and a large tannery, eight storeys high (three of which storeys are filled with skins exposed to the atmosphere) towers close to this labyrinth of dwellings. This group of habitations is called Gibraltar." The "Gib" was cut through by a branch railway in 1877. The tannery thus described was during many years successfully conducted by Mr. Thomas Walker. Restored after two or three conflagrations, and passing to other hands and uses, it was lately burned down at Christmas-time, and a brilliant, though costly, yule-log it made. A little higher up the Irk, near Scotland Bridge, there was another tannery, long known as Mr. Nelson's. This has recently been removed by the same branch line of railway. During the excavations a cluster of ancient tanpits, cut in the solid rock, were discovered immediately beneath the modern range. Nothing is known of their origin; but certainly they were constructed when manual labour was cheaper and chemicals less used than at present; and when the tanning process was a matter of years rather than of months. As Mr. Robert Langley, of the Milngate, who died in 1616, was cited before the Court-Leet for removing two stiles in the adjoining "Assheley Fields," it seems probable that he was the owner of these rock pits, as well as of the tan pits at Gibraltar.

Of the Apple Market, so often traversed by Samuel Bamford in his childhood, not an indication now remains; so a couple of former residents may be cited from the mercantile chronicles of the past, just to identify the ground and its wonted uses. These are briefly:—"John Cooke, apple dealer," who in 1804 was trading at "6, Apple Market;" and Lydia Bell, described in 1817 as "fruiterer,

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Apple Market." Lydia's name, familiar to us since boyhood, is still plainly visible upon a headstone in St. Luke's Churchyard, Smedley Lane. The name of this market was retained in the directories long after its business had been removed to the lower end of Shudehill, finally disappearing from the street list in 1861. The first house—the White Lion—at the Cathedral end of Long Millgate was long the favourite resort of country pedestrians when visiting the town, before or after their contests upon Kersal Moor.

One of the fleetest and most enduring of those spring-heels was Abraham Wood, of Milnrow. Few Lancashire villages have been so rich as Milnrow in minor notables. Locally known as the Land of Tim Bobbin and of Old Stump, it was also the home and, I believe, the last resting place of the subject of this note. Without knowing Abraham's age with exactness, there is sufficient evidence that he was born beneath the shelter of Blackstone Edge shortly before John Collier finally left that rugged scene. Although Wood and Stump were contemporary pedestrians, apparently they never met as racing rivals. When Abraham began his running career Stump had already earned his "victorious" prefix, yet the veteran outlived his younger neighbour fully twenty years. As few men, if any, surpassed Wood in his heyday for fleetness of foot and strength and elasticity of limb, some of his running feats may be worth narrating. His career extended over the first twenty years of the present century. He won a four-mile race over Knavesmire, for one hundred guineas, in May, 1802, beating John Brown, of Bransdale. Four years later he easily defeated Jonathan Pollitt in a match

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of ten miles on Doncaster course, the betting being two to one on Wood, who covered the ground in fifty-two minutes and one second. The same year, at Brighton, he was matched to run a quarter of a mile in a minute for forty guineas, and won with apparent ease. His next effort—in August, 1807—was again with time, when he ran forty miles in four hours and fifty-seven minutes. In his celebrated walking match with Captain Barclay, at Newmarket, in the October next ensuing, Wood covered eight miles in the first hour, and fourteen miles in the second and third hours; but ultimately resigned to the Captain, who pursued a steady pace of six miles an hour. Very shortly afterwards some of the London newspapers prematurely announced the death of Abraham, who suddenly arrived in Manchester (enclosed in a perforated coffin) on his way home. Certain losers refused to pay their bets on the suspicion that he had taken too much physic. Two years later, in a quarter-mile sprint with Shipley, seven to four were currently laid on the latter, who led to within a short distance of home, when Wood passed him, winning the hundred guineas by half a yard. In the summer of 1812 Joseph Beal, from the neighbourhood of Castle Baynard, defeated Wood in a four-mile race over Knavesmire; and at Christmas in the same year he yielded to Jack Carter, after giving one hundred and fifty yards' start in a race of two miles. The following year was the most active and remarkable in Abraham's career. Within nine months he ran six matches, winning all. Five of those were against time. Over Doncaster course, one hundred guineas being the wager, he accomplished ten miles and a half "in grand style," just within the hour; and in the following month,

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at the Heath, near Wakefield, vast crowds assembled to watch him run twenty miles. He went the whole distance in two hours and eleven minutes and a half, appearing quite fresh when he came in. Thus far his principal events (recorded in a score of authentic yet fleeting sources) appear moderately consecutive; but of his later achievements we have no memorandum. He died, after a lingering illness, on the 15th of June, 1824. Notwithstanding that Abraham Wood's contests with men may now be difficult to appraise, his triumphs over Time we can still fairly estimate, because that steady, noiseless goer still keeps the same pace that the Milnrow pedestrian so often defeated. So much for a forgotten "footman," whose name and deeds are alike strange to modern ears or memories. But, although thus neglected in the grave, he was not forgotten ere he died, which is more than can be said of many a conquering hero: for public favourites are rapidly ignored when they quit the public sight. We have all known some dead-alive celebrity,—some breathing lion that has ceased to roar. Is there no way of retaining an envied niche in the world's memory to grace and sweeten retirement?

Ainsworth's Court, immediately opposite to the Poets' Corner, has often been mentioned, though erroneously, as the birthplace of our popular novelist. Judging by the directories (reliable guides), there was no Ainsworth's Court in 1788; but in 1804 is seen the following pertinent line:—"Ainsworth Captain, Ainsworth's Court, Long Millgate;" and hence, no doubt, the origin of the name that court yet bears. Here, during several years, was situated the Jews' Synagogue, until superseded by a better building in Halliwell-street. Only two doors removed from Ainsworth's

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Court lived, from 1790 to his decease in 1821, the Rev. Joshua Brookes; and we may not pass the site—all that now remains of his home—without casting a parting glance. A verse to his memory from the pen of Charles Kenworthy will possibly be recollected, the scene described being the Old Churchyard as it appeared in 1818, when the low surrounding wall was easily and often surmounted by the profane, to the detriment of the sacred enclosure. It has been observed by John Hewitt* who, as assistant to the parish clerk, had frequent intercourse with Joshua, that as the pastor drew near the end of his life he seemed to cling closer to his church. Often when the congregation withdrew he would linger alone, as if wishful to hold communion with the past or with the future; as if mutely re-viewing the thousands whom he had christened, or wedded, or buried; or as if thinking of the Sabbaths ordained to come and go, in endless succession, when he would preach no more. It is pleasing to know that when at length he ceased to pace the ancient aisles his funeral was honoured by a vast concourse of mourners paying to the dead pastor the reverence too often withheld from the living.

Mrs. Raffald's directory for 1772 contains the name of "Haworth, John, Esq., Long Millgate," whose mansion, yet standing, passed by marriage to the well-known Percival family, who sold the property some years ago to the father of the present owner. Intimation has been received that the substantially-built house may shortly be taken down. The Percivals yet retain other property—several shops and a few dwellings—in the said street: and with these a

* The "Nepenthes," December 10, 1825.

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pleasant remembrance lingers. Thirty years ago the owners were two elderly maiden sisters, who never allowed a Christmas to pass without making it reasonably merry to all their tenants. With somewhat of a feudal feeling akin to the nobleness of the "old nobilitie," they commissioned their steward to wait upon each tenant with the value of a good Christmas dinner, accompanied by the compliments of the season. One sister dying, the survivor continued the kindly mistletoe custom until she likewise, in the fulness of years, slept in peace.

In January, 1802, during a furious hurricane, a very high chimney belonging to Millgate factory came down with a crash, destroying three houses and killing a woman and a child. On the same day a man was killed in Blackley Street (now Charter Street) by a wall being blown down upon him as he was passing, and another passer-by lost his life there by the falling of a chimney. The theatre was closed on the evening of that day in consequence of the awful storm. No lamps could be lighted in the streets, many of them being stripped of their covers or wholly destroyed. In Dunham Park six hundred trees were broken or uprooted.

Thirteen years earlier, Blackley Street was the scene of another tragedy. About two o'clock on a certain Saturday morning a fire broke out in a house there situated, which soon reduced the place to a skeleton, besides damaging several adjoining dwellings. Of nine sleeping inmates, only four were saved. A fly-sheet cried about the town at the time of the accident, tenders some useful advice in homely language:—"Opeing this will be a caution to all how they rake their fires; likewise how they lie their

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things to dry; and how they take their candles to bed." The five victims were buried in the Baptist Chapel-yard, Rochdale Road, an impressive inscription marking the spot:

> Ann, wife of John Stockton, and four
> children, all consumed by Fire on
> the 20th of April, 1791. "Watch, there-
> fore, for ye know not what hour
> your Lord doth come."

While thus transcribing memorial words at Mr. Gadsby's chapel, it would seem scarcely courteous to neglect the interesting epitaph upon his own tablet, which thus reads:—

> To the Memory of
> William Gadsby, Baptist Minister, who
> departed this life the 27th January, 1844,
> aged 71 years. He was 38 years pastor
> of the Church of Christ, meeting for di-
> vine worship in this Chapel. The
> following lines were found, penned
> by him, and are subjoined by way
> of epitaph.
> Here rests the body of a sinner base,
> Who had no hope but in electing grace;
> The life, love, blood, and righteousness of God
> Were his sweet theme, and these he spread abroad.
> This tablet was erected by subscription
> to his remembrance by a few affection-
> ate surviving friends, on the 20th
> March, 1845.

Mr. Gadsby's decease occurred somewhat suddenly. He preached on the previous Sunday. The newspapers of the time contained some supplementary information, which has borne the more interest for us because in our youth we frequently saw him pass to and fro in the neighbourhood of his chapel. Mr. Gadsby's effects when brought to the

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MADAM DRAKE'S HOUSE, LONG MILLGATE.

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hammer at Mr. Fullalove's mart, in King Street, were bought chiefly as keepsakes, realising high prices. The "old arm chair" in which he was wont to study fetched upwards of four pounds; one of his walking sticks twenty-seven shillings; his portrait, by Benson, twenty-four pounds; his silver spectacles two guineas; and other relics were similarly prized. It was felt that the town had sustained a loss in the "strong-minded, generous-hearted, though quaint and homely William Gadsby." His portrait, presented by his second son, hangs in the museum at Queen's Park; a duplicate is preserved in the vestry of his chapel. Further notices of this preacher of the Gospel appear in Dr. Halley's "Lancashire," and in other sources.

Back to Long Millgate, where the next point of special interest that claims attention is the home of Madam Drake, at the corner of Miller's Lane, near Corporation Street. In a deed bearing date May 21, 1743, "Squire Drake" is named as the owner of a tenement situated in the Milngate; and in the overseers' accounts, at a later date, appears a charge of eleven pounds upon "Madam Drake's house and field." At her decease her late home, like many other genteel town houses, was converted into a tavern, its first vintner Caleb Sutton, resigning it in 1768. It has remained in the same line of business ever since. The Barlow family held possession upwards of sixty years. In the year 1859, when the ancient dwelling was about to be transformed into a modern liquor vault, its primitive features were preserved by the timely application of Mr. Morton's expert pencil. Of Madam Drake, a peculiar and interesting character, only a few glimpses have come down to the present generation, and those seem somewhat conflicting. One

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authority affirms that she lived much in the style of Queen Elizabeth, preferring beef and beer to tea and toast. A second avers that she entered into rivalry with Lady Ann Bland as a spirited leader of fashion, usually wearing silk stockings. Whilst a third printed statement is to the effect that Madam was the first person actually in business who set up a carriage in Manchester. The carriage was set up, as appears, in 1758; Lady Bland died in 1734; so a comparison of dates will not serve to disperse the mist, but rather deepens the obscurity. To crown all, a chronological record informs the public that in the year 1720 the only carriage in Salford belonged to Madam Drake. One would like to know if that Salford carriage, having broken down, was the same vehicle "set up" in Manchester thirty-eight years later. A little lower down the Milngate on the opposite side from Madam Drake's, stands an old-fashioned abode, pictured in Mr. Ashworth's recent sketches. This dwelling, with the adjoining shop, probably formed Langley Hall, when its owner, Mr. Robert Langley, conducted the tanpits near Tanners' Bridge. In 1794 it was a tavern, with a black lion for its sign; whence originated Black Lion Court, yet existing, although the derivation of the name has been long forgotten. Readers familiar with the brief memoir of John Critchley Prince may recollect his allusion to a garret in one of the courts of Long Millgate, where he lived during a few months in 1831-2. As many of those courts were of peculiar character, and have mostly been cleared away for railway uses or city improvements, a description of one of them is appended; as seen by Dr. Kay (the late Sir J. P. Kay-Shuttleworth) during his sanitary survey of the town in the cholera year, 1832:—

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"Pursuing the course of the river [Irk] on the other side of Ducie Bridge, tanneries, size manufactories, and tripe-houses occur. The parish burial-ground [Walker's Croft] occupies one side of the stream, and a series of courts of the most singular character the other. Access is obtained to these courts through narrow covered entries from Long Millgate, whence the explorer descends by stone stairs, and in one instance by three successive flights of steps, to a level with the bed of the river. In this last-mentioned court (Allen's Court) he discovers himself to be surrounded on one side by a wall of rock, on two others by houses three storeys high, and on the fourth by the abrupt and high bank down which he descended, and by walls and houses erected on the summit. These houses were a short time ago chiefly inhabited by fringe, silk, and cotton weavers and winders; and each house contained in general three or four families."

Near the top of this court there stood, prior to the year 1831, a low, half-timbered public-house known as the White Hart, afterward rebuilt and named the Union Tavern—which tavern has now, in turn, disappeared.

Would it be pardonable to quit Long Millgate without casting a farewell glance at the Sun Inn, the best-known house the street has ever contained? This genuine relic of vanished years now claims in rotation the best service of our pen, and may reasonably have its claim allowed. The accompanying picture will be welcomed by many admirers of the original Sun before its beams were paled. The immediate and interesting surroundings—the College boys and Grammar School youths—have been duly remembered by the artist.

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CHAPTER XIV.

MANCHESTER POETS' CORNER—THE OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

'Twas not for its splendour that dwelling was dear,
'Twas not that the proud or the noble were near . . .
Yet still in my slumbers sweet visions will come,
Of the days that are past, and the old house at home.

FAVOURITE BALLAD.

EDMUND WALLER has affirmed that the soul's dark cottage — the body — when battered and decayed, lets in new lights through the chinks that time has made. If this fine idea of the poet be applied literally to our old house—the Poets' Corner, in Long Millgate—it will be found that the chinks and crannies which time and the elements have gradually made in its roof, let in not only new lights, but also new showers of rain. The Improvement Committee, seeing that the said roof cannot be improved, have adopted the fatal alternative of its speedy removal, together with its friendly supporters, the antique walls and fantastic timbers. The doomed house is now finally closed by authority; and, stripped of its notable signboards and all removeable ornaments, patiently awaits its demolition. May its end be peace. Shortly we may expect to view a range of formal warehouses occupying the site of this corner of antiquity. Its literary memories will then possess increased interest; for there is a strange perversity in human nature which causes us ever

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to prize more highly the treasures we have lost than the blessings we retain.* Rather than linger with its sad decline, let us hasten to recall its hey-day scenes.

Gladly would the exact age of this edifice be here stated if obtainable. Through lack of correct data the wildest surmises are afloat touching its nativity, suggesting an origin almost antediluvian. An interior date, 1612, is apparently intended to mark some alterations.

To the antique hostel in "ye Milne-gate" there came in the days gone by, sundry bards of mark or of likelihood; and their congenial society was freely shared, at stated periods, by numerous lovers of literature—so numerous that they formed quite a joyous throng, embracing players and musicians and singers, who charmed the ear with good old English melodies. But in this chapter we can only acknowledge their merits in the aggregate, while dispensing with individual names.

At those re-unions there was no perpetual president; each quarterly meeting furnished its own chairman; the guiding spirits being thus wisely kept, like Dyer's familiar landscape, "ever charming, ever new." The first three occupiers of the easy chair were Messrs. John Dickinson, John Bolton Rogerson, George Falkner (editor of *Bradshaw's Journal*), officiating in the order named.

A writer in the Westminster Review has assured the world that Lancashire has never, during nearly nineteen centuries, produced a poet, painter, or sculptor of any distinctive mark. In a similar strain M. Leon Faucher,

* Contrary to expectation this building, quietly inhabited as a cricketers' depôt, is yet (1879) occupying its wonted site, albeit as bare and charmless as a leafless tree.

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writing in 1844, avers that in Manchester literature and the arts are dead letters, though chemistry is held in honour. Without venturing to lift the Westminster or Parisian gauntlet as an acceptance of challenge, it would not be difficult to show that the cotton county, though over-run with machinery and its attendant evils, has nevertheless added many names to the record of "Men of the Time," and has possessed some pure bright dreamers who dearly loved the Muses. If those sacred ladies, from their Heliconian retreat, loved not in return—could the suitors be reasonably blamed? Some day, perchance, the descendants of "time-honour'd" John of Gaunt may venture to move for a new trial, in order that the metropolitan oracle and the French judge may be induced to re-consider their verdict anent Lancashire literature.

If in the ensuing chapters some of the provincial authors be suitably introduced, and allowed to speak briefly for themselves, a fair view will be afforded of one place and one period, but scarcely anything further. A generation of years having passed since the Poets' Corner flourished, a new race of penmen—including some public favourites—have arisen in our midst, and doubtless a new chronicler will arise in the future to render ample justice to their merits. Our aim has been to furnish a friendly agreeable record of the old house and its literary meetings and associations. The specimens chosen will mostly be illustrative of the writers, or bear some local colouring.

The historic reader, while glancing over these memorial leaves, will possibly think of the higher intellectual assemblies of Clarendon, Selden, Falkland, Carew, and Waller: so do we, with due reverence. But there are other mines

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besides those at Golconda,—other stones in addition to those of the first water. The lapidary knows how to appraise and use them all.

The original printed invitation to the first of those literary gatherings—coming as a new-year's salutation—is here appended.

"Sun Inn, Long Millgate, Manchester, Jany. 1st, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—It is proposed, by a few gentlemen, admirers of the Manchester poets, that a friendly Poetical Soirée should be held at the Swan Inn, Long Millgate, on Friday, the seventh instant. A little plain dinner will be provided at three o'clock precisely.

Mr. C. Swain, Mr. J. C. Prince, Mr. J. B. Rogerson, Mr. R. Rose, Mr. S. Bamford, &c., &c., are expected to be present, and your company will be esteemed a favour by, dear sir, yours most respectfully, W. EARNSHAW.

P.S.—A reply, on or before Wednesday, would oblige."

Of the authors named in the foregoing circular, the first, Mr. Charles Swain, proved an absentee, which circumstance was a source of regret. It will be gratifying to enrich this record with at least one revealing of the pure poetic genius which has, through the vicissitudes and turmoil of half a century, steadily cast its refining influence over the city. More than one example is needless, as Mr. Swain's poems have been popularised in the *London Journal* since their publication in costly volumes. Few writers have been more severely self-critical. Of his numerous juvenile exercises in verse, inserted mainly in the *Manchester Iris* under disguised signatures, few, if any, are retained in his books, having failed to satisfy his maturer judgment. Mr. Swain first appeared in print at the age of nineteen, in some verses inscribed "To Thalia."

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IN MEMORIAM.—HENRY MARSDEN.

By Charles Swain. (From "Art and Fashion," 1863.)

Day after day, the angels say,
  Innumerable souls ascend;
Day after day we mourn and pray
  For some departed friend;
And never kinder heart than thine,
  And never truer breast,
E'er soar'd unto a world divine,
  Or won immortal rest.

Oh, school-companion, playmate, friend,
  I muse the long years o'er,
And weep to see the shroud descend
  Which folds thee evermore:
I shrink to yield thee to the dust—
  To mark the funeral pall;
And strive to teach my heart to trust
  In Him, who feels for all!

And can it be that thou art dead,
  And I left to deplore?—
I almost seem to list thy tread—
  To hear thee at the door:
The path it was thy wont to cross
  I gaze upon—and wait;—
And scarce can realise my loss,—
  A loss so deep—so great!

Our school days seem to dawn again,
  Again the same light beams;
A different light than falls on *men*,
  A radiance full of dreams.
The future—*what it was to be!*
  When all our hopes seem'd truth;
Alas, the things we live to see,
  Are not the dreams of youth!

Is there a childhood in that sphere
  To which thy soul hath fled;—

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Do we begin the spirit-year,
  New born from out the dead?
Tread we eternity at first,
  As we trod time of yore;
Or, does immortal glory burst
  At once from God's own shore?

Oh, gate of death! Oh, gate of life!
  Oh, mystery sublime!
With everlasting wonders rife,
  And marvels of all time;
Say, shall affections still remain?
  Shall memories endure?
And links of friendship's endless chain
  Eternity secure?

Shall truth find truth,—and love find love,—
  Within that better world?
Shall all the tears and pains we prove,
  Be ever earthward hurl'd?
Shall friend meet friend in that blest hour,
  Before their Saviour's sight,
And feel that Death no more hath power
  To separate or blight?

My heart hath faith—my soul hath hope,
  Once more to see thy face,
A few brief years with time to cope,
  Then newer worlds to trace!
A few brief years on earth to roam,
  And, then, when death is o'er:—
Angels for friends—and Heaven for home—
  And love for evermore.

Mr. Swain has now entered into his rest, and the sorrow he so eloquently expressed for the loss of his friend has been echoed in song for himself. The brief inscription subjoined is engraved upon his headstone, situated in the new burial ground attached to Prestwich Churchyard.

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Sacred
to the Memory of
CHARLES SWAIN,
Born January 4th, 1803.
Died September 22nd, 1874.

When Mr. Swain's death was announced, the Mayor caused the flag at the Town Hall to be hoisted half mast high as a mark of respect to the poet.

Three and a half years later—April, 1878—the obituary column of the newspaper conveyed the intelligence that Anne, widow of Charles Swain, Esq., had died at his late residence in Prestwich Park.

As our earlier remembrances of Mr. Prince and Mr. Bamford have appeared in a previous volume, whilst our later recollections of them are reserved for subsequent pages, we will now linger during a brief space with Messrs. Rogerson and Rose—"a Rose from whose prose even poetry flows."

Temporarily quitting the quarterly festivals (which were not of long continuance), and leaving likewise the ancient tavern in which they were held, we may venture to introduce a short letter of Mr. Rogerson's, though striking a melancholy key-note:—

"Harpurhey, June 20th, 1849.

It will be my mournful duty to inter our departed friend Robert Rose to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock. Messrs. Bamford, Prince, Dickinson . . . and other friends will, it is expected, be present at the funeral, and I hope nothing will prevent you from being at my house between three and four to-morrow afternoon. A last mark of respect must be shown.—Very truly yours,

J. B. ROGERSON."

Robert Rose was a blythe, tall, stalwart gentleman, as we remember noting, more especially while one day quietly

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making references in the Chetham Library. We own to envying him on that occasion as he marched into the reading room with a lady upon each arm, and after showing the curiosities of the place, marched gaily away. A short life and a merry one is a captivating legend for the bright side of a medallion, but when we turn to the dark reverse the charm quickly vanishes.

Mr. Rose did not omit to conduct his fair companions to the painted oriel window (now no longer pictorial) commanding a view of the playground, and through its "rosy bloom" drew their attention to the ancient raven which paced so demurely and ranged so freely about the spacious yard. On crowded holidays it was curious to watch how adroitly, while mingling with the throng, it would avoid the pressure of unwelcome shoes. In the midst of boisterous games, when the blue-boys were most hilarious, the pegtops would spin in close proximity and the balls rush past without ruffling its sable plumage. Being thoroughly domesticated, it had learned to accommodate itself to the sports and peculiarities of its dwelling-place. Little, indeed, of training seemed needful where the natural quaintness of the bird and the historic antiquity of its home were so strikingly congenial. When did that "ominous bird of night" vanish from the interesting scene; and why or wherefore? Did it really outlive the proverbial two hundred years allotted to ravens and then die like a patriarch of grey eld? Perhaps it was this natural longevity of the ebony species that induced Charles Dickens to place upon the tongue of Barnaby's raven the ever-recurring injunction "Never say die." Remembering Boatswain's tomb at Newstead Abbey, as likewise the dog graves at

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Dunham Park, we have thought it probable there might be a lonely spot at the College set apart for the burial of its pets. On the northerly side of that ancient building projecting over the river Irk there is a quiet little reach very suitable for the purpose; but recent furtive glances convince us that no funeral urn or other burial record is there existing. Possibly the raven was never buried at all, but, being Pluto's favourite bird, was simply recalled when its earthly mission ended. In the many published notices (prose, or poem, or picture) of the College and its surroundings the raven has met with slight attention, clearly indicating that no Edgar Allan Poe dwells on the Manchester side of the Atlantic. The only reference thereto which we can remember is contained in these lines of Mr. Rogerson's "Voice from the Town," published in the year 1842:—

> Nor the old raven which, in sober suit,
> Wanders with careless steps beside your feet.

Our College raven was a meet companion for the sculptured owl gravely surmounting the adjoining Free Grammar School. Why was not its effigy, carved in appropriate ebony, preserved in like manner? If it now seem too late in the day to remedy such omission the sable favourite of the past may still claim a niche in a transient note, or the small tribute of a suggestive query.

When last we saw Mr. Rose's grave, near the higher chapel in the cemetery, it wore a somewhat neglected look, his friend the Registrar being no longer there to tend it. Yet his excellent epitaph was still legible, and after a due perusal thereof, we left the "bard of colour" to his slumber, which must remain unbroken, as in our day there is neither

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an Orpheus nor an Æsculapius to recall a favourite from the shades. A cluster of his best short pieces were included in a volume of selections entitled "Gems of Thought."

Soon after the burial of Mr. Rose, Mr. Rogerson suffered by the continued attacks of rheumatism which ultimately disabled him from performing his duties at the cemetery, and for a time his eldest son officiated in his stead. As a reader of the beautiful burial service of the Church of England Mr. Rogerson had few superiors. On the stage, also, as an occasional amateur performer of domestic characters, such as Job Thornberry, his natural elocution is agreeably remembered. The same talent enabled him to excel as a lecturer at Mechanics' Institutes, as a reciter at friendly gatherings, and as a choice companion on all occasions.

A couple of familiar notes, written after Mr. Rogerson had retired from Harpurhey Cemetery, and containing various local allusions, may interest the reader.

"February 9th, 1855.

I send you Miss Eliza Battye's Poems,* and two other works by Lancashire authors from which you have not quoted. Have you looked over William Taylor's "Dreaming Girl?" [Published by Simms and Dinham, in 1841. Mr. Taylor was also a contributor to the "Festive Wreath."] He was born at Royton, March 1st, 1786. Can you find me a light entertaining book to read? Tales, novels, or anything. I have no catalogue, and don't know what I want, except something to amuse.—Yours faithfully,

J. B. ROGERSON."

* "Guiliano de Medici and other Poems," 1837. In the preface to that book, Miss Battye says:—"My writings will not be found to afford scope to imaginations which, like eagles' wings, delight but in soaring over the loftiest heights, and find a resting place only amid supernal sublimities. My path is earth, and earthborn sympathies my theme." This writer contributed to the "Festive Wreath," originated at the Poets' Corner, and also to the *Oddfellows' Magazine* during Mr. Rogerson's editorship.

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"524, Rochdale Road, March 19th, 1855.

Will you lend me any of the following works?—"Night and Morning," "Zanoni," "Disowned," "Devereux;"—or some other exciting book. I am half dead with pain and *ennui*. I have just had a letter from Mrs. Green. She has been confined to her bed since January by nervous debility, and has little hope of ever being restored to health. She has also been deprived of the use of her right hand, which, however, she has now recovered. A blight seems to have fallen on our literary circle. Hoping you may escape the infection, believe me, yours faithfully,

J. B. ROGERSON."

Another friendly note came in answer to some queries of our own:—

"68, Gartside Street, December 19th, 1855.

Starkie [a strolling player], and Baines [a comic singer], were both interred in Harpurhey Cemetery, and I read the service over them. Starkie was buried in a grave that lies to the left of the centre walk as you go down. There are many other names on the stone, but the words "William Starkie, Actor," and his age and time of death were placed on it, as he had requested.* Baines was buried at the bottom of the cemetery. Wishing you the compliments of the season, believe me, yours faithfully,

J. B. ROGERSON."

When Mr. Rogerson wrote for exciting books to read, affliction had reduced him to the position of a prisoner at

* The editor of *Brierley's Journal* (in which periodical this chapter originally appeared), added an illustrative anecdote from his own experience:—We knew Starkie well, and an incident in his life is not unworthy of recording. He was engaged with a travelling booth then (1841) stationed at Hollinwood, where we first knew him. He had a prevailing fondness during non-working hours for visiting the homes of handloom weavers in that locality, and cultivating the sociabilities peculiar to that class of people. On one of these visits —we were present at the time—he conceived a notion that he could weave, and got upon a loom for the purpose of making a trial of his skill. Unfortunately the seat-board had been made for a much lighter man, Starkie being stout and heavily built. He had no sooner seated himself and placed his feet upon the treadles, than the board snapped in the middle, and the tragedian disappeared as if down the "trap" of a stage. His exclamation was, as he lay in the treadle-hole—"How are the mighty fallen!"

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large—an officer on his parole. Rooted, almost tree-like, to his plot of ground, he thenceforward knew little of the healthful gaieties of life, and saw nothing of the picturesque features of the world, excepting such brief glimpses as chance might bring to his view. In this dilemma he tested the skill of many medical advisers, professional and otherwise, but without avail. As no Hercules appeared amongst them, our friend never recovered, as did Iolaus, the strength and activity of his youth.

It was at this hopeless stage that Mr. Rogerson's friends endeavoured to raise an annuity fund; and although they did not exactly accomplish their aim, they gained their point in another direction. A pension was secured from the Government—a public recognition which gratified his pride as an author, while serving as a balsam to his wounded fortunes.

The prospectus of the poet's latest volume, "Musings in Many Moods," was issued in 1858 from his residence, "Number Six," Lower Mosley Street. "Thankful to live, and yet content to die," is the last line of the author's preface.

At length, after various removals and changes of occupation, Mr. Rogerson migrated with his family to the Isle of Man, for the double purpose of health and livelihood. Upon settling at the island, the shadows which had been so long gathering around him deepened rapidly into night. His eldest son died of consumption, while his own tortures increased until they terminated his existence. If it be true that poets learn in suffering what they teach in song, Mr. Rogerson had claims to the laureateship. His remains were interred in the cemetery attached to Kirk

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Braddon, near Douglas. An ornamental headstone bears the inscription subjoined :—

> "Sacred to the memory of John Bolton Rogerson, Poet, of Manchester. Born January 20th, 1809. Died October 15th, 1859. Also, Albert, his son. Born January 18th, 1836. Died July 19th, 1859."

Mr. Rogerson's eldest son, Albert, named in this inscription, was the original "Little Sprite" of his father's poem; he was also the "Young Ariel of the Poet's home," commemorated in the stanzas of Prince. Yet the progress of events failed to realize the promises of his childhood—promises which, resembling those of the Emperor Domitian, out of their unusual fulness yielded comparatively nothing.

Mr. Rogerson's place of rest has been thus described in a letter by a mutual friend.

"Douglas, Isle of Man, July 15th, 1866.

I arrived here last night, and to-day I have been looking at this pleasant place. In the afternoon I walked to Kirk Braddon, which seems buried in the depths of a wood; also to the cemetery, where I made search for Rogerson's tomb or gravestone, as eagerly as our friend John Owen, and succeeded. The tomb of John Martin, the painter, was pointed out to me. He seems buried with some rich relations of the wife of Corbould, the artist, and is placed in a vault near the trees on the right of the view. Rogerson's grave I have marked with "R." The stone is a strange shape. The nettle and the thistle were growing on the end of the mound. In the front of the picture you will see the small chapel where the service is read—his work when at Harpurhey. I little thought I should seek him and find him here. Kind thoughts of the past are refreshing. I have not come to the island to sketch, but fear I shall be tempted too strongly to resist. During the past week I have been suffering from a severe cold, yet hope to get some good out of the sea air.—Yours truly,

WM. MORTON."

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KIRK BRADDON CEMETERY.

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As we are not at all critical—not in the least emulative of Iago or the cynics—we leave to others the task of weighing the comparative merits of Mr. Rogerson as an author. A few tributary lines (written nearly forty years ago, on the publication of his "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery") may be given to show the estimation in which he was held by his literary contemporaries—by those who knew how to take him for all in all—as every writer ought to be taken if a just criterion is to be reached. In this spirit we penned

THE POET'S DOWER.

(R.W.P., *Written on a Fly-leaf.*)

The feeling heart, the motive pure,
The voice of truth and power,
The eye, from worldly taint secure,
That vice perceives 'neath rich parade,
And virtue in the noteless poor,
And joy in nature's sylvan shade;
These form the Poet's dower:
These are his attributes divine—
And these, my minstrel-friend, are thine.

I've ponder'd o'er each simple strain,
I've mourn'd thy every care;
Yet pleas'd that Hope's exulting train
Will ne'er within thy breast expire,
Nor Feeling's rich, unsullied vein.
Oh! many an ardent, vain desire,
And grieving thought, and holy prayer,
That long have made this heart their home,
Are mirror'd in thy gifted tome.

As a fair indicator of Mr. Rogerson's prose style, we select a tribute to his early-lost friend and brother-bard, William Rowlinson, who was the senior of the two:—

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LOOKS AND FEELINGS.

By John Bolton Rogerson. (From *Bradshaw's Journal*, 1842.)

"A chance look has conjured up before me some whose place no after-friendship or connection can ever supply. Some who were known and loved in the early period of existence, ere the serpent of suspicion had crept among the flowers of the heart's Eden, and when guile and envy were unknown. Where are they scattered, those beings whom memory paints in colours so bright and glowing? Where are those unstained and fay-like creatures who first awakened gleams of affection in my young heart? Where are the friends of my school days, those frank spirits whose souls seemed ever on their lips, and whose aspirations of the future were undimmed by cloud or shadow? They are not all dead: the bodies of many still live, but—the rest hath departed. The fair girls have in numerous instances become haggard and neglected wives, and if I meet them it is with feelings of painful embarrassment and regret. The boys are transformed to men—the hunger of gain hath penetrated into their souls, the troubles and anxieties of the world have poisoned the springs of their existence, and the hand of care hath chequered their features with deep and indelible lines. They are no longer mates for me. There was one who, though known at a later period of life than those to whom I have referred, was yet my true companion and friend; and had he lived I have an inward and unalterable conviction that neither time nor fortune, nor the slanders of evil tongues, nor all the countless perils and changes incident to humanity, would have operated so as to cause disunion between our souls. Truly has Wordsworth said, that

> "The good die first
> And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
> Burn to the socket."

Warm and generous-hearted William Rowlinson, I cannot resist paying a tribute to thy memory! Never knew I one so thoroughly embued with true poetic fervour and enthusiasm as thyself—thy soul was attuned to all things good and beautiful, and thy mind ever revolted at all that savoured of baseness or oppression. A brilliant future was just opened to thee—the world was beginning

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to know and appreciate thy aspirations, and all seemed to point out and cheer thee on to a happy and glorious career, when the dark and treacherous waves closed over thy head, and thou wert lost for ever. May Heaven be thy portion!"

Thus far Mr. Rogerson's musings. In continuation we venture to add a few lines of our own. About fifty years ago, the late William Rowlinson, embodied in verse a tradition anent Northen Boat-house, and it was published, under the name of Sir Gaulter, in a weekly periodical, the *Phœnix*. The story had long been floating orally, from tongue to tongue, but had found no previous minstrel. Mr. Rowlinson's antique metre resembled the "Percy Reliques," while the subject-matter reminded one of "Lord Ullin's Daughter." A knightly lover, on hastily arriving at Northenden Ferry, found the boatman unwilling to cross the stream on account of the stormy water, but when the knight offered gold in store, and assured the ferryman that the death-owl's scream had been heard, the boat was unmoored and a safe passage effected. On reaching the trysting tree Sir Gaulter beheld the yew and his lady-love both fatally stricken by lightning. Lifting the dead form of his betrothed, he rushed in despair to the river, and they were speedily engulphed in the flood. Such is a prosaic version of the poet's legendary ballad. As tradition is an acknowledged romancer, and as many persons may hesitate to believe her, even though she speak the truth, we are pleased with the opportunity of corroborating her weird evidence to a certain extent by historical facts, as they occur in the "Lancashire Chantries," edited by the late Rev. F. R. Raines:—"This son, called Richard by Vincent, but William in the Harrington pedigree, on

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returning from Trafford with his wife (a daughter of that house), perished, along with her, on the day of his marriage in attempting to ford the Mersey near Northenden—a sad and touching incident, calling to mind Logan's sweet verses on the Braes of Yarrow. The body of Harrington was interred at Mobberley, where an altar tomb, with his armed recumbent form and the date of March 4, 1490, were remaining in 1595." It will be observed that the historical record, while elucidating the tradition, slightly diverges therefrom: but we cannot strengthen the facts here given, or correct the legendary lore. By a sad coincidence William Rowlinson, while thus describing the mysterious drowning of others, was prefiguring his own watery end, which occurred within a year of the publication of Sir Gaulter.

Little is known of the early history of William Rowlinson. Apparently he was born in the vicinity of Manchester, his family removing during his childhood to Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast. Whilst yet a minor he returned to this town, having received a good plain education. His love of literature was soon manifested. His maiden effort probably appeared in the *Whitby Magazine;* his earliest essay printed elsewhere, dated Manchester, January, 1825, is found in the *Nepenthes.* Thenceforward his industrious pen, seldom resting, furnished contributions to numerous periodicals and newspapers. Being an admirer of paintings, he wrote notices of the annual exhibitions which were held here. Many of those art criticisms appeared in the *Phœnix,* their tone being indicated by an excellent motto, applicable to literature as to art:—"I would extol, what may extolling bear."

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Fond of mountain scenery, Mr. Rowlinson has been known to leave home on the Saturday evening, and walk all night to Castleton—his mother's birthplace—for the purpose of enjoying Sunday in that romantic region. After rambling all day he would return during the night to Manchester, arriving in time for business on Monday morning. Sometime engaged as a clerk in a warehouse, he became in the spring of 1829 a traveller in connection with Pigot's Directories. In that situation he remained until the following June, when he was drowned while bathing in the river Thames, near Bisham, Berkshire, where he was buried. He left a widow, a son, and an infant daughter. As few relics possess a more abiding interest than the last letters of the departed, some closing lines from Mr. Rowlinson's correspondence may be welcome. Dating from Cambridge, he says:—"I should be the happiest dog alive, if I possessed a little competency, and had my dear wife, children, and friends here. But my destiny has been otherwise cast; the weird sisters have spun my thread of coarse and dark materials. . . This morning I have been to All Saints' Church, in the chancel of which lie the remains of Henry Kirk White. There is a beautiful tablet placed here to perpetuate his memory,* and I had some conversation with the sexton who dug his grave." In another letter he writes:—"I consider it amongst the happiest circumstances of my life, that I have not lost the confidence and friendship of two [Mr. Rogerson and Mr. Hewitt], who ever claimed my admiration and esteem for their talents." A lengthy notice of this unfortunate author

* This tablet was erected at the cost of an American gentleman, Mr. Francis Boot, of Boston.

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was inserted by Mr. Harland in the *Guardian*, the information being mainly derived from Mr. Rogerson.

Mr. Rogerson, at the age of seventeen, first appeared in print in the *Manchester Guardian;* and, secondly, in the Liverpool *Kaleidoscope* of the following year. Both were rhyming contributions. In selecting a poem from his store the choice would be guided by a juvenile remembrance of our own to his "Early Love," which creates a sympathetic feeling; but the selections must be limited, and the narrative proceed: so a sweet and shorter lyric may serve our aim.

NOTHING MORE.

By John Bolton Rogerson. (From "Musings in Many Moods," 1859.)

In a valley fair I wander'd,
O'er its meadow-pathways green,
Where a singing brook was flowing,
Like the spirit of the scene;
And I saw a lovely maiden
With a basket brimming o'er
With sweet buds, and so I ask'd her
For a flower, and nothing more.

Then I chatted on beside her,
And I praised her hair and eyes,
And, like roses from her basket,
On her cheeks saw blushes rise;
With her timid looks down glancing,
She said "Would I pass before?"
But I said that all I wanted
Was a smile, and nothing more.

So she shyly smiled upon me,
And I still kept wandering on;
What with blushing, smiling, chatting,
Soon a brief half hour was gone.

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Then she told me I must leave her,
For she saw their cottage-door;
But I would not till I rifled
Just a kiss, and nothing more.

And I often met that maiden
At the twilight's loving hour,
With the summer's offspring laden,
But herself the dearest flower.
When she ask'd me what I wish'd for,
Grown far bolder than before,
With impassion'd words I answer'd
'Twas her heart, and nothing more!

Thus for weeks and months I woo'd her,
And the joys that then had birth
Made an atmosphere of gladness
Seem encircling all the earth.
One bright morning at the altar
A white bridal dress she wore;
Then my wife I proudly made her,
And I ask for nothing more!

The Mrs. Green to whom Mr. Rogerson refers in one of his foregone letters is Eliza Craven Green, formerly of Manchester, but during many years past a resident of Leeds. Though her name is as familiar to us as a household word, we have never had the pleasure of seeing or of corresponding with her. In looking over the pages of Mr. Rogerson's earliest periodical venture, the *Phœnix* (which he edited conjointly with John Hewitt), issued weekly in this town, in the year 1828, we find a poem or a prose article by E. S. Craven in almost every number, side by side with the literary blossoms of Prince,* Ridings, Row-

* A sonnet on hearing the Cuckoo, dated from Hyde, was Mr. Prince's first contribution to the periodical press. He was then in his twenty-first year.

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linson, Anthony, or the youthful and prolific editors. Again, in 1831, when the same partners launched another frail barque, the *Falcon*, Miss Craven, and Prince, and Ridings, were ready with contributions to aid the experiment; but Rowlinson had found an early and watery grave in the meantime. When Mr. Rogerson took charge of the *Oddfellows' Magazine*, in 1841, Mrs. Green was one of the first division that rallied to his standard. Nor did she withhold her garland from the "Festive Wreath" already named. More recently, some of her best efforts have graced the pages of *Hogg's Instructor* and *Chambers's Journal*—notably the brief musical poem subjoined.

IMMORTELLES.

(By Eliza Craven Green, 1855.)

I laid ye down on the green hill's breast,
In that hallowed garden of peace to rest,
Where a glory shines from the crimson west
O'er your slumbers, children mine!—
My gallant boy, with his golden hair,
His frolic laugh and his dauntless air;
And my bashful girl, with her ringlets fair,
And eyes of azure shine!

Back to the world and its cares I came,
And the current of life flowed on the same,
Though Love for me was a buried name,
A joy no more to be!
Others have left me, through change and time,
In woman's beauty and manhood's prime,
But the flowers I gave to the angel-clime
Still bloom unchanged to me!

When my heart grows weary of strife and wrong,
And I sit apart from the heedless throng,

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miles

be thankful.

Yours truly

Samford.

With the compliments

T. L. Price

Legh Richmond

Turvey

Mrs Brookes Bds

March 5 1811

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Then comes to mine ear a spirit-song,
And my spring-time children say:
"Come, come to us on the green hill's crest,
Where a glory shines from the crimson west,
And fold us soft to thy loving breast
For ever and for aye."

So far as our knowledge extends Mrs. Green is still amongst the living, though her facile and ever-pleasing pen seems now to be laid aside. We never have had the gratification of seeing her numerous fugitive pieces collected in a volume: the only book bearing her name has eluded our research.

Mr. Rogerson's literary partner, John Hewitt, was son to the well-remembered clerk of St. John's Church, Byrom Street. About the year 1821, John Hewitt became the occasional assistant of the Parish Clerk at the Collegiate Church; and out of his experience in that office he constructed a series of romantic stories, published periodically, chiefly in Liverpool journals. Legendary tales, dramatic criticisms, occasional poems, flowed freely from his quill, and may be found in the *Kaleidoscope* and the *Nepenthes* (two Liverpool miscellanies of the period), in addition to the *Phœnix* and the *Falcon* before mentioned. Notwithstanding this variety of subject and diversity of talent, his longest production, "A Legend of Manchester," is the only one likely to escape forgetfulness. Mr. Hewitt's effusions have not been gathered into book form. In 1829, he delivered a course of six lectures on early English history at our Mechanics' Institution. Of the two editors, Mr. Hewitt was the senior by several years; and apart from his literary merits, there was a story in his life worthy of

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remembrance. But with that story we need not linger here, because his domestic stage—theatrically speaking—was occupied by private scenes and incidents which, though everything to the actors, were as nothing to the audience. Briefly, he considered himself grievously wronged in certain family arrangements, and sought, with the usual disastrous result, relief and revenge in the bottle. Many regretful allusions to Mr. Hewitt's untimely fate, and verses to his memory, appear in the works of Rogerson, Ridings, and others. He died about the year 1835, and was buried at the Unitarian Chapel, Cross Street, but no memorial can now be found. Thus undistinguished, John Hewitt sleeps beneath the faintly reflected light of the Old Half Moon, in Chapel Walks: within the radiance of its beams many of his literary and convivial hours were passed.

The opening paragraph of an article headed "Manchester Orators" affords a fair example of Mr. Hewitt's free, out-spoken, and somewhat satirical style:—"The age of good oratory has passed away, and though poets and painters, historians and philosophers, abound as numerously as motes in a sunbeam, yet orators are scarcer than wells in an Arabian desert. Various have been the conjectures as to the causes of the decay of oratory. Mr. Thelwell (no mean authority) ascribes it to the vitiated method of education which at present exists; but we think that it is owing to the numerous fools who, in our day, are suffered to spout their trash even before enlightened assemblies, and who, by their effrontery, abash the modest man of genius, or disgust the talented aspirant to oratorical fame. So easy is it to speak on a subject of interest —so readily can applause be obtained by the delivery

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of common-place truisms, that the very abundance of speakers is the cause of the destruction of true oratory. It has been said by Solomon that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom; but alas! we cannot say that in the multitude of talkers there is oratorical talent. In all grades of society do talkers abound. There is the church-warden, who holds forth at a vestry meeting—a second Demosthenes. The orator of parish assemblies, the leader of the opposition, equal, nay, superior to Cicero. The village lawyer: the parish clerk—the idol and oracle of his sick club. In short, in all associations—in every assembly, from the gatherer together of the tag, rag, and bobtail, to that august body the House of Commons, there is a super-abundance of talkers, but not a single genuine orator."

Apparently, only one copy of Mr. Hewitt's short-lived periodical, the *Falcon*, whence the foregoing quotation is taken, has been preserved. The four numbers of which it consisted (accompanied by the names of some anonymous contributors), were given by Mr. Rogerson to the present owner. The *Phœnix*, likewise, is now exceedingly rare.

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CHAPTER XV.

THE PRINCE OF PROVINCIAL POETS.

"My path has been rugged and hard
Through the mazes of life to this hour;
Oh! let not my soul be debarr'd
From thy smile of beneficent power."

J. C. PRINCE.

THIS appeal to the Deity, forming the conclusion of a short piece addressed by Mr. Prince to Mr. George Falkner, was probably the last verse emanating from the enfeebled hand of the poet: it is certainly the latest that has appeared in print.

Shortly after the decease of John Critchley Prince, in the early summer of 1866, current rumour assured us that his life, letters, and literary remains were about to be edited and forthwith published in a portable volume. As no further steps were taken in that direction during many years, we reasonably concluded the project had been abandoned. The fervour of regretful admiration having cooled, another proof seemed given of our facility in forgetting those whom the earth has covered. If, as Thomas Carlyle avers, there must be "a large measure of forgetting," surely the particles of good which should live after us—the gold when separated from the dross—need not be included. With this view we have arranged a few reminiscences of Mr. Prince and of his connection with the Poets' Corner.*

* Recently it has transpired that Dr. R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, of Wisbeach,

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As two or three time-worn letters in our possession relate to interesting epochs in Mr. Prince's literary career, they may be welcomed in print by some of his admirers; all confidential allusions being duly omitted. A few letters thus chosen will enable him to tell his own story in his own way. The first is headed—

"Hyde, April 5th, 1840.

You will doubtless think me a sad, negligent fellow that I have not answered your letter sooner. A multiplicity of cares and little unimportant engagements have been the causes of my protracted silence. How are you getting on in this beautiful but much-abused world? Does the ever-gentle Muse still woo you to her exquisite embrace? . . . Let us commune with each other through the medium of verse occasionally, lest the Muses should punish us for our neglect by withholding their refining and harmonious influence. You appear to think that my rambles [to St. Quentin, in Picardy, and to Mulhausen, on the Upper Rhine,] would afford the groundwork of a lengthy, and if managed with ability, an interesting poem. I have serious thoughts of trying what I can do with it. I think I shall postpone the publication of my effusions ['Hours with the Muses'] till the above is finished, which may be in a state of forwardness by next spring. A gentleman in London (Author of 'The Revolt of the Bees')* has suggested the propriety of my doing so, and has consulted Edward Moxon, the poets' bookseller, who is of opinion that such a poem at the head of the rest would most probably meet with success. I have accordingly concluded to commence 'The Poor Man's Pilgrimage' immediately, if my wonted powers have not entirely forsaken me. . . . I cannot tell when I shall come over to

Cambridgeshire (an earnest admirer of the Lancashire poet, though living in a distant county), is compiling in his leisure hours the desired memoir, which will herald a collective edition of the poet's works, as announced by Messrs. A. Heywood and Son. A reminiscence and a memoir may be read side by side.

* Mr. John Minter Morgan, who died in London, December 26th, 1854, aged seventy-two.

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Manchester, probably not before Easter or Whitsuntide. . . . I subscribe myself, your sincere friend,

J. C. PRINCE.

P.S.—What kind of stanza would you recommend for my *embryo epic?*"

In addition to Mr. Morgan, there was at that period another friend of Mr. Prince's active in bringing him forth from the shade—a gentleman of literary proclivities using the *nom de plume* Quintus Hortensius; to whom some tributary lines in "Hours with the Muses" commencing "Quintus, my earliest intellectual friend," are addressed.

Soon after the receipt of the above letter, the poet, accompanied by his wife, spent a day with his correspondent. We found him unaffected and somewhat reserved, being oftener silent than loquacious. Did we like a smoke? He thought with Thomas Miller that every poet should love a pipe of tobacco; it was not alone the pipe of peace, but of meditation—a conducer to the happiest fancies.

The "Poor Man's Pilgrimage," though so earnestly announced, was never completed, which was a pity, because here were Oliver Goldsmith and his wanderings over again—all but the flute! No doubt the "Poet's Sabbath" is enriched with the memories of those foreign scenes, but no direct allusions are made thereto. The only poem containing personal reminiscences of that excursion is "The Wanderer," if we except a sonnet to France, and a few incidental stanzas.

Let us try to recall the distant time and scene of Mr. Prince's visit. His appearances in print had been few and brief. An occasional piece in the "Phœnix" had been

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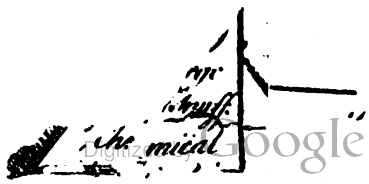

followed by foreign travel. Next (after his return from abroad, and while dwelling for the first time in Long Millgate), he contributed a couple of poems to the short-lived *Falcon*. Then several years of silence ensued; the interim having been filled by home struggles for existence, and by frequent additions to his manuscript leaves. There was no local magazine to attract his verses, save one or two Temperance journals to which he wrote in 1836, dating from Ashton, and signing simply his initials. It seems strange that he was not then tempted to the poets' corner of the Manchester newspapers; because the editors (more especially Mr. George Condy, of legal and literary memory), seemed to consider their journals incomplete unless a niche were reserved for embryo poets; and they considerately gave to budding genius a weekly chance of flowering. Where be such poets' corners,—such literary harbours of refuge now? A sympathetic journalist thus corroborates these remarks:—"It is a stingy weekly that cannot afford its Poets' Corner—a kind of hereditary God's-acre. Newspaper columns having been the cradle of our past poetry, wherefore shall they not preside over the destiny of the future?" Again, from another source:—"When we ourselves were younger than at the present," writes an essayist in *Chambers's Journal*, "and not We at all, but only contributors, we have experienced editorial kindnesses such as were balm to our wounded spirit. The encouraging voice, the liberal hand, the gracefully-offered suggestion—we have known all these, not once only and in the same person, but oftentimes and in several." So endeth our plea for the poetical God's-acre. After the issue of "Hours with the Muses," Mr. Prince was less reserved with news-

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Gilpin,* younger brother of the late Charles Gilpin, M.P.; several *brochures* by Robert Rose; "Temperance Rhymes," [by the Rev. William Gaskell] 1839; "Angel Visits," by James Riddall Wood, 1840; "The Genius," by William Harper, 1840; and the dialect songs of the Wilsons. In connection with the latter came Mr. Harland's articles in the *Guardian* anent Manchester poets and rhymers, and these being closely followed by the literary meetings, an impetus was given to local authorship and publishing which has since kept the stream of books, like Iser, rapidly rolling.

Another proof of that impetus is shown by a printed prospectus issued in the winter of 1841, which contains sufficient of present interest to justify its revival:—

"LANCASHIRE LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting consisting of a number of literary men, and admirers of literature,

* This provincial bard began to contribute under the initials of "H.G." to the poets' corner of the local newspapers and magazines in 1835. Two years later his fugitive pieces were collected and reprinted, with original matter, at the press of Mr. William Simpson, Market Street. The volume, published anonymously, was entitled "Memory, the Sceptic, and other Poems." The author explains in a brief announcement that he composed the entire contents of the book during his minority, and the dedication to his parents thus concludes:—

To you I dedicate, with thoughts of pleasure,
The unpruned tribute of my fancy wild;
My best reward, my greatest boon of treasure,
Will be to know, approving you have smiled."

At the period named the bard apparently lived in Pendleton, while engaged in business with Messrs. Binyons and Hunter, Tea Dealers, St. Ann's Square. Soon after the publication of "Memory," the author thereof removed from the neighbourhood of Manchester. His next volume the "Massacre of the Bards, and other Poems," by Henry Gilpin, 1839, was printed at Bristol. It bears a metrical dedication to Lady Charlotte Guest, as a distinguished patroness of Welsh literature. We cannot report further touching Mr. Gilpin's literary progress, but a recent correspondent to "Local Notes" says, "For anything I know to the contrary, he is still living at Newcastle-on-Tyne." Although, as Mr. Gilpin frankly admits, he did not possess "the shining talents that glitter 'mid the throng," he was one of an earnest band, the unassuming worshippers of song.

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held in Manchester on the 28th of July last, it was agreed that a society should be formed, to be entitled "THE LANCASHIRE LITERARY ASSOCIATION," and that it should be composed of members paying two shillings per month, and honorary members paying ten shillings and sixpence per annum.

Many authors, though possessed of much latent talent, have perished in obscurity, or their powers have been known only in their own immediate locality, through the want of facilities which a society such as the one now established will afford; and as the various trades and professions unite for the furtherance of their interests, so may those of literary pursuits meet for the purpose of advancing the interests and adding to the welfare of each other.

One of the most pleasing results of the association will be the opportunities which it will afford for the meeting of men of congenial ideas and sentiments; and on such occasions an interchange of thought and feeling might take place which would tend to promote and consolidate habits of intimacy and friendship.

That Lancashire has not been unproductive of talent of a high order might be proved by a host of names which occupy a distinguished place in the annals of literature, science, and art; but this would be superfluous in the present instance. One main object of the association is to show that our county possesses in itself resources which will enable it to stand a comparison with any other; and in order to do this it is intended to publish a Magazine consisting of original contributions. This, it is true, has been before often attempted, but not under the same auspices as those which we are desirous of bringing to bear on the one proposed. Previous publications have been issued either by the trade, as a pecuniary investment, or as the speculations of individuals, who, though they may have possessed the requisite abilities, have not been in a situation to devote the time and capital necessary to ensure the success of a work of this nature. We do not propose to commence a periodical until we are prepared to defray the probable expenses which may be needed to carry our views into effect, and secure the services of a qualified editor. From the members of the society, and the probable extent thereof, a supply of matter may be calculated upon, we presume of greater interest, than has appeared in the pages of any former Magazine

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emanating from this locality. It is the intention of the association to award premiums to those who contribute the best articles.

We find a difficulty in explaining fully and clearly the various objects of the society in the limits of a prospectus; but perhaps enough has been stated to justify us in asking for your co-operation and support. JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON, President; GEORGE RICHARDSON, Vice-President; JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, Secretary.

Persons wishing to become members are requested to address Mr. J. B. Rogerson, bookseller, 74 Bridge Street, or Mr. J. C. Prince, 15 Long Millgate, Manchester, by whom subscriptions will be received."

Although this projected association proceeded no further than the prospectus, and the desirable magazine never reached even its opening number, the ideas and suggestions have since been partly adopted by others.

Reverting to the epistles of Mr. Prince, his first letter to us was written one year before he "came out;" the next we present is dated one year after that remarkable episode in our literary annals. In the meantime he had shot, meteor-like, from the small country town to the great metropolis. The annexed communication will cast a truthful light on a circumstance which has been strangely misunderstood and misrepresented.

"London, 22nd June, 1842.

"You will forgive me not answering your letter earlier, as I have been so unsettled. . . . I find my earliest friends the most faithful after all. Is it not lamentable that after being feasted, flattered, lionized, and promise-crammed for twelve months, I am now compelled to sink down into a penny postman, at fifteen shillings per week? It stings me to the quick. I have, however, learned a lesson I shall not forget, and by which I hope ultimately to profit. I am grieved that I shall have to tear myself away from many in Manchester whom I respect; but there are others from whom it is well to part.

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I go to my new appointment [at Southampton] to-morrow. I do not know how I shall like it—not very well, I am sure, though I shall then be really and truly *a man of letters*. I trust you still occasionally find solace in the exercise of your fancy and imagination. Let me tell you that you are happy in the possession of a calling which yields you bread *independent of the pen*. You will excuse my brevity, as I am not 'i' the vein.' Remember me to Mrs. ——, and believe me, yours faithfully,

J. C. PRINCE.

I shall write again."

In a subsequent epistle he stated that on reaching Southampton he found he was required to attend at five o'clock each morning, and that the delivery of letters would be relieved by an occasional pull at a handcart, the official salary being, as already named, fifteen shillings a week.

When Mr. Prince alludes regretfully to the flatteries, feastings, and lionizing that had been heaped upon him, the truth is not at all overcharged. So immediate was the triumph of "Hours with the Muses" that many subscribers to the first edition could not be supplied until a second issue was printed. His poems—especially the "Address to a Brother Poet"—were in constant request at social gatherings. A new lodge of the order of Odd Fellows, and a lodge of Ancient Shepherds, were christened after him, and still, we believe, perpetuate his name. The bard who had fed—metaphorically—upon thistles, at length lived in clover; and the dews of Hermon were scarcely more sweet than the words of adulation which descended upon him.

Sundry influential friends, aware of the uncertain nature of a poet's income, sought to secure Mr. Prince's welfare by placing him under the fostering wing of the state. After

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much correspondence and personal pressure a snug government post, with immediate possession, was obtained. The first announcement did not reveal the precise character of the appointment; but of course we all knew what a post under government was—ample salary, with ample leisure; and finally a retiring pension as a reward for public services! *Dreams and Realities* might well form a suggestive title for the bard's second volume.

Taking Time by the forelock, Mr. Prince buckled on his travelling armour, and started on a pedestrian journey to London, and thence to the scene of his official duties at Southampton. With a poet's eye for the picturesque, and with Bayard Taylor's example before him, he mapped out a series of note-worthy "Views a-Foot." By a judicious arrangement with the editor of *Bradshaw's Journal* he paid the expenses of each successive stage with a descriptive letter—as the robin pays his way with a welcome song.

Parting with his wife and friend at Cheadle, he pursued his solitary way through Wilmslow, resting for the night at Congleton. He assures us this first day in the country, in the freshness and purity of spring, was a great relief to him after twelve months of smoke-drying in Manchester. On the second day he passed through the Potteries to Newcastle, whence he posted his opening letter for print, bearing date 20th April, 1842. The black country, "its whole surface vomiting fire and smoke," failed to charm the poet's vision, and he was glad when he had left it far enough behind. At Trentham, a beautiful seat of the Duke of Sutherland, he found a striking improvement in the landscape, and also in the people. On reaching

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Coventry, to take an earnest peep at the wooden effigy of Peeping Tom was a matter of course. The ancient abiding place of Lady Godiva, with her "veil of rippling curls," and of her exacting lord, "his beard a foot before him, and his hair a yard behind," was just the spot to lure the imagination of a poetical Prince. As he leisurely pursued his way through the land of Shakespere his enthusiasm naturally increased, until it burst into song at the undying one's tomb.

Circumstances over which, as usual, there was no control, suddenly called Mr. Prince home, before he had completed his arrangements. After an interval of two months' duration he repaired to London by another route. Lingering at Chester, he liked its ancient rows, and other quaint antiquities. While crossing Rhuddlan Marsh, in North Wales, he pondered over the misfortunes of Prince Caradoc, King Offa, and Richard the Second; two of whom were there slain, and the last captured. Seated within the neighbouring castle, "the green moss creeping over the grey stones," the rambler pencilled a beautiful poem. A few miles further led him through Abergele to Conway. The vale of Conway was described at large by Mr. Prince as another Happy Valley, increasing in loveliness until he reached Bettws—the Paradise of painters. The next point of interest, after crossing Menai Bridge, was the ruined castle of Carnarvon, which he explored and eulogised, and thence proceeded, by way of Llanberis, to the foot of Snowdon. Without a guide, and often lingering and musing by the way, he patiently toiled to within a few dangerous feet of the summit; where a small spring tempted him to rest, and quench, again and again, his

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burning thirst with its pure waters. Partly retracing his steps, Mr. Prince passed through Corwen to Llangollen; and taking regretful leave at this point of the most attractive scenery of the Principality, he quickened his speed during the residue of his journey. Oswestry, Shrewsbury, and the Wrekin—"All round the Wrekin"—led him once more into the black country, and onward through Birmingham, to Coventry. Here he entered the railway train to London, which brings us back to the friendly letter already given.

The poems and reflections contained in Mr. Prince's series of "Rambles of a Rhymester" were subsequently re-printed in the author's "Dreams and Realities," but the narrative portion can be read in *Bradshaw's Journal* only.

The end of the post-office negociations was disappointment. After a few days' investigation at Southampton and at London, the poet, failing to appreciate the advantages of the new position, returned to his shop in Long Millgate, situated on a portion of the site of the new Grammar School, and resumed his studies in the little sitting-room attached thereto; while some of his patrons stood aloof, with offended dignity, resolving to exert themselves no further in behalf of ungrateful genius. In rejecting a certainty, however small or hardly-earned, they pronounced him foolish. We may assume they were in the right, as losers are always fools; it is only your winners who are wise men. Be that as it may, in relying so entirely upon others he was weaned, though unintentionally, from his own exertions; and the self-dependent power was lost which Goldsmith truly tells us can defy time. In Mr. Prince's clear words, all he desired was to be "raised above

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the fear of poverty, while pursuing, for its own sweet sake, the exalted and refining profession of song." Taken in this light, he wished to be free from the trammels of debt —unfettered by any person's caprice. Such position, unpretending though it might be, would have engendered a wholesome feeling.

Very soon after his return from Southampton Mr. Prince removed to a house at the lower end of Hanover Street, there resuming his handiwork as a reed maker.

In 1841-2 the editor (John Bolton Rogerson) of the *Odd Fellows' Magazine* offered money prizes for the best original poems submitted to him for insertion; and Mr. Prince being a competitor, he at once headed the list of favourites. It was like finding cash to back him at evens against the field, for he cantered in, "hard held." In short, he ought to have been handicapped, as his rivals had no fair chance in a weight-for-age race. The poet was less fortunate in the Prologue contest at the opening of the Theatre Royal, in September, 1845; when, though declared a capital second, he just missed the five pounds prize. There were sixty-four competitors; and Mr. Knowles gave a sovereign balsam to Prince by way of second prize.

The subjoined extract from a letter of Mr. Prince's announced a novel phase in his career:—

"Henry Square, Ashton, April 5, 1845.

"I have been appointed to the editorship of the *Ancient Shepherds' Quarterly Magazine*, the first number of which will appear in July next. A slight salary will be given for the first year, with an advance if the thing continues. What I shall make of it I cannot tell, as the sort of tact or talent such a task requires will be new to me. Would you be kind enough to favour me with a prose article of moderate length, or a copy of original verses, in

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the course of a week or a fortnight?—for which you will have each number of the work that may appear."

Of course we sent an occasional article or stray poem, to our new editor; as a bird cannot conveniently fly without wings, neither could Mr. Prince be expected to fill his pages without the aid of friendly contributions. He occupied the editorial chair six or seven years.

On referring to "Dreams and Realities," published in 1847, we find the book dedicated—in return for much kindly advice and substantial aid—to the managers of the Prince Testimonial. At intervals, during many years, earnest efforts were made to get Mr. Prince's name placed on the Civil List, but the envied and requisite pension could not be secured. Nevertheless, a generous response was received from the Government; nor were the officers of the Literary Fund tardy in acknowledging his deserts.

If, at that critical tide of his affairs, a small pension (such as the Wedgwoods wisely accorded to Coleridge), had taken the place of those uncertain, promiscuous boons, the provincial favourite would, in all probability, have become a national poet. Notwithstanding the rare excellence of his maiden volume, we are justified in believing that the highest altitude of his genius was never revealed. The spring is rich in buds, the summer in flowers, but it is in the autumn that we garner our grain. In Mr. Prince's case the autumn grain was blighted. From the date of his bitter disappointment his harp, though always musical, showed slackened strings.

After a few years' residence in Long Millgate and Hanover Street, Mr. Prince returned to his country quarters and we enjoyed less of his society than heretofore. One evening

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we called at his workshop in Ashton; finding him busily employed in the construction of reeds, his original trade, we had the pleasure of chatting with him *con amore*, as the linguists say, without withdrawing him from his handiwork. His business card is appended:—

> JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE,
> Reed Maker & Heald Knitter,
> Penny Meadow,
> Ashton-under-Lyne.
>
> Orders executed, and Repairs done promptly, at the most Reasonable Prices.
>
> *February, 1851.*

Several years prior to his decease the poet resumed his visits to this city, and the old time seemed to be partially resuscitated. But on the last occasion, in the autumn of 1865, our conversation, resembling the season of the year, was sombre. The flutter of falling leaves was very audible. A touch of paralysis had left its painful impression upon Mr. Prince. His pipe and his glass were now his right and left-hand supporters; no longer mere indulgences, but stern necessities that could not be dispensed with. His observations were few, as speaking had ceased to be a pleasure. Though once a good amateur singer, "the song had left the bird;" not even a verse of "Content and a Pipe" might now be warbled. Who could help feeling the application of Coleridge's lines:—

> "Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
> But the tears of mournful eve!
> Where no hope is, life's a warning
> That only serves to make us grieve."

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In the early spring of 1866, Mr. Prince, supported by his wife, walked his final ramble. He chose the Mottram Road, because he knew that as he advanced in that direction he would be environed by the "everlasting hills" —the Bucktons, the Oldermans, the Dark Kinders—he loved so well, and had celebrated so often. These were the points of earth where the parting spirit the latest lingered. In the following May he passed from time into eternity. About forty friends, many from Manchester, attended his funeral; and it was a source of regret to us that we could not join in that mournful duty.

Towards the close of the same year, having business with a friend in Hyde, we took the opportunity of seeking out the poet's grave in the adjacent churchyard. We easily found the flat stone bearing the names of his family; but the wind and rain being fiercely against us we did not linger, especially as we were too early to see the modest memorial which has since been reared.

On paying a more recent visit the scene was much improved. A chaste headstone, thus briefly inscribed, met the view.

> Erected by a few admirers to the memory of JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, author of 'Hours with the Muses.' Born 21st June, 1808. Died 5th May, 1866.

Over the inscription is a neatly sculptured wreath enclosing the poet's monogram, and the grave is free from any theatrical adornment, as imported from Pere-la-Chaise. The mound is bordered with stone, and further protected by a low iron railing. This memorial, though but a simple tribute, is the chief attraction of the place; and so, in all probability, will it long remain—drawing many a city

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minstrel thitherward for a country stroll. Mr. Prince once wrote—"I would in England that my grave should be;" and the natural wish is now fulfilled.

St. George's Churchyard, Hyde, overlooking a clough, and with a moorland prospect, somewhat resembles Prestwich; but in other respects it differs widely, being quite modern, without a trace of the ivied antiquity which charms a poetical fancy.

Mr. Prince tells us in one of his "Rambles of a Rhymester," that in the neighbourhood of Conway he heard a company of corn-craiks answering each other from the adjoining fields. At our last visitation to his grave a corn-craik or land-rail was his solitary companion. While sheltering in the porch from a passing shower, we felt interested in the movements of this singular bird. There was no mistaking its peculiar monotone—craik, craik. Tame and confiding, it lingered almost within reach, until we extended our hand, when it merely retreated a few paces to place its head beneath some spreading leaves, the body remaining uncovered. We could not help smiling at the self-delusion —almost human—which failed to see as others saw, and fancied its life was most secure when most endangered.

After these lengthy biographical remarks, which have been of necessity sombre, one exquisite melody will be a relief as well as a recommendation. We can still listen with rapture to the song, though we miss the singing bird.

VERSES FROM THE POET'S SABBATH.

By John Critchley Prince. (From "Hours with the Muses," 1841.)

Sabbath! thou art my Ararat of life,
Smiling above the deluge of my cares,—

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My only refuge from the storms of strife,
When constant Hope her noblest aspect wears,—
When my torn mind its broken strength repairs,
And volant Fancy breathes a sweeter strain.
Calm season! when my thirsting spirit shares
A draught of joy unmixed with aught of pain,
Spending the quiet hours 'mid Nature's green domain.

'Tis morn, but yet the full and cloudless moon
Pours from her starry urn a chastened light;
'Tis but a little space beyond the noon—
The still delicious noon of Summer's night;
Forth from my home I take an early flight,
Down the lone vale pursue my devious way,
Bound o'er the meadows with a keen delight,
Brush from the forest leaves the dewy spray,
And scale the toilsome steep, to watch the kindling day.

God of the boundless universe! I come
To hold communion with myself and Thee!
And though excess of beauty makes me dumb,
My thoughts are eloquent with all I see;
My foot is on the mountain,—I am free,
And buoyant as the winds that round me blow!
My dreams are sunny as yon pleasant lea,
And tranquil as the pool that sleeps below;
While, circling round my heart, a poet's raptures glow.

Hark, sweetly pealing in the arch of heaven,
The mingled music of the Sabbath bells;
A tide of varying harmony is driven,
In gentle wavelets, over streams and dells;
Now 'tis a melting cadence—now it swells
Full, rich, and joyous on the enamoured ear;
While through the wondrous halls where Memory dwells,
A thousand visions of the past career,
A thousand joys and griefs in dreamy forms appear.

Now the glad sun from his ethereal throne,
Rains down the mid-day glory of his beams;

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The skies sweep round me like an azure zone,—
Rolling in light the far-off ocean gleams;
The hills are clothed with splendour, and the streams
Flash with a quivering radiance here and there;
Earth slumbers in the depth of summer dreams;
Mysterious murmurs stir the sultry air,
As if all Nature's breast throbbed with unuttered prayer.

My heart's religion is an earnest love
Of all that's good, and beautiful, and true!
My noblest temple is this sky above—
This vast pavilion of unclouded blue:
These mountains are my altars, which subdue
My wildest passions in their wildest hours;
My hymn is ever many-voiced and new,—
From bird and bee, from wind and wave it pours.
My incense is the breath of herbs, leaves, fruits, and flowers.

Man cannot stand beneath a loftier dome
Than this cerulean canopy of light—
The ETERNAL'S vast, immeasurable home,
Lovely by day, and wonderful by night!
Than this enamelled floor, so greenly bright,
A richer pavement man hath never trod;
He cannot gaze upon a holier sight
Than fleeting cloud, fresh wave, and fruitful sod—
Leaves of that boundless Book writ by the hand of God!

I journey homeward; for the taper's light
Gleams from the scattered dwellings of the poor,
Down the steep valleys, up the mountain's height,
And o'er the barren surface of the moor;
Shadows are round me as I tread the floor
Of balmy breathing fields; my weary feet
Bear me right onward to my cottage door;—
I cross my threshold—take my accustomed seat,
And feel, as I have always felt, that home is sweet!

Blest Sabbath time! on life's tempestuous ocean
The poor man's only haven of repose—

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Oh, thou hast wakened many a sweet emotion,
Since morning's sun upon thy being rose!
Now thou art wearing gently to a close—
Thy starry pinions are prepared for flight—
A dim forgetfulness within me grows—
External things are stealing from my sight—
Good night! departing Sabbath of my soul—good night!

If Mr. Prince possessed the usual quota of faults, or of foibles, they may be safely left to other pens or tongues. Human failings seldom pass from human memories. Possibly his pure draughts from the Castalian spring were sometimes blended with draughts less ethereal. Indeed the assertion has gone forth that he sought to get away from himself and his sorrow by indulging in the social glass; and this failing will be remembered by many persons, while forgetting every beauty of his beautiful Muse. During our acquaintance with the poet before his maiden volume issued from the press, he invariably appeared sober and sedate; and so he remained until his sudden fame surrounded him with admirers who, in mistaken kindness, were ever inviting him to the tavern.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE FESTIVE WREATH.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?"

BURNS.

THE harvest of our literary reminiscences—so long left mellowing in the rich autumn sun-rays—being well-nigh reaped and garnered, we seasonably approach the gleanings. In our natural liking for gleanings and gleaners—more especially the sun-browned, bright-eyed, rustic charmers—we need not yield the palm to painter or poet. We never see a village beauty resting her yellow burden at the stile without feeling disposed to lend her a helping hand. There is some trace of the Good Samaritan in every breast. But when her brief kirtle challenges admiration, and her pure bosom just peeps—only peeps—above her simple bodice, we begin to question one point of our orthodoxy, and fancy the original apple is no longer the Tempter of our race, but has become superseded by a tiny sheaf, when reposing in the arms of a tired gleaner at a country stile.

Leaving the world of banter to its light-hearted denizens, we now place the "Festive Wreath" before us; select from its index the names not yet passed in friendly review; and diffidently pursuing the advice tendered by "Boxiana," though in a very different sense, we "go in to finish."

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The author of "Patriotism" thus truthfully introduces, in a poetical replication, the first name on our list:—

> "And TIDMARSH, the gentle in manner and mind,
> A type of good fellowship dear to mankind."

We first met THOMAS ARKELL TIDMARSH, in the most casual manner, at a sale by auction. The effects of an ill-starred poet, of local celebrity, were passing under the hammer, literally without reserve; and the two young rhymers, attracted by a sympathetic feeling, chanced to stand side by side, as bidders and as strangers. Amongst the lots knocked down to them were some scrap books, filled with favourable notices of the poet's works; his contributions to newspapers and magazines, with written corrections and additions; his manuscript note books, and other matters of a similar kind. As these private collections,—these laurel leaves, as it were, forming his bardic crown,—seemed most fitting for the original owner, the purchasers compared notes, sought out the poet, and sent the personal treasures to his retreat. The simple act of courtesy resulted in the friendly intercourse of the three persons concerned.

Young Tidmarsh, as may be remembered by elderly readers, suddenly swooned while engaged in his Sabbath devotions, and almost immediately died, in his twenty-fourth year. But his virtues and hopeful talents have not passed unrecorded or unsung. No volume bears Mr. Tidmarsh's name upon its title page, his effusions being chiefly confined to the columns of the *Oddfellows' Magazine* and *Bradshaw's Journal*. His principal poem, "Cupid's Love Draught," deserves to be much better known.

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While standing in the shop of the luckless bard, witnessing the dispersion of his stock-in-trade and household chattels, a thought was suggested which may be here expressed, Why do authors so frequently fail as booksellers or publishers? Why, in other words, are those most qualified to produce books, the least able to sell them? Is it because they lack the indispensable trade conscience? Or are they too often in dreamland while others are guarding the ledger on *terra firma?* Shrewd, practical, business persons are invited to furnish the replies for which we pause.

While thus writing of one unfortunate poet, we are reminded of many others. Although a penniless position may not, in a worldly point of view, seem enviable, it has many consolations, scriptural and otherwise. If worldlings be sceptical, they have only to remember the story of Dives and Lazarus, and study the parable of the camel entering the eye of a needle, to know what a blessing it is to be poor! Besides, according to the averment of Coleridge, poetry is its own reward; so what should a bard ask more? The said averment is certainly true sometjmes; at other seasons the reward may seem questionable. The theme is a good one for a discussion class, because much may be said on both sides. To balance the pleasure of composition, fear must frequently haunt the modern poet in his cogitations,—fear of repeating snatches of verse he has read, admired, and half forgotten; or of unconsciously imitating beauties he has never seen. In prose, likewise, Originality hides deeply in the well of Truth, side by side with that guileless divinity, rarely mounting to the surface to gratify us with a view of its charms.

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JOHN MILLS.—Of all the poems produced at the literary meeting and inserted in the "Festive Wreath," the most effective at the time of delivery was one called "Who are the Living of the Earth?" written by John Mills, a resident of Ashton-under-Lyne. Some of the authors read their pieces in a subdued manner; and others, still more diffident, handed their papers to the chairman, who read them to the company; but Mr. Mills—a young aspirant at that date—recited his poem with so much animation and success, that his audience thought they saw a literary magnate "looming in the future." Subsequently, Mr. Mills chose to devote his energies to the banking interest, instead of giving his time to romantic visions; and he has probably been a happier and a richer, if not a wiser man, in consequence. Until the world ceases to be worldly, the banker will eclipse the bard. To this gentleman we were indebted for an early acquaintance with "Festus,"—the masterpiece of contemporaneous poetry. Notwithstanding his application to business, an occasional article in print or a friendly reading at an educational institute shews that Mr. Mills has not quite discarded the pleasant dream of his youth.

Next to Mr. Mills, though in some respects dissimilar, may be named ELIJAH RIDINGS, of whom Alexander Wilson thus sings in a familiar strain:—

> "There's Elijah, the Bellman, who, self-taught and well, man,
> I'm happy to tell, man, hath courted the Muse;
> He'll quote and recite, for a day and a night,
> From Tim Bobbin or Shakspere, at owd Willie Booth's."

Mr. William Booth, incidentally named in the above verse, as likewise in sundry dialectic rhymes, was during many

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years the homely and popular host of the Three Crowns tavern, Newton Heath, where he died at an advanced age, in March, 1814. The obituary quaintly states that the King had not within his dominion a more loyal subject than the village Boniface.

Of Elijah Ridings, a native of Failsworth, our recollections date so early that they are almost dream-like, extending to the year of grace and famine and drought, 1826. He was then in his twenty-fourth summer; had passed most of his time in weaving bandannas and verses —the latter for choice, as the Muse claims from her young votaries their first and best attention. He was an occasional dropper-in at a certain hairdresser's shop, where a friend of ours—a very juvenile operator—wielded the lather brush and soap bowl; and where a knot of working men, members of a Debating Club, used to congregate. The leader of those inquiring spirits—Rowland Detrosier—afterwards became widely known as an able advocate of mental and political improvement.* One of Elijah's poems, the "Swan," had just appeared in Arliss's *Pocket Magazine*, and he was redolent of those hopeful blossoms which so often fail in the fruit. Erato, surrounded by her sister-deities, seemed to favour his advances; and his friends anticipated the advent of a Lancashire laureate.

Critchley Prince apparently held similar ideas when he addressed to Elijah a sonnet commencing "Successful suitor at the Muses' feet." That compliment appeared in the year 1831; at which date Prince looked up to Ridings, his senior, whose name stood higher on the scroll than his own.

* Rowland Detrosier, "a devoted friend to humanity," died in London, after a lingering illness, November 23rd, 1834.

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That was Elijah's sunny morning, both as regards life and local literature; but the sun we know, always goes down; and if we neglect to make our hay while he shineth—Ah! well-a-day.

Elijah will, of course, be able to exercise the poet's rare privilege, in supplying the deficiencies of real life by the force of his imagination and the splendour of his dreams. But it is somewhat wearisome to be thus dwelling in the future, or in the past, without any present at all. It engenders a desolate feeling.

A few years later Mr. Ridings became the last of the Manchester bellmen—an ancient and picturesque fraternity. The official costume well became the wearer; and "many's the time and oft" we have listened with pleasure to his sonorous "O yez! O yez!" His bell, though but a tinkling cymbal, commanded respectful attention and a full audience—the aim and ambition of every legitimate performer. Fortunate officer! whose duties were ever agreeable. The bellman's office being at length abandoned, Elijah turned his attention to the sale of books. His stall, one of the group which formerly lined the footpath in Withy Grove, opposite to the Old Seven Stars, will be fresh in the memory of the public. Often has that cluster of seven brilliants beamed upon us while conning his simple store of second-hand volumes. Mr. Ridings and his companion-dealers in literary wares (intelligent and interesting as a class,) received a full share of our early leisure.

In preference to quoting by way of sample, an entire poem of Elijah's, a few detached lines will be presented:—

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AUGUST.

The beech trees drop the yellow leaf,
A type of human hope and grief;
And tiny wild flowers leave the sun,
Their pretty love-tasks being done;
And Nature, with exhaustless charms,
Lets Summer die in Autumn's arms.

THE SABBATH EVE.

O, sacred Saviour, in this calm,
Administer Thy soothing balm;
Be my physician, make me whole,
And purge corruption from my soul.
A little while, then falls my tree,
To shed its last sere leaves on Thee:
With Thee to sleep the sleep profound,
While guardian spirits watch around.
O, may my silent hours be blest,
A foretaste of the heavenly rest;
Save me from sin and death; reprieve
My life and soul this Sabbath eve.

LOVE SIGNS.

The love betroth'd, the fond heart plighted,
And with the witching scene delighted;
In modest guise, in simple graces,
The roses blushing on their faces:
Ah! what denotes, or what bespeaks,
Love more than those sweet apple cheeks?

Were they not already familiar to the public in various collections, Elijah's specimen of the Lancashire dialect, "Ale *versus* Physic," or his ballad anent "Clayton Hall," might here have been added.

We would have closed this literary remembrance as Gray closed his Elegy—with the epitaph; but as Mr.

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Ridings has not yet exchanged his earthly habiliments for beatified wings, the *hic jacet* must be postponed, as the lawyers say, *sine die.*

* * * *

Several years have elapsed since the preceding remarks were penned, and Mr. Ridings now "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking;" so the postponed *hic jacet* may be added in due course. His end was hastened by a fall in the street, the injuries sustained confining him to his room about a month. The flat stone bearing the pleasing poetical inscription here transcribed is placed on the southern side of the lower chapel in Harpurhey Cemetery.

In Memory of
ELIJAH RIDINGS,
who died October 18th, 1872, aged
70 years.

My evening star, my evening star,
Enthroned within thy ebon car,
That smiles on me and lowly things,
While my rapt spirit heavenward springs,
Look down, look down, when I am gone,
With that mild ray that on me shone;
Look down on my dear children twain,
When I no more with them remain;
And may they keep the path of right,
True as thy constant rule of light;
And when my spirit flies afar,
Shine on my grave, my evening star.

Also Julia his wife, who died January 23rd, 1875, aged 67 years.

These memoriam lines form the closing verse of Elijah's poem, the "Evening Star," contained in his last volume, "Streams from an Old Fountain," published by John Heywood, in 1863.

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As the "Bard of Newton Heath" Elijah was widely known. He had educated himself above the ordinary standard of working men; and his course of reading, especially in dramatic and ancient literature, was extensive, being chiefly the result of his youthful connection with debating societies. "No man," he writes in the preface to his final book, "ever regretted devoting his leisure hours to mental improvement; and there is no particular period of human life, generally speaking, when the opportunity is not worth accepting with a serious solicitude. Studies, properly directed, or otherwise misdirected, bear, like virtue and vice, their own undoubted reward." It has been truthfully remarked that although not a laureate, Mr. Ridings, when in the vein, could write a good homely ballad, or characteristic poem; and possessed some strongly-marked traits of Lancashire character.

GEORGE RICHARDSON.—In approaching the author of "Patriotism: and other Poems," we feel slightly tongue-tied, having little to communicate apart from his own writings. Though sharing his society at the Poets' Corner, and on one occasion joining him as Critchley Prince's escort and sustainers, while that popular bard delivered a lecture on English poetry at the Miles Platting Institute; though finding (through three decades) our effusions printed side by side in sundry books, magazines, and newspapers; and now, in the widowed even-tide, when (as John Scholes would say) the sere leaves are falling, we are again fraternising in this volume; yet, notwithstanding all, we must call to our aid the felicitous apology tendered by the reticent parrot in the jest book of Joe Miller, "How silent you are, Polly." "Yes; but I *think* the more!" When

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the remembrancer is thus mute, we must summon the minstrel to warble his sweetest strain:—

TO THE INFANT SAPPHO.

By George Richardson, of Moss Side. (From "Patriotism: and other Poems," 1844.)

Sweet child of song, of rare and gifted birth!
What charms lie hid within thine infant soul,
Soothing the feelings with a mild control.
Thou seem'st a blissful visitant on earth!
Oh! hath the melody of spirit, given
To her whose lyre is on the cypress hung,—
The Lesbian maid, who wept before she sung,—
Hath her bright soul descended from the heaven?
Or art thou from the pure Aonian hill
Come down to sanctify mankind with love?
Or touch'd with sacred rapture from above,
With looks that captivate, and tones that thrill?
May peace enfold thee, fair and gracious thing!
Loved cherub upon earth, without its wing!

In addition to the volume already named, Mr. Richardson issued in 1850 the "Ghost of Tim Bobbin," a poetical satire, illustrated by the author; and in 1875 he edited the works of his former tutor, Henry Liverseege. He was born near Ancoats Hall, in the year 1807, and has published a pleasant description and view of his birthplace, showing the rural character of that district during his childhood. One of his schoolfellows was William Harper, the local bard. We gather from the preface to "Patriotism," that poetry and painting alternately influenced the author's mind; and that a spirit of friendly emulation was created by the works of his fellow-townsmen as they issued, in turn, from the press. The "Mind," by Swain; the "Village

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Muse," by Ridings; "Hours in the Bowers," by Bamford; "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," by Rogerson; and "Hours with the Muses," by Prince; were especially named. Mr. Richardson is one of the few surviving contributors to the "Festive Wreath."

JOHN SCHOLES.

> "The Naworth poet let me not forget,
> Whose heart, though pain'd and bruis'd by adverse fate,
> Can yet aspire to high poetic themes."
>
> A VOICE FROM THE TOWN.

In turning over a hoard of literary trifles, our attention is attracted by a printed circular, left with us by John Scholes, when adding our name to the list of subscribers for his "Sere Leaves," a completed, but never published, volume of poems. This occurrence would be in the spring of the year 1863, at which date Mr. Scholes and his subscriber were comparatively old friends, having formed acquaintance at the literary gatherings of which we are now treating. Of his early life but little is known, save that he received an excellent education, with a good start in business. At one period he was a hat manufacturer, enjoying the luxury of driving his own gig on his commercial rounds. But he was a dreamer in a realistic world, and experienced the usual results—disappointment and misery. The second edition of his maiden volume, the "Bridal of Naworth," appeared in 1838. From this venture he reaped no pecuniary advantage, some well-merited critical praise being the extent of his reward. The preface to Mr. Scholes's poem has been admired, and with reason. It is here given as a specimen of his style in prose composition, a few lines of Latin being omitted:—

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"PREFACE.—I should think the traveller in Boccalini, who got off his horse to kill grasshoppers instead of minding his way, would have made the most admirable prefaces in the world, having so fine a conception of the true art of most laboriously doing nothing. The only thing a good writer in this style ought *really* to do, should be to announce to his readers the arrival of a literary wonder, smoking hot from the press; and as this wonder does not conform to any rule, it ought to be his first endeavour to bend to it, by very graceful and imperceptible curves, every established precept, in order to prove that it exhibits more genius with fewer faults than is to be found in the best works of the most celebrated authors, ancient or modern, and to conclude with a modest assurance that he himself is the great original. As for myself, I have joined the race of scribblers, and entreat you, gentle reader,

> In mercy spare us when we do our best,
> To make as much waste paper as the rest.

For an author to affect indifference about the fate of his works is ludicrously inconsistent. To betray too much concern for them is a mark of weakness equally culpable.

"I frankly confess the gratification it will afford me, if the present volume shall be rewarded with the laurels due to poetic excellence. The class to which I have endeavoured to assimilate this slight performance is not among the walks of the higher sons of inspiration, nor is it calculated to urge me beyond the bounds prescribed by reflective reason while listening to the suggestions of hope. I am old enough not to be too sanguine in my expectations —I am yet too young to despair.

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"On committing to the care of the world that which, if condemned by its wisdom, cannot longer be of value to myself, I have nothing either to solicit or demand; without my interference, in despite of every effort of my own, the world *will* do me justice; it is only the vain man who requires more. Perhaps, like Shylock, I may find Justice upon me before I am prepared to receive her. The Portia that shall stand forth to develop the concealed defects of my plea shall have my gratitude, for such a one is my truest friend; and to the Gratiano who then mocks me with his jest of triumph, I will only say, with a patient shrug, that the author—'holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.'"

Within a few months of the publication of the second edition of the "Bridal of Naworth," appeared a companion volume, "Poems by John Scholes." The effusions of his Muse are next met in the *Oddfellows' Magazine.* In 1846, Mr. Scholes was a contributor to *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine,* and always gratefully remembered the friendly appreciation of the famous editor. Some time afterwards he came to reside near Rochdale, applying himself to writing for the weekly press. At Salford, and elsewhere, he occasionally followed his trade as a journeyman hatter, until his sight failed. Latterly he wrote dialect songs and stories, published in single sheets or in pamphlet form, and under various fanciful signatures. The longest of these, entitled "Robin o' Bob's," descriptive of a Lancashire man's adventures in the Crimean war, appeared, chapter by chapter, in the columns of a Rochdale newspaper, but has not been issued in a volume. In his writings, Mr. Scholes displayed feeling and sweetness, with frequent flittings of

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the purest fancy. All that he lacked as a poet was a trifle more vigour,—a little more "strength of wing." His happier efforts are well deserving of preservation.

During several months prior to his decease Mr. Scholes was a neighbour and a frequent visitor of ours. But finding his health rapidly declining, he returned to the village of Smallbridge, near Blackstone Edge, where he died of consumption, October 19th, 1863, aged about fifty-five years. Two years later, the editor of the *Athenæum*, in reviewing Mr. Harland's book of selected Lancashire Lyrics, averred that John Scholes bore away the palm from all his friendly rivals,—praise that would have gratified his sorrowing heart had it come earlier. Knowing how earnestly he strove to win such distinction, we deeply regretted the tardy wreath could only be placed on his country grave.

Mr. Scholes's newspaper practice engendered a habit of writing all his poems, like his paragraphs, on loose slips of paper; thus precluding any other hand from arranging, in consecutive order, the manuscripts he left behind. He once asked us, half-jestingly, to be his friendly biographer; but he forgot to furnish the materials; and we, having no conception that he would pass away so suddenly, did not press him.

Mr. Scholes's Lancashire idyls, sold to the multitude on separate sheets at a penny each, to the great encouragement of singing for the million, are so widely known throughout the Palatinate, that a specimen song, if here introduced, would possess no novelty. Preference might be given, were a lyric needed, to one of his dainty, fanciful creations; for he was truly the minstrel of the elf and the fay. His chief pleasure in composition consisted in by-play—that which

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theatrical people call asides. Without these indulgences of fancy, these wayward ornaments of style, the page would seem as barren as an orchard when divested of its fruit and foliage.

THOMAS NICHOLSON, though born at Hunslet, near Leeds, resided the greater portion of his life in Manchester. By trade a wire worker, he cultivated literature as a recreation and a solace; with the laudable ambition, also, of making his name known and esteemed. When will the poetical nature cease to yearn for fame? A homely answer,—an apt illustration,—will be found in a peculiar kind of toffy, bought by children with their holiday pence, which reveals, wheresoever you may chance to break it, some quaint device. This species of sweetmeat is symbolical of the poet's heart. Whether hopefully beating in its crimson fluid, or crumbling beneath the flowers, matters not: if the heart could be divided like the toffy, at each severance we might discover, written in delicate, blue, veinlike characters, the pretty and unchanging legend—*Forget-me-not.*

Besides contributing to various provincial magazines and newspapers, Mr. Nicholson published four small volumes of poems; one or two of the books being interspersed with prose tales and sketches. They appeared in the order following: first, a juvenile pioneer; next, in 1849, "A Peal for the People," in 1852, the "Warehouse Boy of Manchester," and lastly, in 1857, the "Thunderstorm." He was a proficient—though self-taught—in the French language; and was always willing to instruct others, especially in his class at the Ancoats Lyceum. His last ailment, somewhat mysterious in its nature, proved a puzzle to his medical

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adviser, whose prescriptions were unavailing. At length he was advised to try the effects of his native air and scenery; for which purpose he visited his relations in Yorkshire. Soon dying, he was there buried, at Woodhouse, in 1863, aged fifty-eight. Mr. Nicholson left in manuscript a completed novel, entitled the "Miser's Will." His favourite resort from boyhood upwards was Kirkstall Abbey. When those ruins were more extensive and picturesque than at present—alluring the pencil of Turner and the pen of Alaric Watts—our friend was a young enthusiast within the ivy-mantled fane.

As Thomas Nicholson did not furnish a contribution to the meeting at the Sun Inn his name is absent from the "Festive Wreath." It is, however, present in the collection of "Lancashire Lyrics;" as also in the "Gems of Thought."

From the preface to Mr. Nicholson's latest work the "Thunderstorm; or a Wedding in Harvest," we quote his opinions and illustrations touching

RHYME AND POETRY.

"The metre and rhyme that form so many kinds of stanza, let it be remembered, are not poetry, any more than a beautiful dress is a part of the person it adorns: they are the dress and embellishments in which the poet clothes his ideas. They are no more a part of the poetic soul than the gorgeous clouds of an autumnal sunset are a part of the sun to whom they owe all their glory: they are what the clothing would be without the person, and the clouds without the sun.

Poetry is the *primum mobile* in the spiritual regions: it can lift up, sway, agitate, or cast down the whole world. The greatest commanders of ancient and modern days have found its electric effects more powerful than all their deadly instruments of warfare. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon," was a war-cry as successful in the mouth of Cromwell, against his enemies, as it had

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been in that of Gideon himself, against the Midianites. "Soldiers, from the heights of these Pyramids forty centuries look down upon you!" was the poetical war-cry of Napoleon, which so greatly contributed to his success at the battle of the Pyramids; a struggle so fierce and deadly that the wounded and dying Mamelukes crept on their hands and knees towards their victorious enemies, to deal death and revenge even at the last gasp. "It is the sun of Austerlitz!" exclaimed he on another occasion. No man knew better than he the value of such ebullitions immediately before an onslaught, consequently, almost all his great battles were prefaced with these poetical sparks of his genius, always such as the occasion seemed to elicit: prompt as lightning, and as deadly in effect. "England expects that every man this day will do his duty!" was the poetical appeal of our own brave Nelson, to the hearts of the gallant heroes of Trafalgar, and all the world knows how it was responded to. The genius of a nation is always understood by the men who seem born to direct it. The address of Leonidas to his three hundred Spartans, at the pass of Thermopylæ, proves that he understood the character of his hearers, and that he also knew how to work upon it. "Come my fellow soldiers," said he, "let us dine cheerfully here, for to-night we shall sup with Pluto." "His men," says Goldsmith, "upon hearing his determination, set up a loud shout, as if they had been invited to a banquet." If their belief was correct they did sup with that god accordingly; for the above-mentioned little band, with their auxiliaries,—in all less than a thousand—perished, excepting two, in a contest against two millions and a half of effective men. Cæsar's sayings were remarkably pithy: "*veni, vidi, vincit,*"—"came, saw, and overcame," were words of fearful significance; and that other equally significant and almost equally brief saying, "I have passed the Rubicon," has long since passed into a proverb. Such words, uttered in a single breath, show more of the real character of the speaker than entire histories."

Two ladies now claim attention at our willing hands. Although they did not brighten with their presence the literary gatherings, they contributed to the book of specimens. Of these ladies (Isabella Varley and Isabella

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Caulton) we have little to say; but fortunately they can speak—with the pen—very effectively for themselves. Since the "Ides of March" in question,* Miss Varley has duly changed her name in wedlock; but we must adhere for the present to the maiden appellation which graces the index before us. She long ago removed from Manchester to London, and we have not since had the pleasure of seeing her; but we remember her cheerful visits to the library of an acquaintance, where she called occasionally to select a favourite volume—not the "Rhyming Dictionary," nor "Every Proser his own Poet." Nor have we forgotten her more recent contributions to *Temple Bar* and other metropolitan magazines; her lyrics in Mr. Harland's book of selections; or her three-volume novels. To these varied emanations of her pen cannot be applied the lines of Miss Jewsbury, a very similar songstress of the past generation:—

> "Not theirs a soul-retaining power,
> I saw them, and forgot."

We might cull a blossom from her Spring book, *Ivy Leaves*, but we prefer her mellowed, though frost-rimed, autumn fruitage:—

BEATING AGAINST THE BARS.

By Mrs. George Linnæus Banks. (From "Ripples and Breakers." 1878.)

What would I give to end the restless strife
Which men call life?
To reach unchallenged the celestial goal
Of the freed soul!

*The poetical contributions were read at the meeting held in March, 1842.

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What *would* I give? Ah me! what have I to resign
I can call mine?

Beauty? Scant dower of loveliness was mine forsooth,
Even in youth;
And the small gifts were called back one by one,
Till all were gone.
Now, what of beauty could the passer-by
In me descry?

Youth? With its proud resolves, high hopes and schemes,
Its glad day-dreams;—
Youth, looking up, intent on the "still higher,"
Full of strange fire,
Of life, and health, and energy to *do*—
Thou art gone too!

Wealth? That did aye elude my timid clasp,
I had no strength to grasp,
No magic net to catch the golden spoil
With little toil.
The mintage of the brain and of the mart
Are far apart.

Health? With full pulses beating steady time
To life's best rhyme,
Spirits elastic as the buoyant tread—
Thou long hast fled!
My white face mocks my pillow, my thin hand
Drops down like sand.

Love? I had a heart-shaped chalice brimmed with wine
From fount of thine,
I gave *my* goblet bubbling richly up
For a like cup:—
I bartered wine for water and sour lees.
Is *Love* of *these?*

I would give much—but what?—for leave to fade away
Out of this clay.

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I have nor Beauty, Youth, nor Wealth to render up,
Nor Love's full cup,
Nor Health's pure balsam. I have nought to bring
As offering.

Let me be patient, since in each heart-beat
I hear the feet
Of the sure messenger who comes to all
With mystic pall;
But louder still a voice in solemn tones
Rebukes my moans.

"Oh, panting heart! chafe not with fluttering rage
Against thy cage:—
For others, not for self, God gave thee place
In life's sharp race.
The pulse may ebb, feet bleed—but DUTY *done*,
The goal is won!"

It is fortunate when the poet gains mental strength by wrestling with adverse fate, as the seaman's sinews are strengthened by reefing the storm-sail.

We regret our inability to furnish a brief biographical record of Mrs. Caulton. Her first volume affords evidence that her childhood's home was near to Kendal, in Westmoreland. Several years subsequent to 1840 she resided in Manchester, became a frequent contributor to *Bradshaw's Journal* and to the *Oddfellows' Magazine*, and here (in 1843) published her "Domestic Hearth, and other Poems." In 1851 she issued, by subscription, at Leamington Spa, a small book entitled "Poems for Home." Two years later she emigrated, we believe, with her family, to the gold regions. No sweet lyric from her pen has since met our sight. Whether she is prospering in the land of her adoption, or became, like John Leyden, disgusted with

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the yellow dross,—whether she returned to England, or is now at rest, oblivious alike of praise or censure, the present writer knoweth not.

Only the fear of crowding these remembrances with selected gems prevents us introducing from Mrs. Caulton's book a lengthy poem, the "Hidden Fountain," which reveals a secret phase in many a life story. A specimen lyric, at once short and spirited, may serve instead.

GLORY.

By Isabella Caulton. (From the "Domestic Hearth, and other Poems.")

Wave high the banners!—let them proudly float
O'er hall and turret, o'er drawbridge and moat;
Wave them on high o'er the flower-strewn path,
Lofty honour the conqueror hath;
He hath fought the fierce battles of holy land;
He returns the noblest of all his band;
And the mail-clad train who follow his steed,
Bring captives and gifts,—the warrior's meed:
Shout and trumpet his triumph proclaim,
"And he shall have glory and deathless name;"
So saith Fame.

Hang up the banners! and let them fall
In silken folds round the castle hall;
Bring forth the flagon, pile high the board,
With wine and meats be its length well stored;
Bid the guest pass the wine-cup free,
Loud be the song of festivity;
And while the laurel-crown wreathes his brow,
Let the minstrel chaunt of his lord I trow;
Harp and voice shall his triumph proclaim,
"And he shall have glory and deathless name;"
So saith Fame.

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Once more the banners wave high in the air,
Once more is the coal-black war-horse there;
Again the steel-clad train clank by,
The trumpet's notes o'er the hills peal high;
The sunbeams glint on each burnish'd spear,
But the helmeted chief—he is not here!
They bear him away to the chapel's shade,
In a lordly tomb is that warrior laid,
His name is carved in letters of stone,
And his statue lieth stiff and alone;
"And well shall that trophy his deeds proclaim,
For glory he hath, and a deathless name;"
So said Fame.

A bright and a sunny summer day,
Sweet comes the breath of the fresh turn'd hay;
And peasants' cottages cheerfully peep,
From their garden shade on the hilly steep;
Down by the streamlet whose ripples glide
By the long grass on the dingle's side,
Half cover'd with weeds and waving fern,
Lies a Knight's effigy, stiff and stern,
And near it a few gray walls to tell
There once was a chapel within the dell,
But who the Knight, of his deeds or name,
Or where he died, or whence he came,
No one knoweth,—
Not even Fame.

ROBERT STORY.—Several popular and patriotic songs, including the "Englishman's Wife," the "Church of our Fathers," the "Wives and Mothers of Britain," and many spirited poems, are associated with the name of a vanished contemporary—Robert Story. Though dwelling at Gargrave, in Yorkshire, he was widely known and appreciated here. Even after settling in London, as an audit clerk at Somerset House, many flying visits testified to his fondness

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for the old literary quarters and associates. Mr. Story was one of those impulsive minstrels who are apt to burst into song at every turn of their discourse. The last time we shared his company (with several congenial friends now departed) he indulged us by singing or reciting some of his shorter pieces, "Beaumont Side" being one. This was at the Sun Inn, during Mr. Story's summer holidays in 1858. He was then in glorious health and spirit, rosy and substantial as a yeoman; but within the brief space of two years (July, 1860) he died, at his residence in Battersea, of bronchitis, originating in a cold, in his sixty-third year. That fatal cold was caught (as Mr. Bamford considered,) upon the Thames. Although the two bards were long employed at Somerset House, they rarely returned homeward together—Mr. Bamford preferring the land, whilst Mr. Story usually chose the river, notwithstanding that his friend repeatedly warned him against its impurity and humidity, especially in the evening air. Let us hope that Robert Story is now realising to the full a pure anticipation of his own. "I was happy," he writes, in his "Love and Literature," "almost too happy; yet I felt that I should at some future time be still happier—when I should dwell above that blue sky, and when the bright star I contemplated should form but one of the innumerable ornaments of my pathway."

Mr. Story has been aptly described as an Englishman to the backbone, dearly loving his country and its institutions —a description fully borne out by his animated strains. He has also written successfully in the humorous vein, and some variety would be gained by choosing a diverting poem; but we call to mind a fine simile of Maturin's,

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which will keep us with the serious Muse. "In joy" wrote the author of Bertram, "we sympathise with strangers, but we weep only over those we love. The green leaves which the ancients scattered before their doors in their hours of mirth, have long since faded away; but we still find the phial of tears which they buried near the urns of their friends." This ilustration has been corroborated at Manchester. In 1782 a lachrymatory, filled with a transparent fluid, was dug up at the ancient Roman station in Castle Field, after an interment of seventeen hundred years.

THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.

By Robert Story. (From "Songs and Lyrical Poems.")

Encircled by trees, in the Sabbath's calm smile,
The church of our fathers—how meekly it stands!
O, villagers gaze on the old, hallowed pile—
It was dear to their hearts, it was raised by their hands!
Who loves not the place where they worshipp'd their God?
Who loves not the ground where their ashes repose?
Dear even the daisy that blooms on the sod,
For dear is the dust out of which it arose!

Then say, shall the church that our forefathers built,
Which the tempests of ages have batter'd in vain,
Abandon'd by us from supineness or guilt,
O say, shall it fall by the rash and profane?
No!—perish the impious hand that would take
One shred from its altar, one stone from its towers!
The life-blood of martyrs hath flow'd for its sake,
And its fall—if it fall—shall be redden'd with ours.

This earnest poem has often been erroneously attributed in print to the late Lord Francis Egerton, who once set the question at rest while paying a public compliment to the real author.

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Mr. Story's writings have passed through several editions: notably the elegant volume issued at the cost of the late Duke of Northumberland, who welcomed the bard and his wife at Alnwick Castle. His merits were early noted by William Hone in a pleasant page of the "Year Book;" wherein he states that the poet, a native of Northumberland, by dint of natural ability and perseverance became a good classical scholar; and, at the age of twenty-five, removed to Gargrave, Yorkshire, establishing himself as schoolmaster, minstrel, and parish clerk of that place. Mr. Story's wife and three children survived him. To those household treasures he has made grateful reference in the closing verse of a lyric:—

"I have some ties to life
In the wane of the day;
I've a fair and frugal wife
In the wane of the day;
When round the evening hearth
Mix my little band in mirth,
I'm the happiest man on earth
In the wane of the day!"

WILLIAM GASPEY, the literary son of a well-known literary sire, is not, we believe, a native of Lancashire, although he has passed much of his life amongst us. A prolific writer in prose and verse, and often exercising his talent for wit and repartee, he has usually adopted an assumed name—Maurice Harcourt. At other seasons his identity has been merged in the editorial We. If at liberty to travel any further in search of specimens, Mr. Gaspey's varied tomes would form pleasant fields of discovery. We hope some day to make favourable acquaintance with his

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Muse—either in her sportive humour or serious mood. In prose, his witty, enjoyable essay on Oysters, would be a treat to those readers who, tired of thirsting after knowledge, are hungering for racier fare. During several years past Mr. Gaspey has been located, as a fancy stationer, in the romantic region of Keswick—the land of Southey, lead pencils, and russet apples—and we but seldom catch a glimpse of his welcome face, which we are glad to see blooming, like the Glastonbury thorn, in spite of King Christmas and his snowflakes. The latest of William Gaspey's productions, styled a "Dish of Trifle," was printed at Whitehaven, in 1869. His previous issues were "Poor Law Melodies," "Summer Offerings," "Merrythought," "Physiology of Muffs," "Lyrics and Meditations," and "Remanets;" in addition to one or two edited volumes.

As the restrictions imperative in a magazine do not always apply to a volume, one of Mr. Gaspey's effusions may be here subjoined.

When the Theatre Royal Company were burned out of Fountain Street, and found temporary refuge at the Mechanics' Institution and at the Athenæum, Mr. Gaspey penned the opening address to their dramatic and musical entertainments.

OPENING ADDRESS.

(Delivered by Mr. Charles Pitt, at the Mechanics' Institution, May 8th, 1844.)

Friends, who arise to serve us in our need,
Feelings, not words, to-night our cause must plead;
Feelings which gush from sympathising hearts,
As living water from the desert starts

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To beautify, to solace, and to cheer,
Where all were, else, despairing, dark, and sere.

When last we met, 'twas 'neath a classic dome,
Where the true Drama found a welcome home,
Where the chief text was drawn from Shakspere's page,
And Nature reign'd triumphant on the stage:
Hermione, Sicilia's injured queen,
Condemn'd to fly the once-delightful scene
Which love had bless'd, to live unknown, unnamed,
'Till by Leontes' penitence reclaim'd,
In statued beauty, like a form of light,
Your senses charm'd on that eventful night.*
When fell the curtain, the performance o'er,
We little deem'd for us t'would rise no more;
We little deem'd the morrow's dawn would show
Our "Winter's Tale" a sequel full of woe.

That element, whose devastating power
Levels to dust, or hut, or regal tower,
Seized our fair Theatre in its red embrace,
Of the rude conflict leaving scarce one trace;
All that sight charm'd, or won the mind's esteem,
Gone like "the baseless fabric of a dream!"
Dread conflagration of our mimic world!
From thrones and "properties" we now are hurl'd!
Still we have that which soothes amid our pains,
Earth's only angel—smiling Hope—remains,
And whispers that, soon, Phœnix-like, will rise,
Born of the embers smouldering 'neath your eyes,
Another temple where the Drama's reign
Shall not assert its influence in vain,
Where the heart's holiest feelings shall be stirr'd,
And Shakspere's name become "a household word!"

ALEXANDER WILSON, songster and artist, whose punningly descriptive rhyme is conspicuous in the "Festive

*The "Winter's Tale" was performed on Monday, May 6th, the evening prior to the destruction of the Theatre.

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Wreath," has formed the subject of a previous article, and may therefore be omitted from the present volume.

For the same reason SAMUEL BAMFORD might be exempted, excepting so far as his epitaph and monument are concerned. A recent visit to his grave in Middleton Churchyard revealed a great change. The floral mound originally covering the remains of his daughter was supplanted by a lettered stone beneath which reposed the entire family. The inscription—lengthy, biographical, and peculiar—will be read with interest.

BAMFORD.

ANN, died October 15th 1834, in the 25th year of her age.

She wept that we so soon must part,
She knew that death was near her heart;
Yet lovely in her tears she smil'd,
A mournful radiance sadly mild,
Like sungleam on a ruin wild,
So Heaven illum'd our dying child.

JEMIMA, died September 23rd 1862, in the 74th year of her age.

Oh bless'd was her abiding care,
That watch'd me with affection's eye,
To warn of spy's perfidious snare,
To comfort in adversity.

SAMUEL, for promoting a reform of the Commons House of Parliament and a repeal of taxes on food, he was twice arrested on charges of high treason; he was five times taken in custody before the Privy Council; he was on five different occasions escorted in chains or manacles to various and

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[illegible] parts of the country he stood
a [illegible] of her sons and contributed to our
[illegible] in a manner and with a testimony
which brought credit to himself and the cause
he represented. Notwithstanding which the
Jury found him guilty, and he was again
sent to prison.

Died April 13th 1872,
in the 83rd year of his age.

Few working-class poets have been more fortunate in their declining years than was Mr. Bamford. Notwithstanding his early hardships, as epitomised on his gravestone and detailed in his writings, he might, as regarded his later days, have echoed the farewell words of Lady Morgan:—"The world has been a kind world to me, and I leave it regretfully, and with many benedictions." The first of the friendly tokens that need be named was the Bamford Testimonial, in 1847, resulting in a substantial sum of money. After his retirement from his official duties at Somerset House (which never quite satisfied him,) a few wealthy admirers kept a thoughtful guardianship over his retreat at Moston, privately contributing a small annuity; whilst a motherly dame attended to the comforts of his home. When his sight failed, neighbours took pleasure in reading to him, or in writing at his dictation, or in conveying intelligence that would gratify him. Authors paid frequent and respectful attention; artists came to sketch his cottage; and photographers brought the lens to bear on his venerable features or patriarchal form. To his latest portrait (painted by Mr. William Percy, in 1869,) a full flowing beard gives an ancient Druidical aspect. The long hair, as he one day

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explained, was scarcely a matter of choice. The shop of the village barber was nearly a mile distant from his cottage, and when his sight grew dim the tonsorial visits became inconvenient. Thenceforward the beard was permitted to grow unchecked, his chin no longer appearing newly reaped, nor showing "like a stubble land at harvest home." Perhaps Mr. Bamford's most frequent associates were the juveniles of his neighbourhood. Although the sternest of men when dealing with men, with children he could be playfully gentle, and often courted their company. One of his later poems—probably the last—is devoted to this subject; and as he once expressed a desire that the verses should be appended to a picture of his dwelling near Boggart-Ho Kloof, we feel induced to append them here as a compromise. The poem is rendered *verbatim*, as it appeared in the poets' corner of a Manchester weekly newspaper, during the summer made memorable by the great Art Treasures Exhibition at Old Trafford.

FAREWELL TO MY COTTAGE.

Farewell to my cottage, that stands on the hill,
To valleys and fields where I wander'd at will,
And met the young spring with her buskin of dew,
As o'er the wild heather a joyance she threw;
'Mid fitful sun beamings, with bosom snow-fair,
And showers in the gleamings, and wind-beaten hair,
She smil'd on my cottage, and buddings of green
On alder and hawthorn and woodbine were seen—
The crocus came forth with its lilac and gold,
And fair maiden snowdrop stood pale in cold—
The primrose peep'd coyly from under the thorn,
And blithe look'd my cottage on that happy morn.
But spring pass'd away, and the pleasure was o'er,
And I left my cottage to claim it no more.

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Farewell to my cottage—afar must I roam,
No longer a cottage, no longer a home.

For bread must be earned, though my cot I resign,
Since what I enjoy shall with honour be mine;
So up to the great city I must depart,
With boding of mind and a pang at my heart.
There all seemeth strange, as if foreign the land,
A place and a people I don't understand;
And as from the latter I turn me away,
I think of old neighbours now lost, well-a-day,
I think of my cottage full many a time,
A nest among flowers at midsummer prime;
With sweet pink, and white rock, and bonny rose bower,
And honeybine garland o'er window and door;
As prim as a bride ere the rebecks begin,
And white as a lily without and within.
Could I but have tarried, contented I'd been,
Nor envied the palace of lady the queen.
Fair children would often come near us to play
Or sent on an errand well pleased were they;
A pitcher of water to fetch from the spring,
Or wind-broken wood from my garden to bring;
On any commission they'd hasten with glee,
Quite happy when pleasing dear Mima or me—
For I was their "uncle," and "granny" was she.
And then as a recompense sure if not soon,
They'd get a new posy on Sunday forenoon,
Or handful of fruit would their willing hearts cheer:
I miss the dear children—none like them are here,
Though offspring as lovely as mothers ere bore
At eve in the park I can count by the score.
But these are not mine—of a stranger they're shy,
Though I can but bless them as I pass them by;
When ceasing their play my emotion to scan,
I dare say they wonder "what ails the old man."

Of mine, some have gone in their white coffin shroud,
And some have been lost in the world and its crowd;

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One only remains, the last bird in the nest,
Our own little grandchild, the dearest and best.
But vain to regret, though we cannot subdue
The feelings to nature and sympathy true.
Endurance with patience must bear the strong part—
Sustain, when it cannot give peace to the heart;
Till life with its yearnings and struggles is o'er,
And I shall remember my cottage no more.

B.

London, 21st July, 1857.

This latest of Mr. Bamford's original contributions to the newspapers forms in every way a marked contrast to his maiden attempt in that direction. In recording the incidents of his early days, he gives a humorous account of the first piece he offered to the press, and of a consequent visit to Mr. William Cowdroy, at the *Gazette* office, in Hunter's Lane. Mr. Bamford, as thereby appears, did not rush precociously into print, but courted his Muse in manuscript until he attained his twenty-fourth year.

Finally, when the veteran died, his remains were honoured with a public funeral; and a monumental obelisk, of commanding size, perpetuates his memory. The interest and value of the memorial is enhanced by a sculptured portrait, life-like and venerable, with flowing beard. On the other three sides of the monument are chiselled the inscriptions subjoined:—

Erected by Public Subscription, in his
native town. 1877.
"Bamford was a Reformer when to
be so was unsafe, and he suffered for his faith."

JOHN BRIGHT.

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SAMUEL BAMFORD,
Born 28th February, 1788.
Died 13th April, 1872.

An early advocate of Civil &
Religious Liberty, Free Trade, and
Parliamentary Reform.

Author of "Passages in the Life
of a Radical," and other Works
in Prose and Verse.

WILLIAM HARPER.—Another bard to whose talents and unassuming worth we have elsewhere endeavoured to do justice, was William Harper. His principal work in prose was the memoir of Mr. Benjamin Braidley, published anonymously by Charles Ambery, a Market Street bookseller, in the year 1845. Mr. Harper's brief preface to the memoir is worth reviving:—"Dr. Johnson somewhere remarks that 'old age is little to be desired, since it generally brings but increasing cares, infirmities, and griefs; and the loss of those who have been nearest and dearest to us upon the earth.' This solemn reflection comes home with peculiar force to the soul of the writer as he enters his closet and shuts the door, that he may meditate upon and record some of the leading incidents of the life, death, and character of one who has been taken away in the midst of his days, and suddenly, as by a stroke of the lightning. It is not the triumphs of the warrior, nor the discoveries of the philosopher, nor the achievements of genius, we have to record. We do not write of one who walked in the high places of the earth. As regards the world at large, he was little known; yet was he honoured and distinguished

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among his fellow citizens, and loved of many for his faith, zeal, patience, long-suffering, gentleness, charity. Nor do we write for the erudite, the accomplished, or the profound; but humbly, for humble souls. For such as loved him in life, and would not forget him in death." The memoir of Mr. Braidley was printed at the office of Messrs. Cave and Sever, whence so many local literary ventures have emanated; so many, indeed, that we have sometimes thought, if there located, we should take infinite delight in penning the history of our own printing office.

JOHN BALL.—Touching the owner of the remaining name in our index, Mr. John Ball, we know little, save that he was an intelligent, good-humoured schoolmaster, keeping an academy at Seacombe, near Birkenhead, and afterward at Glossop. An ardent admirer of Critchley Prince, he shared more than one of the poet's country excursions, and contributed to his quarterly magazine. Mr. Prince returned the complimentary attentions with a familiar epistle to his friend, as printed in "Dreams and Realities."

In addition to the local writers, friends to the literature of Lancashire were invited and came to the Sun Inn. One of the most genial of those occasional and encouraging visitors was a worthy clergyman since deceased. On recently entering the moorland churchyard at Kersal a low tomb, protected by dwarf iron railings, immediately won our attention; and we copied, not unfeelingly, the inscription it bore.

Sacred to the Memory
of HART ETHELSTON, for more than
41 years Rector of St. Mark's Church,

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Cheetham Hill, who died May 22nd, 1872, aged 64 years.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Apart from the meetings at the Poets' Corner, we had listened to this reverend gentleman's pulpit admonitions in his neat little church at Cheetham Hill village; so while standing beside his tomb, memory easily recalled the flaxen curls, and the fair face beaming with kindliness. A portion of the foregoing inscription is repeated on a small tablet affixed in the choir of St. Mark's Church. A short biographical notice of Mr. Ethelston, from the pen of Mr. Crossley, appears in the third volume of the "Register of the Manchester School."

Another friendly and frequent dropper-in at the old house in Long Millgate was Mr. John Dickinson, a popular bookbinder, still kindly remembered. But perhaps the warmest of all, though the latest named, was Mr. William Earnshaw, the estimable host of the Sun Inn. He was mainly instrumental in causing the provincial bards to cluster around him; and it was at his cost that the "Festive Wreath" was published, as a slight memento of the literary re-unions.

Saddening is the reflection that nearly all (the exceptions are few indeed) of those bright congenial spirits, have now adopted the churchyard livery—"Grass-green, turned up with brown."

Before taking final leave of our favourite task, let us briefly dispose of a nameless scribe—one of the circle at

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the Sun—who was thus mentioned by Mr. Richardson, in his "Replication:"

> And then you'll have SYLVAN, a bard to my taste,
> With his wit unassuming, and similies chaste.

We can of course accept this small eulogy for what it is worth; everyone knows what friendship will say for a friend. We could supplement the distich with something very different if we chose. The rhymes of this anonymous minstrel have never been printed collectively upon foolscap, nor bound in calf, nor lettered, with dubious veracity, Poetical Works: consequently they have escaped the critical hands who knock down books (like nine-pins in a skittle alley) as fast as they stand up for judgment. Yet in his spring-time, friends (usually indulgent, and often indiscreet) were desirous that his metrical pieces should be published, promising to secure a list of subscribers sufficient to exhaust a small edition. They pointed out the improved position which success would bring. Even an appreciative printer was suggested. The press is such a thorough republican that it welcomes all comers—the greenhorns as freely as the greybeards. People talk glibly about the "Opinions of the Press," which is simply an illusion. The press has no opinions: it delegates that department to sundry of its satellites. With discretion superior to his years, and with more firmness of purpose than Eve displayed before the tempter in Eden, the nameless youth declined the alluring yet fatal apple. Nor has he since regretted his decision. Although some of his pieces might have passed muster with the multitude, others were too crude to challenge public attention. Better to

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lay them aside, as Beau Brummell laid aside his creased cravats: "these" he was wont to say, "are our failures." Crudities, when committed to print, can never be recalled nor obliterated. Buy them up as you may, some good-natured acquaintance, on perceiving you anxious to suppress the verdant edition, will be sure to carefully lock up his presentation copy; cease to lend it, lest the Nemesis should escape him; and ultimately, finding he is likely to die before you, he will re-present your "wood-notes wild" to the public library of your native town, in order that they may confront you to the end of your days. Much has been said and written in praise of the *love* of mankind; but commend us to its *malice*, which will never desert us. Even when the author's more matured efforts prove commendable, the world will remember his juvenile indiscretion, and will be only too ready to judge him by the inferior standard he first raised.

Thus Sylvan's effusions remain scattered abroad, maintaining a vagrant kind of existence. True gipsies of literature, they have long nestled in the retired nooks and poets' corners of newspapers, or have pitched their nameless tent among the sheltering leaves of magazines. Of late years the woodland *nom de plume* has been rarely seen attached to verses; and thus the supposition is strengthened that its owner has retreated to "the shadows brown that Sylvan loves."

The rustic sign-manual may seem unwarranted when thus adopted by a citizen—one who has never seen a glow-worm (the fairies' pyrotechnist) light its lamp,—and to whom the mysterious Will-o'-the-Wisp is a stranger. Still, he has been far from insensible to the manifold charms of

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Nature. Psyche loved Cupid none the less fondly for eluding her embrace. So there is no real inconsistency in thus selecting early and retaining late the name of a forest deity.

Possibly this writer may retain some traces of the early passion engendered by the Muses, as their influence is tenacious; or he may fancy that the first whisper of their syren love is still ringing in his listening ear: but all is vanity, as the sacred Preacher telleth—and pastorals have lost their charm.

We have written with more freedom of this writer than of any other in the series, because with him there is no fear of our meaning or motives being misunderstood. Even though we shake our "gory locks," he will dread no Banquo; nor, should we assume the impertinent airs of Sampson, will he retort, with the vindictiveness of Abram, "Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?"

From this "bard of the woods," may be taken one short specimen.

ROBERT NICOLL: HERD-LADDIE AND BARD.

By Sylvan. (From the *Shepherds' Magazine*, 1856.)

"He was born in a little farm-house at Tulliebeltane, Perthshire; and followed the occupation of a herd-boy to his twelfth year. He died in December, 1837, aged twenty-four, and lies buried in the churchyard of North Leith."

He sought the town—and perish'd,
As bright things ever will;
He left each scene he cherish'd,
For city-taints that kill.
But who shall choose 'tween braes and walls,
'Tween wreathing smoke and silvery falls,
When hunger bids, and duty calls?

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He sicken'd: and Decay's dread name
Was written on his lessening frame!
Friends bade the bird be caged no more,
And freed him—when he could not soar;
They sent him forth to hail the Spring,
A wild lark—with a broken wing!
  Not long the stricken minstrel pined;
Death and the grave athwart him came;
Too soon, perchance, for lasting fame;
  But with the pure of heart and mind,
  Will Nicoll fondly rest enshrined.

As singing and music are under the immediate patronage of the Muse Euterpia, we shall be quite in order when stating that, at the poetic festivals, the gentle notes of native vocalists blended with the spirited strains and recitations of Munyard, Butler, Lysander Thompson, and other players; whilst the deeper tones of the Cambrian band were heard to advantage.

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CHAPTER XVII.

A PARTING PEEP AT POETS' CORNER.

"Welcome again to this our old retreat,
This corner of antiquity! This group
Of wilding flowers which open to the night,
Breathing the holy incense of high thought,
May one day send its odours through the world."

J. C. PRINCE.

SEVERAL writers whose names are absent from the Index before us became associated, more or less, with the ancient retreat. If this small group be included, our record of the place and the period will be reasonably complete, and to a limited extent representative.

LIFE.

(From the "Azamoglan, a Tragedy," 1845.)

Mocha.—You look unfairly upon life. To me
Existence is enjoyment—health is bliss.
Methinks it is a glad and joyous sense
To feel the warm blood gushing through our veins,
To feel the beating heart, the throbbing pulse,
To move at will, inhale the living air,
To see the sunshine, gaze upon the stars,
To hear the voice of music, passing sweet,
The tones of those we love: oh life is rapture!

Solman.—I am, lady, what the world has made me.
I was not always thus. I do believe
That I was form'd to love, and to be loved;
I had an inward craving for affection,

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And something to repay in kind. There was
A time when kindness would have melted me;
I did not find it, and my heart froze up;
I am not what I should have been. Then came
A loss that wrecked all future hope in life,
That left me nothing in the world to love;
And so the rivers of my heart ran back
Into the ocean self.

The closet tragedy of the "Azamoglan," founded on an incident in the Greek revolution, and dedicated to our merchant princes, was printed and published here by Joseph Gillett, anonymously; but the versatile author, a native of this town, has since taken a prominent place amongst the literary men of the time, as editor, historian, and critic. Experience shows that it is somewhat unsafe for a public critic, after resigning his dreaded throne, to become an author. A crowd of penmen, remembering their discomfiture at his hands, and having, in turn, become critics, are ever seeking to repay him in kind. James Montgomery, Robert Southey, and other literary notabilities, have complained of the danger of wielding the two-edged sword. Various works by the writer of the "Azamoglan" are named in Sutton's "List of Lancashire Authors." Azamoglan is the name by which those children are distinguished who are taken from their Christian parents to be brought up for Janizaries.

THE TEMPLE GREEN.

(From "Bowling and Bowling Greens," 1876. The writer, Mr. Robert Wood, was born in the year 1807, at the village of Eastrington, near Howden, Yorkshire; but has mostly lived and pursued his business in the vicinity of Manchester.)

"On the Cheetham Hill Road there was formerly an old

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hostelry or roadside public-house, known as the Eagle and Child. This house was framed with timber, had projecting gables, and was altogether the picture of old age, and at last became so ruinous that about twenty-five years ago it had to be taken down and the present Temple Hotel was built in its place. To this house there was a bowling green attached from time immemorial, and was probably as old as the house itself, which by its appearance would be nearly three hundred years old.

It was on this green on the 17th day of August, 1819, that Samuel Bamford and a few coadjutors lunched off cold veal and ham, a part of what should have been their previous day's dinner, if they had not been so roughly handled and dispersed by the yeomanry at what was afterwards called the field of Peterloo. This green, however, has lost none of its popularity in its old age, and under the management of its present proprietor looks as fresh and young as ever. There is perhaps no other green in the neighbourhood of Manchester where so many prizes of useful and ornamental articles are bowled for during the season. These prizes are given chiefly by the subscribers themselves, or by the gentlemen visitors who go to spend a pleasant evening in watching the bowlers."

The weather-beaten, widely-known signboard of the Eagle and Child was long stored near Cheetham Hill village by the contractor who took it down when the simple roadside tavern was converted to a modern hotel; but a later telegram informs us that the pictorial sign finished its career in the village of Moston, as a field gate. An idea has been entertained of writing in a sympathetic spirit the story of this signboard, linked with its homely house of call, or travellers' resting-place, and not forgetting the surroundings of interest. But hitherto, like a luckless petition in Parliament, the matter has been allowed to lie upon the table without further progress being reported.

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THE SMEDLEY GREEN.

(From the same.)

"At Smedley Old Hall, in the township of Cheetham," continues Mr. Wood, "there is a curious old bowling green in connection with a series of terraces, well worth the attention of the archæologist and the antiquary. The place is believed to have been the original headquarters of the Chetham family, and there has perhaps been a Smedley Hall of some kind for the last eight hundred or a thousand years. It appears to me that the level ground now made into a garden was once used as a tilting ground, and the terraces were made for the spectators. The terraces are cut out of the hill side, three deep, and nearly two hundred yards long; near the centre of which is a still more elevated mound, projecting forward, and overlooking all the other terraces. This may have been constructed for the queen of beauty and her lady attendants, who could not only see everything going on upon the tilting ground and terraces, but would be ready to applaud and crown the victors.

At the end nearest the hall the top terrace has been cut back to make room for the bowling green, and continued so as to enclose it on two sides, so as to form an elevated platform for the friends of the family and visitors to occupy when watching the bowlers. But the age of chivalry is past; the level ground and the terraces are now made into an Italian garden, and the bowling green is chiefly used as a croquet ground. Everything gives way to progress."

To Mr. Wood's description of Smedley Old Hall may be added a few lines from a descendant of its original owners. Mr. Samuel Chetham, dating from Bedford, where he has lived and reasonably prospered during many years, thus incidentally writes:—"I have a curious old relic of the Chetham family. It is a brass javelin head, used when Humphrey was sheriff of the county. I think you would like to see it; I may bring it when next I come to Manchester. The estates left the family after the death of

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Samuel, of Smedley Hall, who died without issue, leaving two sisters. One married a Thomas Bland; the other, Samuel Clowes. I have a few left of a number of old papers connected with the births and deaths of the male heads of all branches of the family."

THE TIME TO PRAY.

By William Mort. (From "Trifles of Fancy.")

It was a summer's eve—the brilliant sun
Had slowly sunk beneath the horizon's edge,
And, like a glowing furnace, o'er the west
Did cast such splendour, one might almost think
'Twere some vast boundless mirror, reflecting back
A far-off world in flames.—That stream, which now
Doth ripple on so playfully before us,
Was dead and dry; the flowers upon its bank,
For lack of nourishment were drooping low,
And, ere the morning, withered—all was still,
Save now and then the sheep bell's tinkling sound,
Whose silver note did scare the savage wolf
From such sweet haunts of innocence and peace—
And as the night grew on, and the pale moon
Soar'd high amid the heavens, at times was heard
The sudden bark of some rough, wakeful mastiff,
As the lone sentry's tramp or challenge caught
His startled ear—but all was hush'd again,
And stillness settled calmly o'er the village,
As though each cot were hallowed, and 'twere sin
To ruffle ought so holy and serene.
'Twas just the hour when good men rise to pray—
For when soft sleep hath chased away the pain,
The toilsome pain, of business and of life,
And cast, as 'twere, a veil of kind oblivion
O'er all the thoughts that harass and fatigue
Our waking moments—when dreams of bliss,
And what life *ought* to be, have flitted past,
And given us an insight into happiness—

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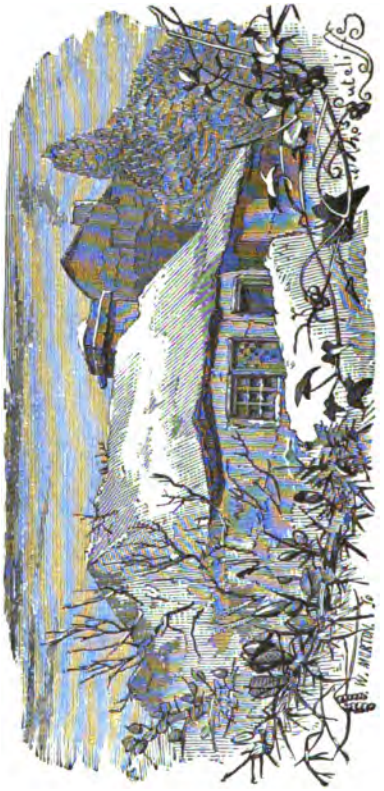

AN ENGLISH RUSTIC HOME.

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A glimpse of things immortal—then's the time
To pour the soul out in a prayer of faith,
And ask of Him who hath the power to grant,
Such bliss as mortals covet.

"If" writes Mr. Mort, in concluding his preface, "I have been guilty of a presumptuous vanity in considering the humble offspring of my muse worthy the patience of a perusal, the excuse I plead is, 'tis my earliest error of the kind; and, as STERNE says, 'I shall learn better as I go along.'

Green Heys, February, 1832." W. M.

A LIFE-HISTORY.

BY RICHARD SHELDON CHADWICK. (From "Working and Singing.")

I knew her when a simple child,
By butterflies and flowers beguiled;
With snowy frock and sash of blue,
Proud of her tiny crimson shoe.
I toss'd her up in frolic freak,
Her ringlets dancing on my cheek;
While on her face, so fresh and young,
The blushing bloom of beauty hung.

She grew in girlhood, pensive, fair;
Her look was like a silent prayer;
And newly-budding joys and dreams
Suffused her brow like morning's beams;
And in the heaven of her eyes
Her Spirit's snowy wings would rise,
Till all her paths were holy ground,
With loving faces smiling round.

But, ah! what change came o'er her soul,
What subtle fiend life's jewels stole?
The Eden of her heart laid waste,
The image God had made defaced?
In gauds she flaunted, and grew bold,
And coin'd her kisses into gold;

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And when at length she sigh'd and slept,
Her Guardian-angel watch'd and wept.

Ah! this was passion's bitter fruit,
Wild mirth with madness at its root;
With present pleasure, future fears,
A drop of bliss, a sea of tears.
Oh, Love! how fatal thine excess!
Oh, World! how slow art thou to bless!
Oh, Heart! thou art a fallen vine!
Oh, God! there is no love like thine!

I saw her when she dying lay,
Forsaken, friendless, cast away,
No mother's hand to raise her head,
One sinful sister by her bed;
No darling child her lips to press,
No kindred heart with kind caress;
And there upon the barren floor
Her last sad hours she counted o'er.

One morn I saw her funeral start;
The hearse seem'd rolling o'er my heart;
I follow'd it, and heard the bell
Toll o'er her grave a doleful knell;
I stood in silence by her bier,
And mingled many a sigh and tear:
Perchance her charms, beyond the tomb,
In more congenial climes would bloom.

'Tis said in ashes roses grow,
And flower-germs lie 'neath winter's snow;
That crystals strew the desert coast,
And nothing good was ever lost:
And so, 'mid earthly sins and stains,
Methinks some angel-part remains.

Mr. Sheldon Chadwick, born at the village of Marple, Cheshire, has been a liberal contributor to periodical literature, provincial and metropolitan. During his boy-

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hood the family removed from his birthplace to Manchester, where his father, Mr. Jeremiah Chadwick, has been an active town missionary nearly forty years. Sheldon's volume, the "Paradise of Passion and other Poems," was published by the late Mr. David Bogue in 1856; and two years later his "Poems of Life" issued from the establishment of Messrs. Routledge. A revised and enlarged edition, entitled "Singing and Working," appeared in 1875, the book being dedicated to the author's father, whose occupation, whilst at Marple, was that of lodge-keeper at a cotton mill. Several years in business in this town, Sheldon afterwards lectured in various parts of the Kingdom, his adventures by the way finding plaintive record in his poems. One note tells of the burial of the wife of a strolling player, at Hawick, on the border of Scotland, in 1854. "The public" moralizes the author, "little know the refinement of feeling and unmerited deprivations of many of those 'pilgrims' and 'strangers' who divert them with their harmless and unpretending performances." Another episode of life bears reference to a wanderer's infant dying in the snow. "And when" concludes the bard, after narrating this incident in verse, "when I've a pound to spare, and bright are the summer skies, I will take my children there, to see where their brother lies." During a lengthened period Mr. Chadwick has been a dweller in London.

With two small volumes issued here anonymously the reader may be tempted to linger to the extent of a brief quotation. As the slender disguise at first preferred by the writer of each *brochure* has since been gradually removed, the authorship, no longer confidential, may now be acknowledged without reserve.

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LOVE AND DECLINE.

By Calmar. (From "Love's Bridal Victim," 1842.)

She knew that she was dying;—that her hour
Of parting was not far. She knew her cheek,
Since she had chosen sorrow for her dower,
Grew pale and death-like;—that her pulse grew weak,
And faint, and fluttering;—that life's bleak,
Cold winter had set in. She felt the blast
Which rose to crush her, and at times a streak
Of curious lustre lit her eye, then pass'd,
And left a shadow'd beauty lovelier than the last.

There came a bloom, which pass'd and came no more.
In wonderings lost, he would in whispers say
Some murmur'd words of fondness, leaning o'er
The form he loved. He knew that in decay
That flower would soon for ever pass away.
Life will not last. The loving and the fair
Must perish early: though the heartless may
Outlive each sorrow and escape each snare,
The loved—the loving sink the first beneath despair.

Great God! It was to him a fearful scene
To mark her spirit take its heavenward flight,—
To gaze on Beauty's ruin, so serene,—
To see within her eye, so lately bright,
A film come o'er its beauty, 'till the night,—
The starless stillness of Death's deepening shade
Came like a twilight o'er its closing sight.
She loved,—she died. Life's brilliant tints decay'd.
Death waves his banners o'er the ruin he hath made.

Mr. Calmar F. G. Brookes (born in this town in the year 1820) has exercised his pen in prose as well as in verse. A short record of his productions appears in Mr. Sutton's "List of Lancashire Authors."

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YEARNINGS.

By Thomas Smelt. (From the "Poet's Dream," 1853.)

"When I was a poor plough-boy, I had not these misgivings; then the bright mornings were a pleasure, and full of hope—the evenings a joy, full of happiness, and my life was one of simplicity and merry toil; but now, there is a wild throb in my heart which makes it more keenly alive, as though there was something ever prompting it onwards, through a chaos of imagination, to great achievements that should lift me above the world: once everything was simple and plain; now all is symbolic and full of meaning—old ways and old songs were then full of pleasure; but now, I would seek a fresh path and make a new song, and a voice within is ever leading me."

Mr. Smelt's first publication was the "Brothers," a five-act play, performed at the Theatre Royal, Fountain Street, on the 20th and 28th of December 1843. During the same year the "Brothers," printed by Joseph Pratt, was issued by Simms and Dinham. The youthful dramatist, dating from Salford, explained in his advertisement that his original design did not include the printing or acting of his play, until persuaded thereto by Mr. Charles Pitt, tragedian, who had read the manuscript approvingly. Several comedies have since emanated from the same source—the "Maiden Sisters," the "Two Lords," the "Magpie and Thimble," (performed with great success in London), and, lastly, "J. P.," published in 1878.

THE HERMIT OF KERSALL CELL.

By John Leigh. (From "Sir Percy Legh, a Legend of Lyme, and other Ballads," 1862.)

Sir Hugh le Biron of Clayton Hall, near Manchester, after having served the King in his French wars, returned home and became a monk and the Hermit of Kersall Cell, for the main-

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tenance of which cell he made considerable grants. It was attached to the Priory of Lenton in Nottinghamshire. Some remains of Clayton Hall, surrounded by the ancient moat, are yet extant on the Ashton Road. The old bell-turret, surmounting what appears to be the oldest part of the hall, is very picturesque. Of Kersall Cell nothing is left. It is probable that the very interesting and ancient seat of Miss Atherton, one of the fine timbered houses for which Lancashire and Cheshire were once celebrated, and still called Kersall Cell, occupies the site of the older ecclesiastical structure.

A gallant knight he sallied forth,
And none more proud than he,
And the hall of Clayton rang with mirth
And shouts of revelrie.

"Down with the bridge," the knight he cried;
"Up with the portcullis," he said;
Sir Hugo le Biron prick'd his steed,
And from Clayton he gaily sped.

And there were with him of lances a score,
And twenty archers good.
"Ah, ah!" said the knight, "who would not be
Of merrie English blood?"

But who is she who sits in her bower,
Watching the cavalcade?
'Tis the ladye of Clayton, Sir Hugo's bride,
"Ah! woe is me," she say'd.

And many a year there passéd o'er,
Sir Hugo he came not again,
And ever that ladye she wept full sore
As she thought of her true knight slain.

They yield, they run, the field is won,
And shouts now rend the air;
The English hotly press their foes,
The French fly in despair.

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Yet one there is in that proud host
No shout of joy can hear;
No smile that warrior's lips hath cross'd
For many a weary year.

His sword is deeply dyed with gore
His shatter'd lance lies near;
Stern and sad is that warrior's mien,
And his heart is lone and sear.

No gladness to him doth victory bring,
His soul is sore opprest,
Sir Hugh le Biron looks coldly on,
And fain would be at rest.

There lieth a weight on his guilty soul
No penance can move away,
And he ever is found in the deadliest fight,
And eke in the hottest fray.

The wild, wild shriek of that maddening hour
Still ringeth oft in his ear,
And he shuddereth now as it sweeps on the gale,
And his face is blanched with fear.

No human foe doth Sir Hugo dread,
No sound of the fiercest blast;
Save when it sighs o'er the field of the dead
The wail of a crime long past.

Sir Hugo he turneth his steed away,
He seeketh no flying foe,
Death had he braved in the battle's van,
Then e'en let the vanquish'd go.

He seeketh the shore, where once from his bark
He had landed blithe and gay,
But now he returneth a careworn man
To guilt and remorse a prey.

And over the ocean again he sped,
Back to the land of his birth,

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Resolv'd from his home no more to roam,
But to dwell by his ancient hearth.

Sir Hugo to Clayton hath hasten'd on,
And lighter hath felt his heart,
When a muffled knell from the turret bell
Hath caused the knight to start.

And issuing forth from out the gate,
A train came slowly on;
A sable pall on a coffin thrown
Bore his own escutcheon.

"Who is it ye bring?" said the trembling knight
As he near'd the sad array;
"'Tis the ladye of Clayton," a mourner said,
"Who pined for her lord away."

"And who art thou, thou way-worn knight,
That rideth here all alone?
Why come ye to Clayton this doleful day?
Why look ye so sad and lone?"

Sir Hugh le Biron fell from his steed,
For deadly faint he felt;
"Why, who is this?" said the wondering host,
As over the knight they knelt.

"Oh! I am your lord," Sir Hugo he said,
"Bear me within," cried the knight;
"Alas that ever I saw this day,
Or met this dismal sight."

To Kersall Cell the knight he fled,
And a hermit lone was he;
And he sought by prayer to expiate
The deeds of his chivalrie.

A hermit lone that knight was he
In Kersall whereto he fled,
And many a year of sorrow was pass'd
Ere he slept with the dead.

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Mr. Leigh, author of the foregoing palatine legend, was born at Foxdenton Hall, near Oldham, June 8th, 1813. In the year 1868 he was appointed medical officer of health for the city of Manchester, which office he still retains. In his official capacity perchance Dr. Leigh has been enabled to keep a merciful watch over "the old house at home."

With a few recollections of an author whose name has already passed into oblivion, this record of the Poets' Corner and its associations may fairly be brought to a close.

A FORGOTTEN LOCAL BARD.

"Who can wring
A healing balsam from the dregs of care,
And turn to auburn curls the soul's grey hair?"
EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Old diaries, such as now lie before us, suggesting this literary remembrance, partake much of the nature of old letters: in each are treasured the faded records of years long past; and we cannot turn over their leaves without being conscious of a "mournful rustling." Lord Byron, in a familiar letter to a friend, advised every young person to keep a journal; so we, in our youth, kept a journal accordingly. To be filled in due course, and laid aside—and afterwards, at uncertain intervals, to be hastily glanced over, or more thoughtfully re-perused—is the usual fate of such manuscripts. On referring, the other day, to one of these parodies on Pepys, our attention was drawn to a short critical notice of a local volume, and we could not help smiling at the self-sufficiency which the juvenile criticism displayed. We should hesitate to turn reviewer

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now, in our autumn maturity; but youth is the most confident of critics, although, not having found his natural level, he is a builder without a plumb. Suppose we permit the young diarist to show his critical dexterity, as thus:—"November, 1836. Read the 'Odes, Reflective and Historical, by Richard Porter Hewitt.' The author has taken Collins as his model, and studied him somewhat too closely. Mr. Hewitt (as his preface affirms) considers obscurity akin to sublimity; and has, in consequence, marred his poems with vague ideas, and with words of "learned length." By thus aiming at the unattainable, he of course missed his aim. A study of the writings of Goldsmith, Bloomfield, and Clare would have shown him that there is a native charm in simplicity which will always please. Yet, there are several excellent pieces in the volume, especially the 'Midnight Hour;' and I regret that oblivion should so soon have cast a deepening shade over Mr. Hewitt's productions."

MIDNIGHT HOUR.

Whilst mortals rest their weary heads,
The moon her mild effulgence sheds,
With silver tips each distant tower,
And silent is the midnight hour.

Oh, cold pale orb, beneath whose view
How many drink the cup of rue!
How many grief-worn accents pour
Their sorrows to the midnight hour!

Now hoary autumn's leaf-strewn plain
Again announces winter's reign;
Once more the youthful year is past,
With deeds to utter darkness cast.

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Vain creature of a summer's day!
Man's generations pass away
Like leaves of the autumnal morn,
Or grain bėneath the sickle shorn.

Then snatch, as brief as fleeting breath,
Each pleasure from the jaws of death;
As some sweet pipe, deep in the bower,
Breaks softly on the midnight hour.

Enough of pain for life to bear;—
Enough of bliss for death to dare;—
With manly resignation wait
The final hour assign'd by Fate.

The Odes, of which the foregoing is a favourable specimen, were printed at Manchester, in 1831, by Hampson and Hadfield. In reference to these poems, the Author's preface contains a novel idea worth remembering:—"Whatever they are," he observes, "I do not speak of their excellence, for other men may write much better, but not exactly the same: we are linked to our identity as to existence." In 1842, the same writer issued from the office of Simpson and Gillett, a small volume entitled "Satires, Rhapsodical, on Aristocracy," under the assumed name of Caius Marcus. Dr. Cooke Taylor, giving a brief notice of this book in the *North of England Magazine*, pronounced it a remarkable instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; adding—"This little production is, we understand, from the pen of a man who works hard for a living, and yet finds a few moments occasionally to 'associate with the Nine.' Many scraps have been written on bits of wood, in the place of paper."

It was about this time that Mr. Hewitt commenced calling at our place of business, mostly during his dinner

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hour, being engaged in the neighbourhood at his trade as a cabinet maker. Although born in, or near, the city of Chester, he had been a dweller in Manchester since his youth. At the date of our acquaintance, Richard Porter Hewitt was a quiet, homely man, usually taciturn in speech, and reserved in manner. The non-success of his two poetical ventures was scarcely calculated to clear the air of the isolation and disappointment which seemed to surround him. Nevertheless, he had enjoyed, like others, his early dream of bliss, as we gathered in his communicative moments. His youthful friends—right kindred spirits—were well nigh as numerous as blackberries on an autumn bush. His home once possessed a look and a feeling of comfort which he had latterly missed, and for which he had vainly sighed. Those early years and scenes (recalled, as he said, with a grateful memory) were well worth living over again. He looked back to them with longing eyes; as a traveller looks back towards the well in the wilderness, when he has wandered far into the arid sands. It seemed that some of Mr. Hewitt's friends had emigrated to distant regions, while the remainder had dropped, one by one, into the dust, until, like the Flowers of the Forest, they were "a' wede away;" and it was not in his nature to adopt the advice of Sir Walter Scott, by forming new friendships to replace the old.

Finally, his reason wandered beyond the boundary fixed by his more fortunate fellows, and he paid the penalty of his eccentricity by incarceration in the County Asylum. There (like John Clare, more recently, at Northampton), he was buried alive, virtually, during two or three years—became utterly forgotten by the busy world without—and

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then died. Hard fate—when life and death become so nearly alike as to be barely distinguishable.

Anxious that our facts and dates should be placed beyond question, we recently addressed a line of inquiry to the present Governor of the Asylum, and his courteous reply is appended:—

County Asylum, Lancaster, Oct. 28, 1872.

Sir,—I find from our books that Richard Hewitt, aged 50, cabinet maker, was admitted from Manchester, June 7, 1845, and died in this institution on September 1, 1847.

P.S.—The Christian name, Porter, is not found in the order of admission.

Mr. Hewitt's character was thus summed-up in the obituary notice of the *Manchester Guardian*: "He was invariably sober and industrious, and strictly conscientious." His age, at the time of his decease, was stated in the newspaper to be fifty-seven, which we believe correct.

The mental gifts of Richard Porter Hewitt were not rare; he lacked the power to clothe his weird thoughts in electrical language. Yet even had he possessed that envied attribute of genius, the result might be much the same. His existence was the veriest game of cross-purpose; the mind and its surroundings being seldom in harmony.

Of course Mr. Hewitt was a day-dreamer, and the day-dreamer, like Dogberry, has been written down as unwise. Such airy excursions are denounced by practical men. But the bard did not exchange an ancestral hall for a castle built in the clouds. When he had no immediate purpose except to sorrow, and wished to kill Time for pressing too heavily upon him, a cheap pleasure trip aloft

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seemed advisable. If he then sought refuge with the fairy queen from the aching void which embittered his existence, should the visionary be blamed? He simply formed an inner world, when the outer failed.

One May-day—how many Mays ago?—when Lancaster was holding its annual Cheese Fair within the shadow of John O'Gaunt's tower, we chanced to visit the county town on business. As we tarried over a week, a few novelties were encountered that are still agreeably remembered. From the castle terrace, in clear weather, was just discernible Roby's "Peel of Fouldrey;" while in the dewy mornings, by the Lune side, we saw more skylarks on the wing than ever gladdened our eyes, or our ears, before or since. But our attention was oftener won to St. Mary's elevated, breezy churchyard, to read by piecemeal the numerous epitaphs strewed around, in the vain hope of discovering Mr. Hewitt's inscription. Die when or where he may, of a grave the poorest pilgrim is almost certain, thanks to the various nuisance committees and to officers of health in general; but an epitaph is a luxury not always accorded to the defunct. Possibly, we ought to have remembered that lettered stones are not designed for penniless bards, more especially when they have endured the crowning misfortune of dying deranged. Although such instances of bardic neglect are common enough, they have sometimes slightly pained us.

As no opportunity occurred of strewing a votive flower on the forgotten mound of our rhyming acquaintance, we thus tardily devote our pen to his faded memory.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME EPITAPHS OF EDITORS.

"The brave and the learn'd, the good and the wise,
All come to the same simple close of *Here Lies.*"

ANON.

AUTHORS and reviewers, seldom far apart in the literary arena, came naturally together at the Sun Inn. More than one "gentleman of the press" attended the quarterly gatherings, giving frequent and friendly notices thereof in his weekly or bi-weekly journal —Manchester daily newspapers being then unborn. Such courtesies may now be repaid in kind, though more pensively. The few epitaphs subjoined will nearly complete our list of tombstone inscriptions relating to local editors—which list, beginning in the previous volume with the earliest available record, here closes with the current date.

True, almost to triteness, is the assertion that players go down to posterity at a disadvantage. Authors may live in their books, painters in their pictures, sculptors in bronze or marble; but players meet posterity empty-handed, their works do not follow them, being limited to contemporary remembrance, which is too fleeting for Fame. In this light, and to such extent, do not newspaper editors stand in a parallel line with the Keans and the Kembles of the stage? Of course journalists may be said to survive in

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their journals, and admiring friends can justly point to long files of celebrated newspapers, crediting the editors with all the bright leading articles contained therein. But as those articles—albeit sufficient for literary fame—are nameless, unmarked even by initials, posterity will be apt to revise the friendly claims, and ask for the proofs which official secresy withholds. Further, it is the fate of all newspapers, daily or weekly, that each sheet must bury its predecessor—the latest intelligence being all-in-all to the political quidnuncs. So when an editor complacently files the journal containing his leader of to-day upon his leader of yesterday, he virtually lays a turf upon a dear forgotten friend. And this fact leads fittingly to the tombstone inscriptions,—the simple stories of birth and burial,—dutifully gathered and here arranged.

The cemetery at Rusholme Road—opened to the public in the year 1822—contains several mementoes of editorial interest: the first near the centre of the ground, being the following:—

Beneath this Stone
lie the remains of AMY, infant daughter
of John and Mary Harland, who died June
26th, 1844, aged 10 months. Also those of
MARY, wife of the said John Harland,
who died Oct. 2nd, 1849, aged 44 years.
Living in love, she died in faith and hope.
MARY, widow of John Harland, senr., and
mother of the above John Harland, who
died March 11th, 1852, aged 80 years.
JOHN HARLAND, F.S.A. Born at Hull, May
27th, 1806, died at Manchester, April 23rd, 1868.
"And in every work that he began, he did it
with all his heart."—II. Chronicles, xxxi., 21.

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An appreciative memoir of Mr. Harland, written by his literary coadjutor, the late Alderman Wilkinson, of Burnley, and accompanied by a life-like portrait, is prefixed to the volume of "Lancashire Legends." In the newspapers, likewise, were published regretful notices of Mr. Harland's decease; their just conclusions being to the effect that the students of local history had good reason to cherish the memory of an antiquarian writer who had done so much to lighten the labours of his successors. He was mainly instrumental, in the columns of the *Guardian* during the year 1841, in introducing Critchley Prince and his poems to the literary world. "To one highly-gifted member of the Press," writes the poet in the preface to his second edition, "Mr. John Harland, he is especially indebted, as it is owing to that gentleman's eloquent advocacy, that the author has enjoyed so large a portion of public favour; and without which kind interference he feels that he might have remained uncared for and unknown."

Proceeding onward toward the right-hand corner of the cemetery, another well-known name arrests the attention of the searcher.

In Memory of
ARCHIBALD PRENTICE. Born November
17th 1792; died December 24th 1857.
ARCHIBALD, son of Archibald and
Jane Prentice, who died March 4th
1822, aged 7 months. JANE THOMPSON
PRENTICE, daughter of Archibald and
Jane Prentice, born May 29th 1820:
died September 6th 1835. "Blessed
are the dead which die in the Lord."

This gentleman's ample experience as an author, a politician, and a journalist will be found fully detailed in the

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autobiographical works emanating from his pen. The earliest of his books was the life of his kinsman, Alexander Reid, a Scottish Covenanter.

It may be briefly stated that Mr. Prentice was the son of a Lanarkshire farmer, and during his minority he entered a Glasgow muslin warehouse. After two or three years passed on the road, with samples and saddle-bags, as rider-out for the same firm, he came to Manchester in the Waterloo year, as their agent. Passing over many years of his active political life in this town, his voyage to America, in the spring of 1848, may next be noticed. "It had been an arrangement," quoting from the preface to his "Tour in the United States," "between Mr. John Brooks and myself, after the termination of the long struggle for free trade in corn, in which, as members of the Council of the Anti-Corn-Law League, from its commencement to its close, we had both taken an active, and rather an exhausting part, that we should seek some relaxation in a journey somewhere; and a pretty long voyage, for the benefit of his health, having been recommended to Mr. Brooks, we resolved to see the magnificent scenery of the United States, and to observe the working of democratic institutions in the great republic. I had long desired to visit America in preference to the old states of continental Europe, not only because I had relatives there, but that I regarded the country as destined to contain the most numerous branch of the Anglo-Saxon family; and my pursuits in life had given me more interest in the prospects of mankind than in their past history." A few years prior to his decease, an annuity of about a hundred pounds was secured to Mr. Prentice, who was also appointed to a

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situation in the gas office. His last illness, paralysis, was short; and he died without much suffering. The widow of Mr. Prentice survived him fully twenty years; she died at Overshiel House, Midcalder, North Britain, on the 13th of January, 1878, in her eighty-first year.

Returning to the grave of Mr. Prentice, and moving along the same lettered pathway in the cemetery, another stone, covering a family vault, may be recognised by the familiar names engraved thereon:—

In Memory of
SOPHIA RUSSELL TAYLOR, Wife of John
Edward Taylor, who died April 29th
1832, aged 38 years. JOHN EDWARD
their second son, born August 19th
1828; died Feby. 22nd 1829. JOHN
EDWARD TAYLOR, Esqr. died January
6th 1844, aged 52 years. HARRIET
ACLAND, widow of the above John
Edward Taylor, died August 2nd
1845, aged 43 years. RUSSELL SCOTT
TAYLOR, son of the above John Ed-
ward and Sophia Russell Taylor,
died September 15th 1848, aged 23
years. EMILY ACLAND, daughter
of Russell Scott and Emily Ma-
ria Taylor, died Jany. 11th 1849,
aged 8 months.

Biographical notices of Mr. Taylor, and of his early-lost son Russell Scott, appear in the "Manchester Historical Recorder," and in various other sources.

Mr. Joseph Aston, in one of the later numbers of his *Exchange Herald*, observed that the days of easy jog-trot editorship were past. Formerly, as he quaintly asserted, the editor of a provincial newspaper had little more to do

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than the keeper of a public oven, to which provisions of every kind are brought ready for insertion. Nothing was expected from his own culinary powers, a careful arrangement sufficing. "But now," concluded Mr. Aston, somewhat regretfully, "a proof of the skill of the master of the literary oven is expected every week . . . either to roast a Whig, barbicue a Tory, stew a Radical, bake a Spanish pie, or boil a German pudding,"—or, he might have added, stretch an author or an artist upon the rack. At the present writing, such feats of literary and political legerdemain are expected and performed daily. No modern editor feels at liberty to omit from his columns the current news and insert an apology instead, as was once complacently done by the conductor of a London defunct newspaper, the *Old Whig*. Mr. Aston's characteristic remarks were penned at the period when Mr. John Edward Taylor made his advent as an editor, and when the *Manchester Guardian* had its origin. By general admission Mr. Taylor led the van (so far as this district was concerned) in the new, improved style of writing intelligence, with appropriate comments thereon, for the commercial autocrats of the surrounding breakfast tables.

When, on the 5th of May, 1871, the *Guardian* attained its fiftieth birthday, the first number—a curiosity in its way—was re-issued to a new race of readers as a jubilee present, and the new editor, in a retrospective leader, drew a striking picture of newspaper progress. Conspicuous in number one were illustrated advertisements, which have long ago been discarded by the leading journals, though yet inserted in country newspapers. One paragraph in the prospectus heralding the appearance of the *Guardian*,

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although half a century old, is worthy of remembrance by all writers for the press:—"Whilst" said the projectors, "they will exercise the right of spirited and vigorous animadversion upon public questions, and boldly expose public delinquencies, they will sedulously avoid all tendency to private slander; and endeavour to prevent the best prerogatives and most important duties of the press from degenerating into calumny and abuse."

Leaving the resting-place of Mr. Taylor, and slowly threading the way towards the gate of the cemetery at Rusholme Road, may be noticed the family grave, thus lettered, of his active business partner:—

In Memory of
MARY ANN, wife of Jeremiah Garnett,
died Novr. 24th 1829, aged 34 years.
HENRY GARNETT, died March 4th 1825, aged
two years and 3 months. ISABELLA ELIZA-
BETH, infant daughter of Jeremiah and
Isabella Garnett, died May 24th 1832. MA-
RIA HOPKINS, sister of the above Mary Ann
Garnett, died March 20th 1847, aged
64 years. ISABELLA, wife of Jeremiah
Garnett, died 29th March 1854, aged
53 years.

The remains of Mr. Garnett himself lie interred in the beautiful new cemetery, at Brooklands, where a low dark tomb is thus briefly inscribed:—

In Loving Remembrance
of JEREMIAH GARNETT, of Manchester.
Died 27th September 1870, aged
76 years.

Mr. Garnett, who died at Sale, of natural decay, formed

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the last surviving link between the present management of the *Manchester Guardian* and the distant era of its establishment. Quitting his birthplace, Wharfside, Otley, where his father was a paper manufacturer, he came to this town in 1814 or 1815, and formed his first connection with the newspaper world by entering the office of *Wheeler's Chronicle.* There he chiefly remained until the foundation of the *Guardian*, when he undertook the business department of the new journal, and during forty years was one of its principal proprietors. In 1861 he retired from public life, leaving the active duties of his office in the hands of younger conductors. Of Mr. Garnett the observation has been made in a biographical summary, that his homely ways,—the social improvements in which he took an interest,—the literature he cultivated,—and even his devotion to Izaak Walton's favourite amusement, were all characteristic of the old editor. Essentially local in his predilections, he found an untiring and congenial aider in Mr. Harland.

At Ringley, a retired chapelry situated on the bank of the Irwell, near Kearsley Moor, are various memorials of interest. Upon the base of a cross, placed at the head of a tomb guarded by a dwarf iron rail, appears the subjoined inscription to a well-known member of the bar and of the press:—

> In Memory of
> ROBERT SCARR SOWLER, Q.C. at rest
> in Christ April 23rd 1871, aged 55
> years. "Blessed are the dead which
> die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit,
> that they may rest from their labours;
> and their works do follow them."

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This cross was placed here August
2nd 1872, by Frances Sowler—his wife.
"And God shall wipe away all tears from
their eyes; and there shall be no more
death; neither sorrow, nor crying; nei-
ther shall there be any more pain;
for the former things are passed
away."

Upon the upper surface of the tomb is chiselled—

In Memory of
ANN SOWLER, who died at Clarkshill,
Stand, on the XXIInd of April MDCCCLX,
in the LXXXth year of her age. Daughter
of Stephen Jenner, Esq. resident near Hails-
ham, Sussex. She was relict of George
Sowler, Esq. surgeon, a practitioner
in London for L years; and after-
wards a resident at St. Leonard's
-on-Sea, Sussex; where he died on
the XVIth of August MDCCCLV, aged
LXXXVII, and was interred in a vault
at the north-east end of All Saints'
Churchyard, Hastings.

A tablet affixed in the choir of St. Saviour's Church, or Chapel, Ringley, bears a further record:—

The foundation of this Church,
in lieu of the Old Chapel which
stood closely adjacent to the
high road which spans the river,
was laid on the 19th day of Sep-
tember, A.D. 1850, by R. S. Sowler,
barrister-at-law, senior church-
warden: when an iron plate box
containing documents, &c. was

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placed in a cavity of the wall,
4 feet below this plate.

J. R. LYON, M.A. Incumbent.
THOMAS RAMSBOTHAM, M.A. } Curates.
EDWARD FELLOWS, B.A. }
ROBERT SCARR SOWLER, } Church-
JAMES PEARSON FLETCHER, } wardens.

The new church was consecrated by Bishop Lee in June, 1854. The tower of the old chapel, found serviceable on account of its clock and belfry, is still retained—its singular, isolated look notwithstanding.

At Ringley were seen stoneless graves that might please painter or poet, — mounds covered with flowers — each simple annal being indicated by a printed mourning card, placed under a small square of glass, or, in more ambitious instances, upon a wreath of *immortelle* protected by a glass shade: the whole showing a change of taste in the decoration of graves, which substitutes the florist and the printer instead of the time-honoured stonecutter. Other epitaphs, characteristic of the neighbourhood, told how the sleepers were killed by explosions in the collieries at Kearsley or Clifton, or drowned at Lady-Shore by the inundation of the river Irwell. The graveyard, gemmed with buttercups, was surrounded by flourishing trees, which in turn were environed by rusticated cottages, farmsteads, corn sheaves, and a belt of verdant upland. There, too, the wild bee was humming in its glory, and the butterfly seemed ever at home.

The *Manchester Courier*, with which Mr. Sowler was intimately connected, began on Saturday, January 1, 1825. It was originally announced to be issued every Thursday. A few lines from the address contained in number one will

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indicate the spirit and purpose with which the newspaper was started:—"It is, in these days, not sufficient for a public writer that he is passively respectable; he must make himself actively useful in defending the principles of which he declares himself the guardian and advocate, if he would wish to obtain the confidence, and merit the approbation of the public. . . They have been fortunate enough to obtain the co-operation of several gentlemen advantageously known to the literary world; and, with such aid, they hope to increase, very materially, the interest and variety of their pages. In the absence of more important matter, the *Manchester Courier* will therefore devote a certain portion of its columns to Science, Belles Lettres, and the Fine Arts." The latter statement was substantiated by the insertion, in the opening number, of two original poems, "The Lovers' Last Meeting," by T. K. Hervey, and an "Address to the New Year," by M. J. J. (Miss Jewsbury). When fifty years old, the first number of the *Courier* was reprinted and circulated, as the *Guardian* had previously been, to celebrate its Jubilee.

Other tombstone inscriptions of a similar character to the foregoing might, if obtainable, be inserted in this chapter, but at present they are beyond our reach. They would bear reference to Mr. John Vint, sometime editor of the *Mercury* and of the *British Volunteer*, who died at Douglas, in March, 1814, in his sixtieth year, and rests, presumably, in the Isle of Man;—Mr. Alaric Alexander Watts and Mr. Thomas Kibble Hervey, both associated with the *Courier* at the beginning of its career;—and Mr. Thomas Ballantyne, formerly connected with the *Examiner*. The last-named gentleman died in London,

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August 30th 1871, aged sixty-five years; Mr. Watts, at the age of sixty-seven, died at Kensington, April 5th, 1864; and Mr. Hervey in February, 1859, breathed his last at Kentish Town: he was interred in Highgate cemetery. Finally, we would name Mr. John Wheeler, who removed with his family many years ago to London, where he died, and was buried at Surbiton, in Surrey. To him was thus dedicated the novel of "William Langshaw, the Cotton Lord," by Mrs. Stone, in the year 1842:—"To John Wheeler, esquire, late proprietor of the *Manchester Chronicle*, whose arduous career as a public journalist, continued through a long course of years, and during many troublous times, was invariably distinguished by integrity, talent, and courtesy, this work is inscribed by his daughter."

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE WATER-WAY.

NOTWITHSTANDING that many exciting events have been witnessed in the streets of the city, a more absorbing interest clings to the river Irwell—our principal water-way. Of the three streams embracing Manchester, neither the Irk nor the Medlock present any historic features calling for illustration here. But the Irwell—from its source, a spring called the Ere Well, near the head of the Forest of Rossendale, to its junction with the tidal Mersey, near lower Irlam—is marked by many painful adventures, and has been the scene of much personal heroism. Three pathetic episodes pertaining thereto deserve faithful record and attentive perusal. They long yielded excitement throughout this district; and still remain themes of interest and of occasional argument. The earliest of the three events may be termed—

THE MANCHESTER OPHELIA.

"The lovely young Lavinia once had friends."

THOMSON.

The close of 1813 and the opening of the succeeding year were remarkable for intense coldness. If we broach the subject enquiringly to any of our city elders, their

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failing eyes become bright and their tongues grow loquacious with newly-awakened interest. They will tell us confidingly that the great frost (extending over thirteen weeks,) of their youth was heralded by a fog so dense that it might be felt,—so thick that it could well-nigh be cut with a knife. Driven astray in the darkness, coaches were overturned; collisions became general; and the greatest bewilderment prevailed. On the departure of the fog, the country was covered by heavier falls of snow than had been seen within the range of living memories; while the death-rate rose to a height unequalled in England, except during the ravages of the plague or the cholera. Many painful incidents are vouchsafed to us by way of illustration. Certain British soldiers marched from their barracks to a distant seaport for the purpose of embarking for foreign service; and certain wives and children, as in love and duty bound, marched with them. When the sad parting was over, and the transport ships had sailed, the women and children began to retrace their steps, but before reaching the end of their homeward journey they were frozen to death and buried in the snow—a spotless, beautiful, yet fatal monument rising high above them. Not always is the wind tempered to the shorn lamb. In like manner, a young recruit, belonging to the Royal Train of Artillery, on his route from Stockport to Woolwich, perished in the storm at Norbury-lane-end. His sweetheart, who thus far had kept pace with her soldier laddie, sank when he sank, dying in his arms.

To crown all, and as a closing illustration of the inclement season of which we treat, a Frost Fair was held during an entire week on the tidal waters of the river

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Thames. Fires were made upon the ice, at which small sheep were roasted, and sold as Lapland mutton, at a shilling the slice. The mind, also, was duly represented at that singular gathering. Eight or ten printing presses were kept at work on the slippery surface. Copies of verses celebrating the advent of Frost Fair were thus produced in abundance, being bought as curiosities by the visitors. When at length the ice suddenly thawed large masses—river icebergs—floated violently down the stream, to the detriment and danger of barges and bridges; while the subsequent high flood, with its wide-spread overflowings, was strikingly impressive.

But the Thames, father of English rivers though it be, is merely, as regards our subject-matter, a minor tributary, and must now give place to a provincial stream, to wit, the Irwell, which is linked inseparably with the fate and memory of our unfortunate heroine, Lavinia Robinson.

The true story of this young lady is brief and touching. She was the Manchester Ophelia—the love-lorn and the drowned. But in this general resemblance to the Danish maiden we must not include the sweet bewilderment, the strange snatches of song, or the romantic conceits. *Our* Ophelia wore her rue with a difference, retaining her reason as long as she retained life. Still, though she declined to scatter rose-mary or distribute pansies (as they were strewed at Elsinore), she left behind her no lack of remembrance, no dearth of pensive thought. In each instance,—with Lavinia as with Ophelia,—the heart-song was "Bonnie sweet Robin is all my joy," and there was no living without him.

Of Lavinia's early days scarcely any record is preserved,

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save that she was one of the many children of William and Frances Robinson, of Bridge Street, Manchester, and erst of the (South) Clock-house estate, Droylsden. At the latter place Lavinia is said to have busied her young fingers—conjointly with her sisters—in decorating the volunteers of the village with ribbons and rosettes, when our island was threatened with invasion by Bonaparte. She was partly educated at the Moravian boarding school, Fairfield.* At the age of twelve she lost her mother; five years later her father (by trade a wire worker,) also died, leaving six daughters and three sons. The family continued to dwell in their home in Bridge Street, which they converted to a seminary; an occupation well suited to Lavinia's superior mind and previous pursuits. A quiet attentive schoolmistress she remained until the advent of her twenty-first year, when her tranquility was abruptly disturbed. On the morning of the 17th of December, 1813, she suddenly emerged from the obscurity of private life to become the object of painful notoriety. Within a month of that date she was to be united to a young surgeon living in the same street. So we might almost fancy Lavinia carolling the milkmaid's country song—

"A Tuesday morn 'twill be all my care
To powder my locks and curl up my hair,
And two pretty maids to wait on me there;
Sing I shall be marry'd a Tuesday."

Yet the trite adage of "Many a slip 'twixt the cup and

*For several items of information at this point of the narrative we are indebted to the late Mr. John Higson, of Droylsden—a worthy gentleman and conscientious writer, whose useful contributions to local literature have not, as yet, been fully appreciated.

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the lip," was once more exemplified, and the snow-white favours were speedily exchanged for sables.

It is related in print—although the fact does not appear in the formal details of evidence—that a rejected suitor lingered in the vicinity of the bride elect, refusing to accept his dismissal at her gentle hands. Rendered desperate by the knowledge of her approaching marriage, he sought, or rather enforced, a final interview. Notwithstanding that this last appeal proved as fruitless as his previous efforts,—as hopeless as the heart-felt pleading so effectively pictured by Frank Stone,—yet the interview chanced to attract the attention of the favoured lover, and, being misconstrued, aroused his jealousy. At his customary evening visit to Lavinia's home a stormy altercation ensued. Afterward changing the scene of dispute, the young couple quitted the seminary for the street, sharp words still rising on the sharper air, as they slowly pursued their way over the neighbouring bridge toward the New Bailey. There the lovers' quarrel culminated: according to the evidence of a passer-by, Lavinia was struck, and fell. After vainly asking him to believe her truthful words, she placed her arm around his neck, while bidding him farewell. At their final separation which quickly followed there was no witness present to give impartial evidence. The lover's version of the parting scene was, that he left Lavinia near the prison, and went back to his residence, expecting she would make the best of her way to her own home. In her home, however, she was nevermore seen, until carried there lifeless, after a lengthened interval. It can only be surmised from the context that, finding herself deserted, she paced moodily

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to the river's brink, or rushed into its dark cold waters as a refuge from her overwhelming sorrow. Or possibly she returned to her parlour (the family being then asleep), and after brooding alone, walked forth deliberately to self-destruction This view of the case is supported by the fact that a note, apparently in her handwriting, was found on the table, in which her innocence, and her determination not to outlive suspicion, were solemnly declared. Clearly, she was deeply wounded, and could find no Angerona to remove the anguish of her mind.

Early on the ensuing morning Lavinia was missed by her sisters, who, on perceiving she had not been in bed, instituted immediate enquiries, but without effect. The frost, which had yielded to a partial thaw, resumed its sway, on the night of her immersion, soon coating the Irwell with "thick ribbed ice," and so preventing any search in that quarter during the space of eight weeks. In this dilemma her anxious relations and friends had recourse to the newspapers. A lengthy advertisement, appearing on the 18th of January, 1814, offered thirty guineas reward for the recovery, living or otherwise, of the missing lady, thus minutely described:—"She was of a middle size, and good figure; of a fair complexion, with long light brown hair; she had on a fawn-coloured twilled stuff dress; a pink and yellow shot figured silk kerchief on her neck; a brown cloth mantle; a black beaver cottage bonnet; and her linen is marked L. R." This advertisement was twice repeated, the authorities of the town having in the meantime increased the reward to one hundred guineas.

About the same period a large number of men gave

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their willing hands to the task of breaking-up the stubborn ice in the river, where people felt convinced the lost one would ultimately be found. Those exertions (partly paid, partly voluntary) had the effect of hastening her release. On the morning of February the seventh, a Mr. Goodier, being near his mill at Mode Wheel, about three miles distant from the town, saw the ill-starred water maiden reclining on a sand bank, environed by masses of ice, and with icicles gemming her hair in the place of orange blossoms. Owing to the preserving qualities of the frost, decay had scarcely touched her loveliness with his effacing finger. As she lay revealed to the pensive gazer, "a perfect form in perfect rest," she seemed the Sleeping Beauty realised—realised long before Tennyson conceived his delicious day-dream. In her wearing apparel Lavinia had been less fortunate, having lost a shoe, her mantle, and beaver bonnet.

News of the discovery having been conveyed to the police office at Manchester, the deputy-constable, accompanied by a few friends of the bereaved family, and two or three surgeons, proceeded to the weir, identified the body, and had it removed in a hearse to Bridge Street. At the adjourned inquest which followed, the lover, being cautioned in the usual way by the Coroner, tendered his evidence in writing. This document was not afterwards required, as the jury, upon mature deliberation, returned an open verdict, to the effect that the said Lavinia Robinson was found drowned, but how she came into the water there was no evidence to show; and of course none to criminate the companion of her last hours. Yet he was candid enough to admit that the evidence, especially the

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medical portion thereof, was sufficient to satisfy him that his suspicions were unfounded; and he took blame to himself for thus wrongfully accusing his sweetheart.

Although the young surgeon was held guiltless by the coroner's jury, his conduct was very differently viewed by many excited inhabitants, who made a practice of assembling about his dwelling, for the purpose of breaking his windows, and otherwise annoying him, until he quitted the locality to seek some distant refuge. An account of his death by suicide appeared during the same year in a Shrewsbury newspaper, but the statement remains uncorroborated. On the contrary, Mr. Aston, writing eight years later, averred that the exile was then wandering the earth, a modern Cain.

The burial of Lavinia (at St. John's Churchyard, Byrom Street, near the centre of the south side) was witnessed by sympathising thousands; for she had become the adopted daughter of the public, and for the time being she seemed allied to nearly every home in the district. The funeral took place on Tuesday, February 8th, 1814.

Mr. Goodier, while retaining the seventy guineas paid as a reward by the authorities, returned the thirty offered by the family; and the residue of their heavy expenses in connection with the loss of their sister was defrayed by a general subscription.

More recently, when the snows (but lacking the companion snow-drops) of fifty-two winters had visited the churchyard, we searched for the particular grave of which we have been treating, with the view of copying its inscription. The brief search was aided by an old-time friend—who is as fond as ourselves of paying court to the departed

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worthies who can never reward his attentions, and for whose buried fortunes so few of the living care. In a general way no difficulty need be experienced in tracing the grave of the local heroine; for she is still the pet of the place, and an obliging official, when at hand, takes a pleasure in pointing out the stone which covers her remains. It is thus, in part, inscribed:—

Also LAVINIA their daughter,
who departed this life 17th of
December, 1813, aged 20 years.
More lasting than in lines of art
Thy spotless character's imprest;
Thy worth engraved on every heart,
Thy loss bewail'd in every breast.

Were any brotherly Laertes to come to the resting-place of the Manchester Ophelia, he need not look for violets springing, even in violet time, from her "fair and unpolluted flesh." Here at St. John's, the chiselled stones lie packed so closely as to forbid the indulgence of floral embellishment. No tomb breaks the lettered monotony,—no monument rises above the stern equality of death.

Albeit various elegiac poems and essays in prose have been written, from time to time, concerning the Bride of the Irwell, with a tender regard for her memory, one especial line from Shakspere's pen may be preferred. None of those local tributary offerings possessed the abiding pathos, or the plaintive beauty, which marks the true Ophelian benediction—

"Sweets to the sweet: Farewell."

NOTE ON ST. JOHN'S CHURCHYARD.—Since the foregoing description was written several years have elapsed,

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and the scene and circumstances are somewhat altered. Lavinia's grave, then half-forgotten, has latterly been made familiar to the public; small trees have been planted in the yard; and a slightly-raised tomb has been erected to the memory of the Rev. William Huntington, during forty-three years rector of that place of worship. About thirty years ago that gentleman wrote, in connection with the graves at St. John's, a lengthy letter to the editor of the *Guardian*, in reply to a correspondent of the journal; and as the letter is enriched with the fruits of his personal experience, and contains information of general interest, it well deserves transferring, in substance, from the newspaper column to the more portable page of a book. After observing, in parenthesis, that he had lived during many years close to the churchyard, and buried some thousands of people, the reverend writer felt no hesitation in stating that the great majority of the graves were by no means full; and that there were hundreds of graves for which no owners could be found. Some had never been used; others had been closed sixty or seventy years; and in all probability would never be claimed, as the original owners had left Manchester. Several years previously, while making successful efforts to enclose the churchyard with a durable stone fence and iron railing, he could not get a contribution from one grave-owner in twenty. His late warden, Mr. Woollam, had made out a correct and valuable list of owners; and he had consulted legal authorities, who agreed that such deserted graves ought to be used. There were about two thousand three hundred graves in the churchyard, the cost of each being about three pounds.

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The pastor next adverted to the salubriousness of his district. In one year he had buried two individuals aged respectively ninety-seven and ninety-nine. A few of the inscriptions proclaimed one hundred years, or upwards, and many aged persons were living in his locality. He thought it much better to retain open spaces like St. John's and All-Saints', than to have them converted into railway stations, as was the case with the Cathedral burial ground at Walker's Croft; or into streets, as was partially done with St. Ann's church and Cross Street chapel. A few years prior, an attempt had been made to carry a canal under a portion of St. John's churchyard, but this innovation he had successfully resisted.

In conclusion Mr. Huntington stated that he had recently returned from Père la Chaise, in Paris; that formerly he visited the Campo Santo, at Naples; had examined many of the caves, and seen at least a dozen men, women, and children cast into one of them, without a particle of clothing, or any funeral service at the tomb. Through such experience he felt anxious to preserve the sanctity of our old English burial-places; to secure the right of property to each grave owner; and to allow our population the opportunity of having their thoughts raised to high and heavenly things by listening to our impressive funeral service, which few can hear unmoved.

Some of the deserted or forgotten graves to which Mr. Huntington has thus referred are worthy of attention; one may be here specified. Upon a stone not half covered with lettering, and placed near the western door of the church, appears the subjoined inscription:—

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Here resteth the body of
ISAAC PERRINS, who departed
this life the 6th of Jany., 1801,
aged 44 years. Also MARY
wife of Isaac Perrins, en-
gineer, who departed this
life Sepr. 2nd, 1800, aged
40 years.

The name of Isaac Perrins will be familiar to many citizens, either as a prize fighter or as the conductor of the Manchester fire brigade. When Perrins fought with Johnson for the championship, two medals, one in honour of each combatant, were struck to commemorate the contest. The legend round that of Perrins' is *Strength and Magnanimity*, with the date, 1789; in the centre appear the Latin words *Bella! Horrida Bella!* On the other side thereof are seen his portrait and name. The two medals are now in the possession of Mr. John Scholes, of this city.

Next to the fate of Lavinia Robinson, the most impressive incident connected with the Irwell was the launch of the *Emma*, occurring about fourteen years subsequent to Lavinia's disaster.

THE FATAL LAUNCH OF THE EMMA.

"She shone in the light of *meridian* day,
Each sail was set, and each heart was gay."
POPULAR SONG.

Friday, the twenty-ninth day of February, eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, being according to the calendar, Bissextile, or leap-year. We are hastily quitting our post in order to join a motley crowd that is hurrying along the street. There will not be much miscellaneous business transacted in Manchester to-day. The tonsors, especially,

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will have few beards to shave, save and except the barbs belonging to butchers or market people in general, inasmuch as the weavers, shoemakers, and fustian cutters are either making, like our juvenile self, a special holiday, or doing double duty to compensate for the loss of St. Monday (the tippler's favourite saint), who is too often sacrificed to listlessness and drinking. We are going to see a launch for the first time. The New Quay Company have announced their intention of floating a new flat—the *Emma*—with some ceremony, and with full rigging. As such a sight has never been witnessed near this town, public curiosity is naturally excited. The weather on the appointed day is clear and breezy, with occasional gleams of sunshine. We press forward with the throng, assured of witnessing an agreeable novelty. Desertion is common in the mills, warehouses, and other places of business. Thoughtless apprentices give themselves a field-day, regardless of the drill that awaits their return. When we arrive at the selected spot the vessel stands, full-rigged upon the stocks, and two or three hundred individuals are on board, the majority being young women, many of them decorated in their holiday attire. The spectacle is of the gayest description. Flags and small streamers are flying along the Quay, as likewise from the vessels in the river. The booming of cannon announces the mirthful occasion; while the band of the ninth regiment, playing in the yard, adds to the general hilarity. At length the *Emma* is put in motion, the bottles are cracked upon her bows by the two daughters of Mr. William Brereton Grime, agent to the New Quay Company, and away she glides, saluted by lusty greetings. In another instant she strikes the opposite, or

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Salford bank, so near to our feet that we are fain to turn away our head. A narrow escape:—a boy (one James Haslam, of Broughton Road) standing near us upon the bank, is pressed by the crowd into the stream. When we look riverward again, the vessel lies upon her side, with the whole of her living burden struggling frantically in the water. A cry of consternation rises on the air, so wild and prolonged that it cannot possibly be forgotten: it leaves one of those vivid impressions which can never fade, even in this fading world.

The two young ladies who have played the most important parts at the christening of the *Emma* are quickly rescued and brought ashore. Several men hastily strip themselves and rush into the Irwell, each landing his prize with care, and re-diving without loss of time. One of those Good Samaritans, after saving three persons, perishes while wrestling with a fourth. During the whole afternoon this rescuing course is pursued, many lives being saved by the humane endeavours: while some, scrambling to the shore, get drawn out by friendly hands. Still, a melancholy number, less fortunate, cling together in the desperate selfishness of death, literally drowning each other. The bodies recovered on the Salford side are stretched feet to feet, upon the short grass of the nearest field, sufficient space intervening for the living to pass in order to recognise the dead. Ultimately twenty-two are thus arranged. As we pace the dreary aisle, our attention is arrested by a bonnie "yellow-haired laddie," looking very fair and touchingly beautiful in his last repose. At the New Quay sixteen bodies are lying; making the total number drowned, thirty-eight: including four or five drawn from

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the river by drags. In addition to these, four persons, insensible when taken from the water, are resuscitated. Intelligence of the disaster has been carried abroad, and disconsolate people are rushing to the spot, in the anticipation, or in the certainty, of evil. Night in due course shuts out the horrors of the day, and we return to our home more thoughtfully than we left it.

* * * *

During several days succeeding the sad occurrence drags were assiduously used in the river, with the result already stated. At the customary inquests held over the sufferers (at the New Quay, and likewise at two taverns in Oldfield Lane), the inevitable verdict, "Accidentally Drowned," was returned in each case. Their graves would of course be more or less scattered, but a few of them have latterly been traced. Two boys and a young man were interred at Christ Church, Hulme, partly the same inscription marking the resting-place of each:—

> Drowned on board the
> *Emma*, at the New Quay,
> February 29th, 1828.

A young woman named Eliza Bradshaw, aged twenty, and upon the eve of marriage, was buried at St. John's, Byrom Street.

The hero in humble life to whom we have alluded as saving three persons and perishing while struggling with a fourth, was Richard Walker, a dyer, aged twenty-six, residing in York Street, Salford. Another, equally heroic, was John (or William) Mouncey, joiner, of Duke Street, Salford; who leaped into the water when he saw the *Emma* turn upon her side, and after saving several lives, was

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drawn under by the drowning victims. When rescued, he was totally unconscious, but by the timely and judicious application of restoratives he was resuscitated—being one of four thus snatched from the grave by the philanthropic exertions of Dr. James Phillips Kay (afterwards Sir J. P. Kay-Shuttleworth), Mr. Kinder Wood, and Mr. Joseph Jordan; assisted by many active sympathisers, surgical and otherwise.

The means thus successfully applied failed in other cases; but no probable expedient was left untried. Where brandy, constant friction, and the hot bath proved useless, it is recorded that an incision was made in the windpipe, thus enabling the lungs to be inflated by bellows. As a last resource, the blood of a man, or of a dog, was transfused into the veins of the patient.

The New Quay Company publicly acknowledged the promptitude with which assistance of every kind was rendered on that occasion, especially by the military, and by numerous members of the medical profession. Further, the Company thanked Mr. Huitson Dearman, master dyer, for rescuing several persons from perilous situations, and Mr. Richard Fogg, clerk at the Old Quay, for aiding the escape of about thirty individuals. Many other names received honourable mention in the published reports of the period, which must perforce be omitted, howsoever reluctantly, from this condensed narrative.

In connection with the disastrous launch there was yet one other hero, whose name deserves preservation, but it has eluded our search. He was a fishmonger, keeping a standing at the front of the Salford Town Hall. In the fervour of the critical moment, he threw all his clothing

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upon the bank of the river, devoting his best energies to the saving of life. After some hours of successful labour he returned to his clothes, or rather to the spot where he had left them, but nowhere could they be found, some unnatural thief having purloined them! The over-exertion and exposure to the cold brought on a severe illness, which ended fatally within the lapse of a few months. Many persons yet living were admiring observers of that fishmonger's strenuous exertions, and they will doubtless share the general regret that his deserts were so ill-requited.

A fund was quickly raised by subscription for the relief of bereaved families, and for the reward of intrepid aiders. About fifty individuals subsequently sought remuneration for real or pretended service rendered upon that mournful occasion. As usual, the least meritorious would probably be the loudest claimants; while some of the most deserving found, as already shown, their only recompense in the grave.

After this careful summary of the martyrs of the wreck, a few lines seem due to the more fortunate sponsors. Pleasing is the fact that the two ladies who christened the vessel (with bottles of good Rhine wine, or with water clear, as the case might be), are still living within a few green miles of the city. The younger of the sisters has hitherto passed through life in domestic retirement; and the "even tenour of her way" has not been chequered by public events which could weaken the remembrance of the deep tragedy of her youth. On a few special occasions the elder of the twain has emerged from the home circle into the light of the world. Many instances of her public spirit and benevolence have been recorded in print. Being

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thus rendered familiar they need no repetition here. In the year 1875 a bronze statue, emanating from the same source, was accepted by the city council, and unveiled in our midst by the donor. This impressive memorial, from the studio of the late Mr. Matthew Noble, has been raised neither in honour of a Prince Consort, nor of an Heir Apparent to the throne, but in tardy remembrance of an "uncrownéd King." The massive granite block which forms the characteristic pedestal is thus simply inscribed:—

OLIVER
CROMWELL
Born 1599
Died 1658

Near the bottom of the pedestal, in smaller characters, appear the words—

The Gift of
Elizabeth Salisbury Heywood
to the Citizens of Manchester
August 1875

Upon the subject of a statue to the "Man of Huntingdon" we once listened to a lecture delivered by an intelligent foreigner, who averred that in his country,—in "sunny Italia," as he termed it,—Oliver Cromwell was considered the greatest of Englishmen. Consequently the lecturer, during his peregrinations over England, had felt disappointment in finding a realisation of the proverb that a prophet is not always honoured in his native land. He had found, as he said, countless statues erected to persons whose names and deeds were alike alien to his ears; but not one to the Protector whose fame was world-wide,—not a trophy to the invincible warrior armed with the bible and the

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FIRST STATUE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

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sword. This, in the lecturer's opinion, was reversing the natural order of things; inasmuch as statues ought to be limited to representative men whose names are familiar to observant strangers.

Returning to the launch of the luckless *Emma*, and reverting to the vessel itself, the latest tidings impress us with the belief that she was ultimately transferred from the Irwell to a Cheshire river, the Weaver, thereon to close her mercantile career in the salt trade.

Two or three local minstrels of minor note have lamented this catastrophe in easy, measured rhyme; but as the verses are scarcely worthy of the event their obscurity need not be disturbed.

Appended is an authentic summary of the sufferers. The list has been carefully corroborated in order to ensure correctness.

Bodies at the New Quay, sixteen. Removed from the field to the Britannia Tavern, Ordsall Lane, sixteen. Removed from the field to the King's Arms, Oldfield Lane, six. Total number drowned, thirty-eight. Resuscitated, four.

A few lines of pleasant information recently derived from a friendly correspondent already named will form a suitable addenda to this narrative. "My friend the fiddler" writes Mr. David Kelly, "remembers a good deal about the wreck of the *Emma*. Just prior to that 'fatal launch' he and some more jolly carters, on their way to Stretford, stopped at the Dog and Partridge (Tattersall's) to wet their whistles—their 'custom always of the afternoon'—and morning too. This operation was performed so generously that he ceased for a time to be an accurate

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judge of distances, and allowed his cart-wheel to pass over his toes, and in consequence was paying occasional visits to the Oldfield Lane doctor; and there met with many who had been injured in one way or another at the wreck. He also remembers the fishmonger who took so active a part in rescuing the drowning people. He recollects the man and his stall, which was in the open space called Bexley Square; but he cannot call to mind the man's name."

Since that eventful twenty-ninth of February, eighteen hundred and twenty eight, we can seldom follow the winding course of the Irwell—a river somewhat famous in verse, in incident, in story—without remembering the *Emma* and her Fatal Launch.

Our third and last episode illustrative of the Water-way —dating seven years later than the launch—bears reference to an

ATTEMPTED RESCUE FROM DROWNING.

"He must not float upon his watery bier
Without the meed of some melodious tear."
LYCIDAS.

On Wednesday, the eleventh of March, 1835, a mournful event occurred which awakened an unusual amount of sympathy, extending far beyond the environs of the town of Manchester. About five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, when a high flood was in some degree abating, a cluster of children were playing in Waterworth's Field,* on the northern bank of the Irwell, between the Waterloo iron bridge and the outlet of the river Irk, at Hunt's Bank.

* 1797.—"Waterworth, William and John, horse dealers, Strangeways."—1817.—"Waterworth, John, horse dealer, Strangeways."—DIRECTORIES.

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One of the group, a boy about six years old, son of Mr. Trees, builder, Moreton Street, Strangeways, in trying to take out something that was floating down the river, lost his balance, fell into the water a little below the iron bridge, and was borne away with the swollen stream. No one capable of rendering effective assistance was near at the moment, but the accident was witnessed by several persons at a distance, including Mr. Henry Bailey, deputy-constable of Cheetham, who was standing at his window in New Bridge Street. He rushed toward the river side, calling to his aid a milkman named Grimshaw, who happened to be standing near. They found the boy still floating, about three yards from the bank, which was there extremely steep. Neither of the men could swim, but Mr. Bailey said he would not see the child drown, without making an effort to save. He then took out his watch, gave it to a boy, and plunged into the river. He succeeded in placing the boy under his arm, and in seizing the extended finger of Grimshaw, who knelt on the bank. Unfortunately losing his hold, the current carried him beyond reach. It was thought probable that if the assistant, at this juncture, had shown the presence of mind to take off his coat, or neckerchief, and fling one end to Mr. Bailey, both he and the boy might have been saved. The happy idea, however, did not occur to Grimshaw, who anxiously followed the endangered struggler to the confluence of the two rivers. Up to this point, Mr. Bailey had succeeded in keeping his own head and that of the child above water; but when he found himself drifting down the stream, whilst the high wall along the side of Hunt's Bank shut out all hope of succour, he relinquished his hold of the

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boy, who was soon borne away by the flood. Mr. Bailey, who still kept his head above water, was carried swiftly down the stream within sight of many persons who had been attracted to the spot by the alarm which had been raised. But, although the bystanders, anxious to save, were intently watching his painful efforts for life, from Waterworth's Field, Hunt's Bank, Stanyhurst, and the Old Bridge, no human assistance could be rendered in time to be serviceable, and after being dashed against a projecting piece of rock near the end of the river wall, he sank.

Albeit, as previously stated, Mr. Bailey was unable to swim, he had succeeded, on two or three occasions, in rescuing children who had fallen into the canal, or rather pond, near Strangeways Hall. The loss of this courageous officer and respected townsman was deeply regretted; and the public sympathy for his widow and family of six children took the substantial and usual form of a general subscription, which realized the sum of £1,641 8s. 7d. Schools, friendly societies, and many strangers contributed to the benevolent fund.

Neither the body of Mr. Bailey nor that of the boy who perished with him could be recovered at the time, notwithstanding a diligent search was made for them, the river being dragged in all likely places. The suspense continued until several months had elapsed, and all hope of finding them had been resigned. At length, on the twelfth of September following, two girls, daughters of a flatman living at Hicking's Isle, near Barton-upon-Irwell, on their way to gather mushrooms, saw a body lying upon the bank near their home, which had evidently been washed out of the river, or left by a subsiding flood. On returning to tell

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their father what they had seen, he inspected the remains, to which the clothing still adhered, and then proceeded to the Cheetham Overseers' Office to give information. Two officers promptly went to the spot indicated, and on recognising the body (chiefly by the belt and the shoes) as that of Mr. Bailey, they had it carefully removed to the Ducie Arms, Strangeways. On the following day—Sunday—an inquest was there held, and a verdict in accordance with the evidence duly returned. Immediate burial being imperative, the remains were conveyed the same afternoon to Walker's Croft adjacent. An immense concourse of people witnessed the funeral procession, in which the scholars of the Church school joined.

It scarcely need be added that every trace of that parochial burial-ground has disappeared; the Victoria Railway Station and the approaches thereto now occupying the site. Apparently no local Robert Paterson copied the memorial inscriptions before the graveyard was covered or demolished; consequently the epitaph of Mr. Bailey, with which this narrative would fittingly conclude, is no longer available.

Having thus narrated the most memorable incidents connected with our Water-way, the minor events and scenes, sufficiently numerous and varied, pertaining to the Irwell, may be left to some artistic writer, who, pencil in hand, shall leisurely explore its winding course from beginning to end. Though shorn of the major part of its romantic scenery, and no longer serving as a mirror for Narcissus, the Irwell is now notable in a contrary direction; it has earned a character for industry—being termed the hardest-worked river in England; and therefore

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the most ample contributor to the coffers of the country. If each noted river in the kingdom were fairly described and illustrated, a series of pleasant narratives might be formed. Already some of the streams have been admirably treated. Apparently, the earliest river historian was the late John Holland, of Sheffield Park, who issued, in 1837, the "Tour of the Don." His example has been followed by James Thorne, in several of Charles Knight's shilling volumes; by Charles Mackay, in "The Thames and its Tributaries;" and, more recently, by William Dobson, in "Rambles by the Ribble."

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CHAPTER XX.

THE ITINERANT IN MANCHESTER.

"Good name well-earn'd beyond this life may live,
A mention kind may new existence give."

JOHN O'KEEFFE.

THE dissolving views already presented from the kaleidoscope of memory may be suitably relieved if the salient points in the career of a certain comedian of the old school—Samuel William Ryley—be condensed into three acts, or chapters. Some light cheery effects will thus be cast over the heavy business of this book.

The frequent mention in the Fountain Street chapter, of Mr. Ryley's name, tempted us to linger with him at that time and place; but the mercurial wanderer—ever flitting—could not be affixed to any particular locality. Resembling creation's famous heir, the town seemed all his own. So we must needs present him, like Shelley's Prometheus, alone and unbound.

It will be forty-two years the next fall of the leaf since our hero departed this life. As a natural consequence of the lapse of time, most of those partial readers who, knowing the volatile actor and writer, took a personal interest in his book, have followed their favourite to the shades. But the few veterans who remain in the flesh will be glad to meet their ancient friend in a modern guise, and will

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possibly devise his portrait—like Cæsar's hair—as a legacy to their sons: albeit the portrait and the hair seem as little in unison as Thalia and Melpomene.

The first series of the "Itinerant, or Memoirs of an Actor," appeared in three volumes in the year 1808, when its author was aged fifty-three, its publishers being Taylor and Hessey, London, of whom grateful mention was afterward made by Mr. Ryley. The book had been declined in several business quarters, but a warmer welcome was soon accorded by the public. Another edition was issued prior to 1816, and a third in 1829, both by Sherwood and Co., Paternoster Row; who were also the publishers, in 1817, of the second series (embellished with a steel plate portrait of the author); and, in 1827, of the "Itinerant in Scotland." The wanderer was again fortunate in his publishers—the latter firm winning his praise more warmly than the first. The volumes were numbered consecutively one to nine; each title-page being graced by the same Shaksperian motto:

> "The world's a stage,
> And all the men and women merely players;
> They have their exits, and their entrances,
> And one man, in his time, plays many parts."

The entire work, although published in London, was printed in Liverpool, at different offices; and all the volumes (save the Scottish division, dedicated to the Earl of Sefton) were inscribed to Mr. William Roscoe. Of the "Itinerant in Scotland" Lowndes states that two hundred and fifty copies were sent from the printer's to the publishing-house, which, becoming bankrupt, and the volumes being marked 7, 8, 9, were sold as waste paper. That mis-

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SAMUEL WILLIAM RYLEY.

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fortune may account for the extreme rarity of the closing series. The price of each series was one guinea.

Some years ago, the copyright presumably having expired, the "Itinerant" was reprinted in London, in penny numbers, under an altered title, the "Life of an Actor."

Readers of Mr. Ryley's book will be aware that he was not born to the stage, nor intended by his parents to pursue its vagaries. Receiving a good education, he was apprenticed to a Saddleworth woollen manufacturer, at a time when commerce, with reasonable attention, was a certain way to wealth. His master was one of the numerous country manufacturers attending the Manchester market, his house-of-call being thus notified in the directory for 1773:—"Kenworthy John and Co., clothiers, Saddleworth; White Horse, Hanging Ditch." During his term of easy service his master's daughter returned home from school, and the fascinated apprentice eloped with her to Gretna Green, where the romantic youth and the boarding-school Miss were married, per blacksmith, at the certified charge of six guineas and a half—just one hundred years ago.

With a small fortune upon each side, the young couple, wisely or otherwise, gaily extended the honeymoon over several years, without a forethought of Macbeth's ominous "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow." At length, casting somewhat regretful glances on the yesterdays which have so often "lighted fools the way," and finding, moreover, that they had well nigh killed the goose that laid their golden eggs, they began to look around for the philosopher's stone. Coinciding with each other and with Hamlet, that "the play's the thing," they resolved to be

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comedians forthwith. What could be nicer than to be merry every night (Sundays excepted) in the presence of an agreeable audience, and be actually paid for enjoying themselves? Besides, Mr. Ryley's way to success seemed partly paved. Already, in amateur theatricals among the Saddleworth hills, he had performed (with more sedate parts) Goldfinch; and when, in that dashing character, he cracked his long whip, and cried "That's your sort!" the surprised rustics applauded to the echo. Further, he could sing the "Ploughboy turned Lord" almost—not quite—as well as Thomas Blanchard, the original Rundy; and could troll as merrily, as may be, another of John O'Keeffe's ballads, so popular at the period under review:—

> "How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
> And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day."

Yet, notwithstanding his aptitude for comedy, he longed to rival Cooke and Kemble in tragedy, making his first professional display as George Barnwell, in Austin and Whitlock's company. In the same contrary spirit, and in the same corps, Munden was then singing sentimental sea songs.

Coming first to Manchester with a view to the stage in 1782, Mr. Ryley met with some unexplained disappointment which prevented his appearance before the curtain at that time. Five years later, in a second attempt, he was more successful, having in the meanwhile passed his noviciate as actor or as manager at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Wolverhampton, Worcester, and sundry minor places. At Ludlow he played with Dowton, the weekly salary of each performer being nine shillings. After a three days' journey from London the coach arrived, as he tells us, at the Spread

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Eagle, in Hanging Ditch. In the Metropolis he had vainly sought an engagement to his mind; a failure almost inevitable when the parts he coveted were already filled by established favourites—King or Suett, Dodd or Edwin, Quick or Parsons, John Palmer or "Gentleman" Lewis.

Receiving a prompt double engagement at the Theatre Royal, Spring Gardens, the character of Lord Ogleby was chosen for his *début*, his wife playing Fanny. Thenceforward, during forty years, or thereabout, Mr. Ryley's professional visits to this town were so frequent that he well nigh became like Logan's cuckoo, an annual visitant. The theatre, the circus, the lecture-hall, the concert-room, were successfully laid under tribute for the display of his versatile talents. Yet not to those exertions, though sufficiently varied, is he indebted for present remembrance; rather is it his cheery book of personal adventures, intermingled with fictitious narrative, that keeps his name alive. During his sojourn in Manchester his friendly calls were made chiefly to Mr. John Townsend's music shop, at the lower end of King Street; Mr. William Sudlow's similar establishment, in Hanging Ditch; Mr. William Ford's emporium of books; Philip Worrall's theatrical wig store, in Blue Boar Court; or to the newspaper offices of Mr. William Cowdroy or Mr. Joseph Aston. With Mr. Cowdroy, especially, his friendship was life-long, beginning in the actor's youth at Chester, and ending in the editor's grave at Cheetham Hill village. His principal tavern companions were George Frederick Cooke, designated "the only Richard," and Isaac Perrins, prize fighter and superintendent of fire engines, of whom some droll anecdotes appear in the "Itinerant."

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In his first volume Mr. Ryley records a cheap and speedy cure for the gout, which is worth the notice of anyone so painfully afflicted. The author states that his father, a confirmed martyr to the gout, had been carried into a field near Chester, and there left alone to enjoy the fresh air. Almost immediately a savage bull, which kept the villagers at bay, leaped the hedge from an adjoining meadow. As the bull, roaring, advanced to the attack, with horns fixed for his favourite lift, the invalid suddenly forgot his gout, or at the least did not stay to conciliate its convenience, but sprang to his feet with the agility of a lamplighter, and rushed homeward at a rate of speed that might have raised the envy of Stump or Abraham Wood in his hey-day. He electrified his family by rushing amongst them in the character of a victorious pedestrian, independent of crutches or invalid's chair.

As gout is an involuntary infirmity we must repress the rising laughter, reserving our pleasantries for passing foibles which, being acquired, can be remedied at will. Nor need we laugh too merrily (as youth in the wilfulness of its nature is so apt to do) at a misfortune incidental to old age; for unless we are *very* mindful, we may one day become old ourselves.

After a few theatrical seasons here Mr. Ryley, fancying that a tavern would yield more substantial results than the yieldings of a playhouse, thus announced a change of business:—"No. 23, Oldham Street, [The Angel], June 11, 1792. PORTER. Samuel William Ryley acquaints his friends and the public in general that he has laid in a quantity of the best London and country porter, which he can afford on reasonable terms. Private families may be

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accommodated with half barrels of excellent quality. Wines, brandy, rum, Hollands, and British compounds as usual. N.B.—The manuscript copy of an opera, entitled Roderick Random, was some time since lent among a set of friends. As the owner is at a loss to know in whose possession it now is, he would esteem himself obliged if they would return it." This advertisement of good cheer meeting with a hearty response, chiefly from his brother players, Mr. Ryley's well-filled casks and bottles were soon distributed abroad; but the cash in return was remitted so slowly, or not at all, that the new landlord could not pay his brewers and vintners. Leaving the Angel to his creditors in the autumn of 1793, he began to travel with a medley entertainment, called New Brooms, the bills being headed with a rhyming motto:—

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out."

The missing manuscript was speedily found, and the author, on arriving at Huddersfield shortly afterward, published his Roderick Random, together with another comedy and several songs, in a small volume.

During Mr. Ryley's three years' residence at the Angel Tavern, he entirely abstained, as he assures us, from the theatre, and became instead a constant worshipper at the Wesleyan Chapel, Oldham Street. Seldom does it thus happen that a sinner, on becoming a publican, becomes also a saint. A perusal of the mystical writings of Swedenborg drew the convert from the Wesleyan Chapel to the New Jerusalem Church, which temple he attended until necessity compelled him unwillingly to resume the life of an itinerant. As a lecturer, he received his handsel,

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or first fruits, at our theatre, delivering his entertainment on four occasions; and his friends supported him so effectually, that the new brooms swept away all his debts, leaving a surplus of twenty pounds wherewith to pursue his precarious journeyings. Besides the money, he had a small stock-in-trade, consisting of about forty pasteboard figures, roughly painted, emblematical of the characters introduced in his lecture. The likely towns of Lancashire, successively explored, yielded but chequered results; and the lecturer, hearing that living was cheap, and trade safe, though slow, in the Isle of Man, resolved to open a book shop, with the addition of a small circulating library, in the island, and there abide in quiet security. The voyage from Parkgate to Douglas Harbour occupied two days and a half, even with pleasant weather. A sail, similarly tedious and slow, is noted in a *brochure*, entitled "John Byrom and the Wesleys," where the narrator, starting at Liverpool, in 1758, sailed from Tuesday noon until Friday noon before he was landed in Dublin. Yet, at the present writing, a steamer, cleaving the same mileage of surf, will land its cargo in a few hours. From the same *brochure* another curious fact may be gleaned, to wit, that John Byrom, during a long life, met only three men of greater stature than himself.

As the usual failure attended Mr. Ryley's mercantile efforts he speedily left the Isle of Man, making the best of his way back to Manchester, which was ever, he avers, distinguished by the endearing title of home.

The writing and singing of local melodies for special occasions, benefit nights in particular, seemed always a favourite amusement with this actor. Such titles as

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"Manchester Cries," the "Lancashire Recruit," and so forth, may readily occur to the veteran reader. Those ditties, while serving their immediate purpose, were better adapted for warbling in character upon the stage, or cheering the festive board, than for calm reading in the study. But this opinion must be volunteered with caution, as it runs slightly counter to a Liverpool Impromptu, printed in 1827:—

"I'm near seventy-two," says friend Ryley.
Quoth a wag, "My old buck, you are more;
And for comic songs," added he dryly,
"You're *a first-rate*—an old *seventy-four*."

A certain stage bustle, imparted to his ballads, as to his comedies, carried them pleasantly along, the smiling audience caring little for poetical genius, as compared with the tune and the manner of delivery. These observations will be borne out by the subjoined sample, first sung by the writer at his benefit here, in 1798. There seems little need to attach the author's name, the internal and circumstantial evidence being conclusive. The song is now very rare, and long eluded research, until a persevering delver succeeded in unearthing the nugget. More recently we have read this song in the Greaves collection (thanks to the courteous custodian, Mr. Lings), and can now give the title at full length, as it there appears.

RYLEY'S RAMBLE (From the Land o' Cakes to the Land of Cotton), or the HUMOURS OF MANCHESTER RACES.

Since last I trod upon this ground I've travers'd sea and lands,
But now I am, bad money like, return'd upon your hands;
I've beat my brains for little gains, thro' north, south, east, and west,
And found at last, home all surpass'd, believe me 'tis no jest.

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(Spoken.)—Jest, no! 'tis a very serious matter to be running up and down the world, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, here a little and there a little, always in the wrong place; and for my part I've grown as small as pin wire; dang it, thinks I, there's better doings than this at Manchester Races, pretty pickings, ordinary dinners—

They'll eat and they'll drink at a pretty pace,
Bridgewater, Bull's Head 'ith' Market Place,
White Horse and Spread Eagle, Hanging Ditch.
Landlords are all growing very rich;
Then to Manchester Races we'll go.

What fiddling, fighting, bull-baiting, I've seen at Eccles Wakes,
But no such pretty sport you'll find thro' all the Land o' Cakes;
The bagpipes play, they dance away, the lads and lassies rosy,
And when all's done, there's better fun at Pendleton Pow Posey.

(Spoken.)—Ah! mun, do ye ken the New Toon at Edinbro', and the College of Physicians? Aye, man, says I, but look at the town of Manchester, and the College near the Old Churchyard! Then for physicians, havn't we the Whitworth doctors? Then for your fine streets—

There's Church Street, High Street, Rook Street,
Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and Duke Street,
Hanging Ditch, Hyde's Cross, and Burner Street,
Garratt Lane, Toad Lane, and Turner Street;
Then to Manchester Races we'll go.

'Tis said that learning may be had by wholesale in the North,
And wisdom, there, is cheaper far than England can bring forth;
For there's preaching cheap, and teaching cheap, and poets of great fame,
They'll threap me down, in our town there's none can do the same.

(Spoken.)—Yes, but we can though; we can work all this by steam; and more than that, we can rock the cradle, roast beef, and scrape potatoes by steam; and by and by, I dare say—

Parsons will preach by a steam engine,
Doctors will bleed by a steam engine,

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Soldiers will shoot by a steam engine,
Kill Bonaparte by a steam engine;
Then to Manchester Races we'll go.

Such crowds of folk together met, sure ne'er were seen before,
From all the country round about, to the races on Karsey Moor;
From Oldham, Rochdale, Bolton, too, as throng as Smithy Door;
From Chorley and Chowbent a few, likewise from Cockey Moor.

(Spoken.)—Barrel cyder, barrel cyder, fourpence a quart, twopence a pint, and a penny the half-pint. Bowl-up, bowl-up, civil Will, all's in the well; hit your legs and miss my pegs. Whirl about, round about Kitty Fisher. Hackney coaches, a halfpenny a ride. Valk in, valk in, ladies and gentlemen, see the old lion from Bengal, the African tiger, and the vild man of the vood. Show him up, show him up, mine's the best show; none of your wild beastesses, for here's Mr. Punch and his merry companions, Jane Shore, the Devil, and the baker. How d'ye like it, sir? Like it? Why it's all a pack of stuff. There, there, the gemman says he likes it. Ah! ah! ah!
Then to Manchester Races we'll go.

To this song may be traced several familiar compositions of a similar kind emanating from the forges of other song-smiths; and Mr. Ryley himself was evidently indebted to an older lyric, the "Humours of Bartlemy Fair."

His performances on our stage in 1798 were limited to a few nights. A trifle recruited in his finances, the stroller next adventured to Liverpool. One short successful season, as manager of the theatre at that seaport, elevated Mr. Ryley so high upon the stilts that he forgot all the lessons adversity had taught him; gave fifty guineas for a horse and gig, furnishing with elegance a large house to match. Thomas Moore never loved a lord more devotedly than the itinerant loved a chaise, especially when decorated with postilions. If nothing, as the modern

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proverb avers, succeeds like success, it is none the less certain that few persons can bear success with equanimity; for one who can triumph discreetly, there are twenty who lose their heads, and forget upon whose heels they stand. The two following seasons at Liverpool brought a reverse; the losses being so heavy that the manager's effects were once more resigned to his creditors, and the itinerant became stationary in a dwelling of smaller dimensions. Thus ended the first series of his book, with the year of grace 1802; at which date Manchester was illuminated for the hollow truce of Amiens—a truce yielding a solitary year of peace and plenty. Mrs. Ward, in the character of Peace, delivered on the stage a poetical address, written for the occasion by James Watson.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE ITINERANT AT HOME.

(SECOND SERIES.)

"Of notes or of guineas, alas!
Possessing, poor man, but a few;
Unnoticed, he'll through the streets pass,
And no one says—'How do you do.'"

RYLEY'S SONG.

WEARIED with the vicissitudes of a theatrical career, and also with the failure of a second tavern in which he had speculated, Mr. Ryley resolved to retire into private life, tempting fortune no further. When scorched and exhausted by the burning sun, gladly the traveller turns for rest to the grateful shades. But the baffled itinerant, thus determined to retreat, had not sufficiently considered that to volatile spirits such as his, society is a necessity of their nature; and that only a staid isolated person, here and there, can emulate the evening star—shining brightest when alone. As their modest home, even in its simplest form, required some income to sustain it, husband and wife held a council of ways and means, agreeing unanimously that writing for the stage would be much better than performing upon it,—that a series of successful comedies would realize *El Dorado*,—in proof whereof they cited the golden

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harvests reaped by their friends, Thomas Dibdin and John O'Keeffe. So, pointing their quills—no steel pens in those primitive years—Samuel devoted twelve hours each day to his desk, while Ann busied her fingers in converting his rough drafts into fair copies; nor was she chary in improving a plot or suggesting an episode. In this pleasant way they finished the first series of the "Memoirs of an Actor"—the early chapters having slumbered, like "Waverley," many years in a drawer. Next, they made rapid progress with the "Old Soldier;" and so highly were they elated with their comic opera when completed, that they immediately built upon its manuscript foundation the most beautiful of airy castles. During the Soldier's lengthy run in London (its run was sure to be lengthy) they would be writing a companion novelty, the "Irish Girl," (founded on Miss Burney's tale, "Cecilia,") to be ready when a change was required. Thus the public, longing and waiting for more coinage of the same mint, would be promptly gratified; daily and nightly the author's recompense would increase; and as they had no family, only an aged parent to consider, doubtless they would soon be enabled to resume their carriage. So reasoned the self-deluding couple. About the same time, or shortly afterward, by way of giving variety to their literary exertions, Mrs. Ryley sketched the outline of a domestic novel, "Fanny Fitz-York." Little cared they, apparently, for the household warning, "Don't have too many irons in the fire—some may burn." More meet for their hopeful enthusiasm was the contrary maxim of Dr. Clarke in favour of an unlimited number of irons, and to keep them moving—poker, tongs, and all.

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During the progress of the four works enumerated, the itinerant made frequent incursions to this town, performing once or twice at each flying visit with the "Brooms," or with a comic lecture, styled the "Orators." He made a longer stay with the Forum, or school for public discussion; of which he constituted himself perpetual president, charging each visitor one shilling for the privilege of speaking or listening. As he had been early accustomed to spouting clubs and debating societies he readily moved from the amateur's platform to the professor's rostrum. Originated and successfully continued in Liverpool, the Forum novelty yet failed to attract in Manchester—the contrast lying, as Mr. Ryley avers, in the ladies. At Liverpool women had the good taste and discernment to patronise his room as freely as men, whilst here they were never seen upon his benches. The president hints that the civilisation of Liverpool is thereby made manifest, and that its superior refinement must be admitted. Ultimately, his grateful muse produced a ballad, lauding the belles of the Mersey shore, which was humourously parodied in the *Kaleidoscope*; the moral may here suffice:—

"Oh, Samuel! con thy godly book,
And leave the girls so wily,
And on no other features look,
Save those of Mrs. Ryley."

Those intermediate entertainments with the "Brooms," the Forum, and the "Orators" were the author's "pot-boilers" —if we may venture to use an expressive term from the vocabulary of modern painters.

Encouraged by the rapid sale of his memoirs (the first

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launch from the crowded literary stocks), the dramatist hastened the finishing touches of his play; and in November, 1808, accompanied by his wife, he journeyed in the stage coach from Liverpool to the metropolis. His objects were two-fold—to settle with his publishers, and introduce the "Old Soldier" to the stage at Covent Garden or Drury Lane. In the first point his expectations were pleasantly realized; in the second, his sanguine temperament received a sudden check. Meeting his early friend Dowton, he was cautioned against castle-building, as pieces of merit were known to lie at the principal theatres, year after year, unnoticed. Mr. Whitbread, in a public speech delivered a few seasons later, gave similar testimony. There was no lack, he asserted, of dramatic authors. "No fewer than two hundred and seventy-six tragedies, comedies, operas, and farces had been submitted to the Committee of Management at Drury Lane during their short period of duty. Of these pieces two hundred and fifty were rejected." The "Old Soldier," kindly introduced to Mr. Harris by Thomas Dibdin, was promptly discharged from Covent Garden without a pension; whilst the "Irish Girl" was so heartlessly neglected at Drury Lane, that her parents, with wounded feelings, fetched her home. Mr. Ryley at length admitted that the eight months' sojourn in the metropolis, expecting to make his fortune by two plays, was scarcely more rational than Don Quixote's expedition against the windmills. Yet the eight months under review were marked by some events which became fixed in his memory, yielding materials for future volumes. One evening, for instance, he played Sir Peter Teazle upon the boards of Old Drury, and a few nights afterward (February, 1809,)

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he saw the theatre burned down, the grandest yet most painful illumination that ever dazzled his eyes.

Finding the profits of the first series of his book expended, even the copyright sold, he brushed up his apparatus, and worked his way back to Lancashire by giving occasional performances on the route. Arriving leisurely at the counties palatine, he leased a small cottage at Parkgate, Cheshire, at the yearly rental of five pounds, and took another spell at management. At Buxton, as at Oldham —even with the auxiliary aid of Elliston and Mrs. Jordan— the expenses exceeded the receipts; but at Chester he retrieved himself. Early in the year 1810, while performing at Manchester, he introduced the "Old Soldier," adding a secondary title, "Humours of Tim Bobbin," to please the provincials. Thus re-touched, the comedy was for the first time presented to the public. In performance the piece disappointed its author, who frankly admitted the wisdom of Mr. Harris's refusal. The famous Lancashire couple, Tummus and Meary, have often been introduced, in sundry ways, to the stage and circus ring of this locality, both during John Collier's life and since his decease. The clownish pair were especial favourites with Mr. Ryley. He and Tim were a brace of eccentric humourists, and perhaps a touch of fellow-feeling drew him to the productions of the senior droll. Pursuing the same provincial idea, he engaged Tim's wayward son, familiarly known as Jacky Collier, to illustrate with grotesque caricatures the entertainment styled "New Brooms;" much better artists, Parry and Wilkinson, supplying the staider scenes.

At the ensuing Whitsuntide the itinerant ventured to engage the Fountain Street Theatre as weekly tenant, but

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closed the house at the end of the third week, being unable to pay the whole of his rent. For the balance left unpaid the speculator was confined, two years afterward, in Chester Castle; whence, by virtue of a friendly benefit, he was soon released. The brief imprisonment served to remind him of Yorick's Starling, while the bird's plaintive lament—"I can't get out!" was frequently, we are assured, upon his lips.

As a solitary itinerant, unaccompanied by his wife who had hitherto shared his journeys, he next lectured at Bolton, Preston (where his paternal ancestors dwelled), and Blackburn, making diversions to adjacent places. His violinist during that tour was an original character, richly humorous, known at country wakes and fairs as Fiddling Dick, whose ready wit, homely similes, and merry minstrelsy, so enjoyable to the listener and the reader, have proved suggestive to authors. By way of reconciliation after a slight tiff, the master once ordered a glass of rum and water for his man, on which the latter replied, "No water, Mr. Waiter, if you please; always neat in a morning —as the lady said to the looking-glass." The musician was regretfully discharged at Rochdale, the master coming again to Manchester on receipt of a business letter advising him to engage the Amphitheatre in Spring Gardens, deserted by Mr. Bradbury, the clown, through lack of encouragement. As peace was just proclaimed, consequent on Napoleon's brief exile at Elba, and improved trade anticipated, the prospect seemed hopeful; so the adventurous leap was taken,—a leap from the frying-pan into the fire. The speculation is denounced in his autobiography as the crowning misfortune of his life from which he never recovered. He opened the Amphi-

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theatre for a summer season on Whit-Monday, 1814. Transferable tickets, for sixty nights, were sold at Mr. Ford's, bookseller, St. Ann's Square, at four guineas each. His real pony races for a gold cup, the best of three heats, competed with the rival attractions of Kersal Moor. That the town was in the best of humours for enjoying itself at that peculiar season is evidenced by one of Mr. Aston's newspaper summaries, displaying a curious picture of the holidays enjoyed hereabouts by the last generation of inhabitants. His readers were assured that the whole week was devoted to the festive goddess. To begin with, Punch and Judy enlivened the Fair; at the Races, the prizes for competition were unusually numerous; at the Theatre, the entertainments were nightly attractive; while the indefatigable Mr. Tinker, at the Collyhurst Vauxhall, provided such a blaze of light, with variegated lamps, as never was equalled in public gardens in this part of England.

Pertaining to the Races in the aforesaid year—1814—two remarkable instances of sudden death occurred to visitors upon their homeward journey. On the Wednesday a farmer and his wife were returning upon a double-carrying horse; passing Ardwick Green, the wife asked the husband to stop a moment, and she instantly died in an apoplectic fit. On the Thursday evening a resident of Greengate, Salford, stopped at the door of the Old Half Moon, Chapel Walks, and called for a glass of gin; whilst the host went into the house to get change for a shilling, the guest suddenly expired as he sat on horseback.

As Mr. Ryley's newspaper announcements and bills of the day, while promising the usual circus marvels, gave few remembered names, we need not enter into details.

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Exception, however, may be made in favour of a party of famous vocalists—Incledon, Sinclair, Horncastle, and two others now less known—who, while passing through the town on their way to Dublin, were engaged by Mr. Ryley to give two performances of their musical entertainment, "Mirth and Minstrelsy." With the manager's benefit in November, the disastrous season closed with a loss of three hundred pounds. Two-thirds of his liabilities, he states, were promptly discharged by the sale of a small property belonging to his wife. The residue, presumably, became absorbed in the National Debt, or in the Sinking Fund.

After abandoning the management of the Circus, Mr. Ryley joined the company at the Theatre Royal, along with Mr. Pemberton, known in literary annals as Pel Verjuice. The latter appeared as Fustian, the author. At Covent Garden he had played Hamlet, Virginius, and similar leading characters. Although now forgotten as an actor, he was one of the purest and brightest of men. The itinerant being limited to minor parts on the Fountain Street stage, soon resumed the use of his Brooms. Freed from his "load of sawdust," and singing Farewell Manchester, he gladly turned his steps towards the Black country in search of better fortune. Moderately successful during a summer tour through the smoky district, he returned home to finish the second series of his memoirs. And thus, a wanderer at the age of sixty, he bids his reader good-bye at the end of the sixth volume.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE ITINERANT IN SCOTLAND.

(THIRD SERIES.)

"I own I have been somewhat of a rover,
But now I mean to turn a new leaf over;
And some kind friends have a proposal made,
That I should settle in the banking trade!
I own the calling somewhat strange appears,
For one who's been insolvent forty years."

RYLEY'S PROLOGUE.

SCARCELY was the second series of the "Itinerant" clear of the press when Mrs. Ryley's domestic novel, "Fanny Fitz-York," was placed in the printer's hands, and published by the same firm, Sherwood, Neely, and Jones. The three portly volumes, dedicated to Mrs. Buckley, of Manchester, were heralded by a preface at once short and pungent:—"Every reader," commences Mrs. Ryley; "of a work from the pen of an unknown author naturally expects a preface; sometimes as a reason—sometimes as an apology—for writing. But I declare I do not see the necessity for either. To give the former would, in my circumstances, be very uninteresting to the public; and I do not think any writer has occasion to apologise, unless he be conscious of sending into the world something morally wrong. This is not my case. The book may be dull and insipid,—though I have taken some pains that it

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should be neither; it may lack wit and want character,—and this, too, I have done my best to obviate; but I would rather any or all of these blemishes were imputed to me than hear myself accused of shocking the nicest delicacy by a hint or an innuendo that could raise a blush on the cheek of modesty. Had I been fortunate enough to reside in the neighbourhood of a mouldering delapidated priory or castle, I might as I explored its ruins have picked up a decayed manuscript, and discovered after much labour and loss of time, an interesting and beautiful story; but as such adventures have never been my enviable lot, I was obliged to trust entirely to fancy and invention; and if my readers feel only half the pleasure in reading that I have done in writing the following sheets, they will receive more than a compensation for their trouble.—ANN RYLEY, Parkgate, Nov. 7th, 1817."

To skip at one bound from the said preface to the finale, at the end of the third volume, may seem an unreasonable leap, shewing little respect for the writer, and still less sympathy with the suffering lovers; but as it would be foreign to our purpose to analyse the story, we can merely give another taste of the author's quality — another specimen of her engaging style. The reader fond of unravelling plots may gratify his—or her—curiosity at some old-fashioned, superseded circulating library, where "Fanny Fitz-York" may yet be consulted; it will be useless to apply to the prevailing caterers—Smith or Mudie. "Having," concludes Mrs. Ryley, "brought my heroine to the seat of her ancestors, and the place of her early pilgrimage,—having made her as happy as this transitory 'feverish existence' will permit,—I take my leave, with a

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firm hope that the relative situation in which she now stands, or may hereafter be placed, will be as irreproachable as her morning of life; and that Leslie may ever bless the day which gave to his arms a lovely unsophisticated female, bred in the shades of retirement, and educated under the fostering care of a sensible and prudent mother. Ninety-nine readers out of every hundred will here close the book, and probably bless their stars that the tedious work is concluded. But have a moment's patience. I only want to thank you, kind ladies and gentlemen, for the honour of your company through my toilsome expedition; and to hope the tour has not been altogether destitute of instruction or amusement. Should it unhappily have failed in both my judgment alone is in fault; for I declare honestly and candidly that to instil virtue and morality has been my aim, however I may have erred in the means. If I could hope it would mitigate censure or deprecate criticism, I would own these volumes a first literary attempt; but no excuse of that kind can sanction the introduction of a faulty or improper work, much less recommend it. To the candour of the critics, therefore, and the good nature of the public, I commit the cause of Fanny Fitz-York, heiress of Tremorne."

Mr. Ryley again performed a few minor parts—no longer the leading comedian, no more the evening star—upon the Fountain Street boards in February, 1818; on the 13th of which month Mr. Charles Mathews (from the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden) made his first appearance on that stage as a dramatic performer. The characters he assumed were Goldfinch and Buskin, introducing the "Bang Up" song, the "Humours of a London Playhouse,"

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and "Bartholomew Fair." His chief supporter was James Browne, as Mr. Apollo Belvidere. The playbill of the evening bears the imprint of William Cowdroy, *Gazette* Office, Deansgate. Be it remembered, the debutant was not Charles James Mathews, so recently living and delighting the public with his mercurial performances, but his father, the pioneer in their peculiar line.

Thenceforward the itinerant ceased to consider Manchester his professional home, transferring to Liverpool the endearing title. His visits to this town became fewer and farther between, being chiefly of a farewell character. Mr. Ryley knew (as well as Charles Incledon and others) that three farewells are due to every public performer. First, when he tearfully leaves his native land; secondly, when he gratefully returns to its shores; and, finally and pathetically, when he quits the stage upon the identical boards where his chequered career began. Even these three legitimate adieux sometimes prove insufficient. The evergreen actress—Madame Celeste—so lately amusing the citizens of Manchester, is a marvellous instance. In the "Theatrical Biography," written by Francis Courtney Wemyss, an American manager, we thus read:—"Celeste's last benefit, if she does not take another, was fixed for the 18th of January [1840]." A few pages further the manager's misgivings are justified:—"Celeste took another farewell benefit, playing Vanderdecken in the "Flying Dutchman," Susanne, and the Frontier Maid. What an indefatigable lady she is! Nothing tires, nothing daunts her. We are for ever permitting her to say good-bye, and always glad to see her return to say good-bye again." Thirty-four years had elapsed since the date of those

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adieux in New York, yet here was the wonderful woman fulfilling an engagement at Manchester in the veritable October of 1873, and satisfying her audiences as Miami in Buckstone's popular drama, the "Green Bushes." Will marvels ever cease?

During the latter years of Mr. Ryley's mirthful exertions in Manchester there was much need of light-hearted entertainments to soothe the bitterness of political strife. The comic lecturer's closing professional appearance in this town was in 1822, at the Minor Theatre.

With an apology to Mr. and Mrs. Ryley for this divergence, their many-hued narrative is resumed. While the novel, "Fanny Fitz-York," was passing through the press, the itinerant and his wife were engaged in the composition of a dramatic piece, in five acts, entitled, the "Castle of Glendowr." Two acts were read by Mr. Edmund Kean, while starring at Liverpool, with so much approval, that he introduced the play to the Committee at Drury Lane Theatre, who echoed his good opinion. The author went once more to London to superintend the rehearsals. While so engaged many mishaps occurred; some actors being displeased with their parts, unfavourable changes were made; and one way or another the author's hopes had yielded to fears when the acting night arrived. Before the audience, the first act passed smoothly, winning applause; but the second was watched with a benumbing silence which at length burst forth in a hiss so tremendous, that the writer assures us, if he lived to the age of old Parr it would never be out of his recollection. After that explosion, although the play proceeded, not a line could be clearly heard, yet the performers bore the brunt of the

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storm without flinching. Not so the condemned dramatist, who quietly retreated from the committee's box to the solitude of his joyless lodging. Thus ended an expedition founded on the brightest prospects, but yielding nothing save five months of misery, and a costly journey of five hundred miles. Shortly after his arrival in the metropolis, while one day dining with Mr. Kean, he was reminded by the great tragedian that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and advised to sell his play to the committee, as they had read it approvingly; but the dramatist felt so confident of victory that he declined to "hedge,"—an error of judgment which he bitterly regretted when too late. The voluntary aid of his Preston relatives enabled him to return to his dwelling at Parkgate, leaving a slight surplus for future service.

The bitterness of feeling engendered by that miscarriage of fortune may be traced in his preface to the "Itinerant in Scotland," here presented. Its rarity will ensure its welcome. A few satirical conceits and phrases contained therein we have not ventured to correct, preferring that the reader should receive them as he receives the grocer's teas, neat as imported; or rather as he takes the lot from the auctioneer's hammer, with all faults and errors of description. "At the conclusion of the second series of this work," writes Mr. Ryley, "I entertained a faint hope that the Itinerant might, by some fortuitous circumstances, become stationary; and not be reduced to the painful necessity of again introducing his private concerns on the public notice. But what is concealed in the womb of time no mortal can foresee—no science fathom. The same cause that produced the first

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three volumes brought forth three more; and I still find myself impelled, by an irresistible impulse called necessity, to publish three additional ones, by way of finale to this long, but I hope not tedious, publication. For this I have a three-fold motive; and I confess the first and strongest is a mercenary one; though now in my seventy-second year, and experience, 'tis said, makes even fools wise, I have not as yet been enabled to learn any mode of supporting existence without money. My second motive is what, perhaps, may be thought a bad one—a spirit of resentment—a heart-boiling contempt for fair-weather friends, inflated, pompous, would-be great men, and Actors off the stage. Towards these, the only stiptic I can find for wounded feelings is explanation, undisguised truth, and castigating retort: and in doing this I have 'set down nought in malice,' but have endeavoured to give every puppy his pennyworth, and every dog his due. My third reason, though last, is by no means the least influential, since it will develop the warm feelings of a grateful heart towards a generous people and a fascinating country,—I mean Scotland; the land of literature, and the soil of sociability. In that northern region I never met the blast that nips the bud of friendship. Having briefly stated the reasons that bring me again before the public, I shall endeavour to call into exertion the little talent I possess; talent that, however small or trifling, has heretofore, I trust, afforded some innocent if not improving amusement to the readers of the "Itinerant;" and I am sure some employment to plagiarists and literary pirates."

The London expedition being ended, the itinerant enjoyed two months of domestic retirement at Parkgate,

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when the offer of an engagement at the Glasgow Theatre tempted him, in January, 1821, to Scotland. With the exception of an occasional run home, and two or three stray performances at Manchester, he remained in the land of the thistle, making agreeable professional tours, until March, 1823. At that date a mournful letter from Parkgate, announcing the death of his wife, brought his devious peregrinations to a sudden and final end.

In the year 1825 ensued a harmless paper war concerning the Manchester Ship Canal, one of the merry combatants being Mr. Ryley, who contributed to the Liverpool press a comic song commencing thus:—

"Oh! here's a pretty ruin brewing!
What the deuce is here a-doing?
Sure the world's turned upside down."

The strange project, still in embryo, was highly lauded in Manchester, even to the extent of a congratulatory ballad chanted upon the stage. But a very different version appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury*, *Kaleidoscope*, and kindred journals of that period issued on the bank of the Mersey. No lack of squibs and satirical comments, in prose or verse, saluted the bootless scheme. As per samples:—

"Humble petition of the Liverpool Corporation to the Manchester projectors of the Grand Ship Canal:—

O, ye lords of the loom,
Pray avert our sad doom,
We humbly beseech on our knees;
We do not complain,
That *you* drink your *Champagne*,
But leave us our *Port* if you please.

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Your sea scheme abandon
For railroads the land on,
And, to save us from utter perdition.
Cut your throats if ye like,
But don't cut the dyke;
And this is our humble petition."

The next satirist, in more prosaic form, suggested retaliation—

"Liverpool versus Manchester.

In consequence of the recent project of converting Manchester into a seaport, by making a navigable ship canal from the Irish Sea, at the mouth of the Dee, direct to Manchester, we have to announce that a company has been established in Liverpool called the "Liverpool Joint-stock Cotton Company," with a capital of ten millions (be the same more or less), the object of which is to erect at least one hundred cotton factories in Liverpool, which project, amongst other beneficial results, will entirely ruin Manchester. A few shares in this promising establishment may be secured by immediate application to Messrs. Moonshine & Co."

Again the humorous rhymer returned to the assault—

"The Manchester Bubble.
These lords of the shuttle,
By a process most subtle,
A canal mean to cut from the ocean,
And the great Irish Sea
They'll unite with the Dee,
But it's *Fiddle-de-Dee* I've a notion."

Columns of similar effusions might be quoted in illustration of this theme, but other two squibs, combining

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wit with brevity, will close the selection. Forming, as it were, the cream of the Liver dairy, they may suffice to accompany the Manchester theatrical ditty once warbled by Mr. Hammond on the stage.

"Shipped (by the power of steam), in good order and condition, by Simon Simple and Co., in the good ship called the Whale, whereof John Miracle is Master, for this present voyage, now riding at anchor on Kersal Moor Dry Dock, in the port of Manchester, and bound for Utopia."

"Manchester Ship Canal.
A! we shall B outdone if the C is let in at the D:
There's a "drap in their E."

As to the authorship of all these bantering strains (save Mr. Ryley's) they may safely be attributed to the pen of Mr. Anonymous, the most prolific of minstrels.

One year later still—May, 1826—the itinerant, feeling lonely even in his "cottage of content," re-married, in order to secure the home comfort which grows dearer to the heart with advancing years. The old man's new bride, a neighbour at Parkgate, was Miss Margaret Sophia Brook, the Church selected for the occasion being St. Peter's, Liverpool. This union seems to have been formed in a similar spirit to that of Robert Southey and Caroline Bowles. Miss Bowles had long admired the laureate's moral and intellectual qualities; and when she knew that he needed a comforter in a loving wife, they became united: and she was truly the light of his home to the end of his dark days. With Mr. Ryley his snug, white dwelling, possessing an expansive marine view, was a frequent and welcome theme in prose and verse, his best-known description thereof being headed,

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"My Cot on the bank of the Dee." The merry off-hand verses were first printed in the Liverpool *Kaleidoscope*, in the summer of 1820. Subsequently, the author incorporated them with his "Itinerant in Scotland;" and they form the entrance, or poetic portal, to that narrative. The rambler evidently enjoyed his domestic repose.

The "Itinerant in Scotland" closes with a circular issued by a committee of Liverpool gentlemen, proposing that a small annual subscription should be paid to Mr. Ryley in lieu of his annual benefit, as the heavy expenses of the theatre would thus be saved.

As elsewhere stated more at large, the itinerant died at Parkgate, in September, 1837, in his eighty-third year, poverty remaining his companion to the end. He was buried in Neston Churchyard, where the light sands of the river Dee are constantly blowing over the gravestones; and unless the lettering be occasionally cleared by some gentle hands his epitaph, though lengthy and explicit, will be found unreadable.

Quitting the mimic world (as represented by the itinerant), which has yielded a serio-comic entertainment, our working-day incidents may now be resumed, and shortly completed. As a retrospective glance at Bury—more than half a century ago—seems worth preserving, and comes within the range of our sub-title, the concluding chapter will be devoted to that town.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

REMEMBRANCES OF BURY AND OF MANCHESTER BY THE WAY.

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long,
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?"

LALLA ROOKH.

IF from this poetical description of an oriental scene the nightingale be gently removed,—gently as his loving nature requires—and the throstle, a prime favourite of ours, be permitted to warble in its stead, the picture will apply as truly to us and our country town, as erst it applied to the romantic nymph and her eastern stream.

Perhaps the most popular and appropriate coat of arms that could be devised for the town of Bury would be a voracious eagle and a cradled child, with a massive simnel for a shield; although it might be reasonably objected that such a shield would, in its luscious brittleness, be shattered at the first joust, even at an Eglinton tournament. This suggestion seems timely, as the town, during the year 1876, has received the honour of incorporation, and the new officials will doubtless require a new seal. In treating

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of Bury, the writer will have little opportunity of lingering with tradition, howsoever fond he may be of her dreamy flights, for her only haunts hereabout are Castle Croft and Castle Stead, where copper coins, dating from the reign of King Canute, were dug up a few years ago. With other events associated with the town the writer's stay must be similarly brief. The earliest historical facts are the forfeiture of the manor, in 1485, by Sir Thomas Pilkington, who fought for Richard the Third at Bosworth Field, and its bestowal, together with the earldom of Derby, on the fortunate Stanley, by Henry the Seventh. Printed authorities affirm that for this lordship of Bury the Earls of Derby owe suit and service to the royal and neighbouring manor of Tottington. Although the great civil wars have impressed their marks upon Bury, there is no necessity for dwelling with the white or red rose,—with the Ironside or the Cavalier: we may at once enter upon more modern times and newer incidents.

Within a century of the present date the town has suffered from four calamities, the first of which occurred on Wednesday, the fourth of July, 1787. A few lines may suffice for an incident often noticed. Mr. Bibby, manager of a company of comedians, had there converted a brick barn into a temporary theatre, and was very successful during two or three months. At length he announced that his season was drawing to a close, and in consequence a great crowd flocked to see the performances on the evening named. Upwards of three hundred individuals entered the house, the gallery portion of the audience being excessively turbulent. About half-past ten the entire gable end of the building fell, yielding to the violent

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pressure. By this accident six persons lost their lives, while sixty or seventy others were injured, many of them severely.

On Sunday evening, June 14th, 1818, the Bolton and Bury packet-boat was overturned, about a mile and a half from the latter town, in consequence of the reckless folly of some of the passengers, who would persist in rocking the boat, notwithstanding a timely warning of the danger. Upwards of ninety persons were immersed; four girls and a boy being drowned.

Its third calamity, the wreck of the Rothsay Castle steam packet, proved still more disastrous to Bury than the fall of its theatre or the overturning of its boat. Of twenty-six persons who left that neighbourhood on various excursions of pleasure in the summer of 1831, only five returned. Though leaving home in small parties, and without previous concert, they chanced to meet altogether on board the steamer at Liverpool on the morning of Wednesday, the 17th of August. The vessel was advertised to sail for Beaumaris at ten o'clock, but was delayed an hour by the tardy arrival of a travelling carriage, containing a gentleman and his lady, accompanied by a livery servant and a favourite spaniel, named Jet. Of this party Jet was the sole survivor on the following day. At eleven o'clock the packet bounded on her voyage; the sun "broke through the hazy sky," though more in a spirit of promise than of performance; and the musicians played a merry tune—which had the effect of setting in motion a number of those sensitive feet that cannot be kept still in the presence of music, more especially on board a steamer. On passing the Black Rock the wind increased, and thus

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early the movement of the waves began to be felt. Dispirited by sea sickness, several inquiring passengers, stored with topographical facts, and with every point of interest between Liverpool and Beaumaris carefully marked on their outspread maps, suddenly closed their guide-books, losing all interest in river views or ocean scenery. Opposite Abergele the sea had become so wild, and the Rothsay Castle (a light packet built for the Clyde), apparently so unable to cope with it, that many of the pleasure seekers became alarmed, offering money to the captain as an inducement to return. Still persevering, it was ten o'clock and had long been dark, when they reached the Great Ormshead. At midnight Puffin Island was dimly observed, the welcome vision eliciting a faint cheer; but at this place the vessel shortly afterwards struck. An hour or two sufficed to break her into fragments and drown the greater portion of her crew and passengers, conjointly estimated at one hundred and fifty souls. The Earl of Derby's land steward, Mr. William Tarrey, perished with the whole of his family. Daylight revealed about fifty survivors clinging to sundry pieces of the wreck; but many of these gradually becoming exhausted, or suffocated, had sunk into the sea before five o'clock, at which hour the calamity was discovered from the shore. Only twenty-three were rescued alive. Numerous sufferers were interred in the neighbouring churchyards; while others floated weeks or months, until washed ashore at Southport, Formby, Blackpool, or elsewhere. Upwards of forty were never recovered.

Such is the old story newly told. The wreck of the Rothsay Castle was not treated as a mere nine days'

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wonder, but formed the subject for bardic prizes at the Beaumaris Eisteddfod. In successive numbers of the weekly newspapers detailed accounts and personal narratives were given; and the late Mr. Joseph Adshead, sometime a member of the Manchester City Council, published a circumstantial history of the disaster. During some years, as the anniversary of the wreck came round, a few survivors gathered together, and went in concert to church, for the purpose of listening to a sermon prepared for the occasion, thus suitably acknowledging their resurrection, or new life.

Of the five excursionists who returned to Bury, one John Nuttall, druggist, outlived the catastrophe about sixteen years, his natural death occurring at his residence in Bury. His remains rest in St. John's churchyard in that town. Three members of a Manchester household—all three drowned—were interred on the south side of Newton (Heath) Churchyard. An inscription upon an altar tomb thus commemorates the event:—

> Ann the wife of Charles Travis Faulkner,
> aged 30 years. Also of Amelia their
> daughter, aged 4 years; who together
> with Frederick their son, aged three
> months, perished off Puffin Island
> by the wreck of the Rothsay Castle
> steam vessel on the night of the
> 16th of August 1831.

Curiosity once led us to visit the elevated churchyard of Beaumaris, where thirty of the victims of pleasure and mismanagement lie buried, and where the tiny headstones lettered R. C.—signifying Rothsay Castle—speak with plaintive eloquence. We were far from thinking their green

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resting-place beneath the clear blue sky an undesirable retreat. Our voyage of the previous day, though neither so wild nor so dreary as that of the Rothsay, was sufficient to prove that sea sickness can take away every charm of life. The "sea-change" still depressed us as we surveyed the grassy mounds. But at Beaumaris such feeling of lassitude could not be of long continuance. The breeze, a natural reviver, was there fresh and invigorating; while the marine view was all that could be desired, more especially by a home bird so rarely away from the nest. Not less picturesque were the primitive figures occasionally dotting the landscape; Cambrian women, for instance, with sun-burned faces, shaded by broad felt hats, proceeding leisurely to market upon rough-haired ponies. It were pleasant to dilate upon the attractive features of Beaumaris, if the slightest necessity existed for so doing. But remembering the number of expert pens and pencils already wielded in their favour, the present observer, adopting the advice once tendered to the nation at large, will thankfully rest.

The fourth misfortune that has afflicted Bury was occasioned by the fall of the building in which were assembled the supporters of Mr. R. N. Philips, M.P., during his candidature at the late General Election, in February, 1874, when nine persons were killed, and many others injured. The particulars of the accident being fresh in the public memory, this passing reference will here suffice.

Thus far the public incidents and accidents connecting themselves with Bury have detained us from a few personal remembrances of that town, and of Manchester by the way. Yet only in connection with such public incidents may any

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illustrative personal details be introduced: even then, with becoming reticence.

Seven or eight years prior to the loss of the Rothsay Castle at Puffin Island, being then a young convalescent, it was arranged by our kinsfolk that we should spend a summer in the country in order to recruit our health. For that agreeable purpose we were placed in the conveyance of the Bury carrier, waiting at the door of the old Roebuck tavern, situated in Hanging Ditch, and adjoining, as previously stated, the house where Thomas Barritt was born. We would like to recall the scene then meeting our gaze—fifty years ago, bar one—and note each point of interest, each remnant of antiquity, lining the route; but a few faint glimpses must now serve. More fitting for such task were the pencils of our Ralstons, Parrys, and Mortons—artistic hands with antiquarian feelings to guide them. The quaint aspect of the place has been entirely changed by the new wide cutting termed Corporation Street.

At the confectioner's shop adjoining the Roebuck certain small pockets were filled by mother, and a tiny book presented,—a first literary souvenir,—named the "Dairyman's Daughter," by the Reverend Legh Richmond. Being at length snugly seated, the driver, cracking his whip, began the journey.

Slowly passing the numerous taverns in Toad Lane (since cut through, and re-christened Todd Street), and turning the Dangerous Corner (now no longer dangerous, being the site of the present Cathedral school,) into Long Millgate, our wandering gaze was easily attracted to a comical tavern signboard representing Liston in the

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character of Paul Pry; and we verily believe the laughing philosopher served as a public moralist thereabout. In due course the conveyance arrived at the Ducie Bridge Inn, kept by Mr. Joseph Shaw. "Shaw's Little Hat" will not readily be forgotten by those persons who remember Kersal Moor races in their hey-day, and who once quenched their Whitsuntide thirst beneath that favourite and peculiar symbol. The tollbar (removed in 1830) at Ducie Bridge being next passed, our progress was smooth and unobstructed until we reached the note-worthy residence of Mr. Gilbert Winter, at Stocks, looking sweetly rural although so near the town.* While thus wistfully gazing at Stocks, we had merely to turn to the opposite side of the highway, peer down Dirty Lane (now Elizabeth Street) to its junction with another field-path, at Snow Hill; and there, in a quiet angle, flourished a public fruit garden, afterward popularly known as Braddock's. An afternoon of exceeding pleasantness could be passed in that simple out-of-the-way retreat; more especially if accompanied by the friendly gardener, kindly indicating the favourite fruit, while inviting you to test its lusciousness. That cheery, verse-loving delver was proud of bearing a resemblance to Lord Byron; and it was sometimes faintly whispered that he possessed a natural claim thereto. Mrs. Braddock and her fruit garden vanished

* It was to his friend the late Mr. Winter that Mr. Ainsworth, forty years ago, dedicated his "Jack Sheppard;" and a similar compliment has since been paid by the popular novelist to the present master of Stocks, Mr. Crossley, to whom is inscribed the weird romance, "Lancashire Witches," in these terms:—"To James Crossley, Esq. (of Manchester), president of the Chetham Society, and the learned editor of the 'Discoverie of Witches in the county of Lancaster,'—the groundwork of the following pages,—this romance (undertaken at his suggestion) is inscribed by his old and sincerely attached friend, the Author."

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from the directory in 1855, in which year Elizabeth Street first appeared therein.

The carrier stopped to bait at the Eagle and Child, long supposed (though erroneously) to be the hostelry where, so far back as the year 1618, John Taylor, the water poet, "ate, drank, and slept of the best," as strangely set forth in his "Pennyless Pilgrimage." Our short stay was relieved by glimpses of the Temple bowling green, then, as now, in full vogue; and some amusement was afforded by a colony of martens, darting about their holes perforated in the sand-hills at Fearnacre. As St. Luke's Church was not then built, the prospect included Smedley Lane, Beech Hill, and Clarke-Field,—before the encroachments of the town had deprived them of their floral and sylvan attributes, and whilst many well-remembered families were there clustered in sweet retirement.*

The tardy baiting over, the driver resumed his journey, soon leaving in his rear the pictured eagle perched upon the cradle of the pictured child. Throughout, the homely jaunt was sufficiently novel; and if deemed rather slow, that fact may reasonably account for the slowness of our description thereof.

Being dark when we arrived at Bury, the uncovered market-place was gaily lighted, casting into deep shadow the sacred edifice that stood beside. We felt somewhat

* That those fields, woodlands, wayside wells, "butter stiles," farmsteads, and ancient ancestral halls were once duly guarded is proven by an announcement in *Wheeler's Chronicle*, dated May, 1812:—"HIGHER AND LOWER CLARKE-FIELDS. This pleasant Estate, in Crumpsal, about two miles from Manchester, belonging to the Boroughreeve's Charity, is now on sale in large or small lots, upon chiefs for building upon.—No steam engines, or any works considered as nuisances to rural life, will be allowed."

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amused and bewildered at the animated scene before and beneath us; but the carrier made the best of his way through the motley groups of hucksters' stalls, ballad singers in full voice, wares displayed upon the stones, and wandering merchants in general; until we reached our uncle's habitation, a snug-looking cottage, situated in a recess called the Wylde, near the parish church. As clerk of that church our kinsman succeeded his father, and has himself been succeeded by his son. The next-door neighbour was the deputy constable and collector of the King's taxes, whose larger house was made to do double duty, by serving as a residence for himself and as a lockup for his prisoners,—the said prisoners being examined at an adjacent tavern, the landlord of which was also the postmaster. Most of the public offices were thus duplicated, the business of the town being conducted in a manner exceedingly primitive, and by homely old-fashioned men, with no modern airs or artifice about them.

Our uncle of Bury was a robust practical person, with a trifle of eccentricity in his manner, and with a partiality for brevity of speech. Not to rich diet did he owe his substantial appearance, but rather to the wholesomeness of simple fare. Though chary of words, in his actions he might be termed a truly generous being. Perhaps he had heard of the philanthropic Howard, and wished to imitate his virtues. Be that as it may, his generosity soared above all sectarian or party feeling, and, so far as his sphere in life permitted, his charity, like Guy's spelling book, was universal. Enough for him to know that the objects of his benevolence were needy and deserving; poverty was its own recommendation, a tattered garment

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possessing more effective eloquence than the choicest language. Many were the aged and infirm mortals who subsisted entirely on his bounty, for his house resembled that of Goldsmith's country clergyman in being the resort and asylum of the vagrant fraternity. Each day brought to his door its animated pictures of misery, though they were more numerous on some occasions than on others, it being the rule of our kind-hearted relative, from which he never deviated, to make a general distribution on certain days of the week. In winter, when snow mantled the earth and the thin blood curdled in the veins of penury, he failed not to supply his destitute applicants with clothing and bedding to shield them from the inclement season. Haply, precalculating reader, you have concluded ere this that our uncle of Bury was a patrician of mark or a plebeian of wealth. If so, your decision has been formed a little too prematurely. His name was guiltless of a title, his private coffers unencumbered with gold. Nevertheless, he had unfailing resources, which supplied his requirements duly as the tributary streams supply the sea, for he was the public almoner—the Bury overseer.

One of his small sources of income is indicated by the annexed inscription, clearly chiselled upon a gravestone in Bury churchyard:—

> THOMAS ROTHWELL of this town, yeoman,
> gave the sum of ten pound, the interest
> thereof to be laid out in Sixpeny Jannocks,
> and the same to be dealt in this Church,
> Yearly, on the first Sunday after Epiph-
> any, to poor House-Keepers belonging
> to Bury Hamlet, who receive no Re-
> lief from the Township; and ordered

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the rector of Bury and his successors
to be Trustees for the same. 1737.

Albeit our sojourn in Bury was merely a butterfly kind of visit, extending over one bright summer, yet that brief period was rife with many an artless incident, many a rustic charm, still retaining a place in the memory. It was truly the "time of roses," and, wisely though thoughtlessly, we "plucked them as we passed." When summer had faded into autumn, and autumn in its turn was yielding its glories to advancing winter, we bade good bye to those congenial relations, having accomplished our mission, the restoration of health, to the satisfaction of the few persons concerned. During our stay at Bury we were free to range between two homes, about half a mile apart, being equally happy at either, while taking occasional lessons in the school of another relative. From that time forth we saw little or nothing of those households, but have never forgotten their locality, nor the oasis they made for their tiny kinsman. When, some years having elapsed, the Muse endowed us with the romantic and profitless faculty of rhyming, one of our earliest strains was dedicated to those scenes.

EARLY HAUNTS RE-VISITED.

(R.W.P. From the "Festive Wreath," 1842.)

When childhood, fairy boon from fate,
  Wreathed smiles upon my brow,
I press'd this dear, familiar spot,
  Where beauty reign'd as now.
Each field and flower gave forth its bloom,
  Each light and sunny thing
Rejoiced with me, while wandering free,
  Bless'd children of the spring.

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How many years have noiseless sped
Since last I saw this glen,—
How oft by fierce commotions torn
Yon world of busy men,—
How much of change this heart has known,
Of hopes, of smiles, of tears;
Yet, o'er this sweet and lone retreat
No trace of time appears.

Thus when the sun's all-glorious beams
Have vanquish'd winter's gloom,
Blythe nature wakes again to life,
Triumphant o'er the tomb;
'Tis thus the simplest leaves and flowers,
With weeds, that meanly grow,
Enjoy perpetual bloom on earth,
Proud man shall never know.

Why wonder that the great and good
Should seek in after years,
The far away and sacred turf
That infancy endears;
For o'er the soul emotions crowd,
Tumultuous as the waves;
And shades of dear departed joys
"Flit shrouded from the graves."

I go, loved scene, to distant strife,
In air impure to pine,
And never more these pilgrim feet
May wander to thy shrine;
Yet memory oft will haunt thy glades,
Preserve them pure and free,
To bless the little sinless hearts
That follow after me.

From that summer, so heartily enjoyed in the country, to the wintry aspect of our subsequent life in a huge manufacturing city, the contrast could scarcely be more

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striking. We are aware that Bury was a manufacturing town at the period described, and that mills shadowed her streams in various directions; but her works, making no impression upon us at the time, have left no memories. They were subjective rather than aggressive; and certainly never interfered with our Arcadia, nor prevented an agreeable succession of rural holidays.

Once again we visited those early haunts, which to us were well-nigh as much enchanted as the ancient cities of Arabian romance. Many years had intervened, and they had evidently been years of active transition: periods of transition are ever painful; because "Faith in the Old is shaken before the New is defined and acknowledged. We are in the world, but not of it;—it is not the world of yesterday." Our uncle and aunt were buried; their cottage had disappeared. The homely range had been moved to make room for modern edifices. The church tower, in which we had frequently rung the bell, was taken down. (The Church itself has since been renewed). Masons were busily engaged in the erection of a new and loftier spire; and the familiar clock face lay like lumber against a distant wall. Everything around was strange and embarrassing. After two or three anxious inquiries, reserve seemed the better policy; for our questions elicited only the vacant gaze of misapprehension which so much annoyed Rip Van Winkle after his magical slumber on the Kaatskill mountain. Proceeding to the suburb, by way of Bury Lane, we found some tanners or chemical manufacturers in possession of the fields descending from Battle wall, and approaching Chamber Hall, while the long range of adjacent gardens had fallen to decay. Here we re-

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membered aiding our cousins (lads and lassies in turn) to gather the ripe fruit, bearing homeward the laden baskets as twilight shadowed the lane and moths fluttered dimly over our heads. Even the blackberry bushes, of which there used to be no lack, were now vainly sought. No more young lips to be richly dyed in the coming blackberry seasons—no more juvenile rovers to grow hilarious with the juice of the wild berry. Little remained of all that had lain embalmed and unchanging in our memory. It is curious, though not always gratifying, to mark how inevitably, as a principle in nature, the ancient succumbs to the modern. Wherever commerce plants her foot with a determination to advance, there agriculture recedes from her own fertile acres. Whithersoever (taking a wider view) the white aggressors, bent upon colonising, pitch their tents, there are the fading races of red men, or of black, foredoomed to defeat, if not to extinction. The process may be tardy or swift, the struggle may be faint or severe, the result is ever the same.

The gates of Bury churchyard, thrown widely open, gave an implied invitation to enter, which we frankly accepted. Merrier hearts than ours have indulged in such pensive musings within God's Acre. We remember reading in the memoirs of the elder Charles Mathews that he seldom paid a first visit to a town or village without finding his feet turn naturally to the churchyard, where he lingered until one or more of its epitaphs became transferred to his note-book. A similar habit clung through life to the wayward tragedian George Frederick Cooke; as likewise to another player, Henry Lee, the provincial manager. The dark wings of Azrael seem

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strange companionship for the tinsel and glitter of the stage, yet they have mingled, nevertheless, as they will mingle again. Though possessing no such contrast of character or profession as the performers here named, a kindred predilection for epitaphs, strengthened by the remembrance of other days, led us into Bury churchyard. We were anxious to chat with the stone-cutter, as that grave functionary proceeded with his chiselling of letters and carving of memorial scrollwork; also, we wished to copy two special inscriptions, and retrieve them a little while from oblivion; but, as neither time nor opportunity favoured our views, we retraced our steps from Bury—resuming, after a brief return journey, our life-long acquaintance with the Streets of Manchester.

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ADDENDA.

"The author may add another picture of the same kind, which may elucidate former manners."—THE ANTIQUARY.

Page 11.—*John Hampson.*

Since our brief notice of this "born schoolmaster" appeared in the *Guardian* many of his old scholars have written in the *City News*, with evident delight, sundry recollections of the stern yet favourite mentor, and of the academy wherein he so long ruled. Perhaps the key to the sternness of his discipline might be found in the preface to his "Epistolary Exercise Book," printed in 1841 by Bradshaw and Blacklock, and successfully published by James Lowndes:—"The duty of watching over the tender mind, of leading and directing the rising genius, and of correcting disorderly habits and bad dispositions, devolves upon parents and teachers." To the list of Mr. Hampson's note-worthy pupils should be added the names of Sir Elkanah Armitage and Alderman Goadsby. In the decline of life the teacher is described by his executor as being full of the memories of his early days and scholars, and fond of describing the scenery of Salford when it was half rural, the people more homely, and with manners more primitive than at present. He was often heard regretting the change. On quitting his cottage at Bowdon Downs, Mr. Hampson came to live with his daughter, in

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Shakspere Street; here calmly and painlessly dying, he was buried in Bowdon Churchyard, where his wife had been laid about two years before.

Page 11.—*Hampson Street.*

Another resident of this street was the Waterloo hero, Charles Ewart. For the following interesting record of his career we are indebted to the courtesy and research of Mr. William Hindshaw, of Salford:—"Most of us are acquainted, through the medium of a fine engraving by Ryall, with Ansdel's picture of one of the many heroic incidents which occurred on the fateful field of Waterloo, 'The fight for the Standard.' It seems to be very little known that the hero of this and many other striking episodes of soldier life, spent his latter, though not last, years in Salford; and that in Salford his bones lie buried. The event which excited the admiration of the whole British Army, and which led to his being raised from the rank of sergeant in the Greys to that of commissioned officer, and to the possession of one hundred pounds a year for life, was the capture of one of the two imperial eagles seized at Waterloo. His own account of the incident is simple enough, and it bears, in the absence of verbal garniture, or rhetorical flourish or boast, the stamp of true and sterling probity, and simple sense of duty and devotedness to the service into which he had enlisted:—'It was in the first charge that I took the eagle from the enemy. The Frenchman and I had a hard contest for it. He thrust for my groin; I parried it off and cut him through the head.' The circumstances are more graphically detailed by an eye witness (Colonel Smith) in the columns of the *United Service Gazette* of

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May 15th, 1852; from which it appears that it occurred in the desultory fighting which ensued after one of the most brilliant and decisive charges of the day, in which two French columns ten thousand strong were utterly dispersed, contests between groups and single combatants covering the slopes. The struggle for the eagle was a severe one. It belonged to the forty-fifth Regiment, and bore on its reverse a record of its presentation by Napoleon. It had figured at the victories of Jena, Austerlitz, Wagram, and others; and we may infer was entrusted to the hands of one of the bravest of the brave. Mounted on his big horse, Ewart rushed at his adversary, and wresting with his strong left hand the coveted symbol from its custodian, he parried with the sword in his right hand the thrust aimed by the Frenchman at his groin, and by a succeeding cut nearly severed the head of the combatant from his body. He in turn was immediately assailed by a Polish Lancer, who, essaying to recover the trophy, hurled his lance at the victor. Ewart skilfully cast aside the weapon, and with an upward stroke cleft his head. Next a foot soldier tried his prowess, and first firing his musket, rushed at him with his bayonet. It required but little effort on Ewart's part to dispose of this adversary. General Ponsonby, who witnessed the desperate valour of Ewart, called out to him, "My brave fellow, take that to the rear; you have done enough till you get quit of it." On the entry of the British troops into Brussels after the battle, Ewart bore his trophy, and attracting universal attention, was everywhere saluted with applause. He was promoted in the following February to an ensigncy in the Third Royal Veteran Battalion, in which he served twenty-four years. On

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leaving the army he resided at Tranmere, and subsequently at Ulverston, whence he came to Salford. His residence was in Hampson Street, on the southern side, about one hundred yards down from Oldfield Road. He employed himself while in Salford in teaching the use of that implement which, in his valorous and skilful hands, had won him his well-merited distinction. His latest days, in the down-hill of life, were spent with his faithful wife Maggie, the constant companion of all his fortunes, in a comfortable cottage, in a country lane, opposite Davyhulme Hall. I was fortunate enough, on Saturday last, to discover his tomb in the graveyard of the New Jerusalem Temple, in Bolton Street. The stone is numbered 312, and it bears this inscription:—"In memory of Ensign Charles Ewart, who died March 23rd, 1846, aged 77 years." The wife of such a heroic adventurer was not without her own adventures. On the eve of Waterloo, in the terrible *melée* so graphically described by Byron, she was hastily picked up by Colonel Anson, who highly esteemed her brave husband, and insisted upon her riding behind him in the old pillion fashion. Sam Slick says "Women never forget the fixins," so with natural modesty she set about squaring her curt-tailed petticoats so as to form the nearest approximation to the lengthened superfluity of a riding-habit, any consideration for which the impetuous soldier, in strong soldier language, condemned in the urgency of the case, and galloping off with her he deposited her in a place of comparative safety. The day after the battle she spent seeking among the dead for the body of her husband, of whom living she could hear no tidings. She witnessed there the cruel rapacity of the human cormorants, who, rifling the

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dead for plunder, often extinguished by a cruel tap the little spark of life remaining in the wounded. After her ineffectual search she sought quarters for the night, and obtained them in the house of a blacksmith. A group of bespattered and grimy warriors in the course of the evening entered the premises with their horses, which they had brought to be shod. No notice was taken of them until the voice of one was heard above the rest giving orders. Starting up, Mrs. Ewart said to a companion in adversity 'I'm sure that's Ewart's voice.' Ewart saw her as she advanced, and calling out 'Maggie! Maggie!' rushed to the embrace her outspread arms offered. Among the chosen companions of Ewart while resident in Salford were Mr. R. P. Livingstone, subsequently Mayor of Salford; Mr. Ralph Robinson, now of Higher Broughton—to whose courtesy I am chiefly indebted for my information; Deputy-Constable Diggles, and some other large-hearted fellows. Held in high esteem by all who knew him, though three decades had elapsed since his exploits at Waterloo made him famous, his brother officers of the garrison here who were thrown into contact with him presented him with a valuable silver cup, bearing an inscription expressive of their admiration of his character. He had arranged with the worthies I have referred to, to hansel the cup at a supper in the Nelson Inn, Chapel Street. A messenger was dispatched for the goblet, which was to receive its first charge of wine at this convivial gathering, and the party were preparing to sit down, when the appalling information was brought that it was missing. The party, of course, broke up; and never did Deputy-Constable Diggles perform his administrative functions with such determined

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energy as he did in his attempt to discover the precious article so inopportunely purloined. Nothing connected with it was ever seen, but the empty case which had contained it, and that was found in a clay pit, over which now stands the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Salford, or further known but what was confessed by a miscreant, transported for another crime, that it was sent to Liverpool and melted before the hour appointed for the banquet. Mr. Ewart, a Scotchman by birth, hailing from the Ayrshire that sent Burns into the world, was of a genial kindly disposition, by no means garrulous in his old age, and always reluctant to refer to his own valorous exploits, with perhaps one exception, and it was his only boast. A little before noon of the memorable eighteenth, the Scots Greys were ordered to charge a distant body of infantry. The order was obeyed with the alacrity which eminently characterised the Greys, and which made Napoleon often exclaim, 'Ah, qu' ils sont terribles ces chevaux gris!' The column was two deep. Ewart was in front of Cornet Kinchant, and on approaching the enemy, he singled out a French officer, whom he quickly disarmed, and was about to cut down, when he cried out 'Mercy! mercy! Angleterre,' at the same time dropping his sabre and intimating his surrender. Hearing his cry Kinchant called upon Ewart to spare his life, and secure him as a prisoner. Ewart did not relish this interruption to his work, but, of course, submitted to orders, and proceeded to do the more effective work of the moment, when hearing a pistol shot behind him, and suspecting treachery, he turned round and saw poor Kinchant falling backwards over his horse, apparently lifeless, and the villain whose life he had interceded for trying to hide

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a pistol under his coat. Boiling with indignation at the dastardly act, Ewart instantly wheeled round and made for the scoundrel, who again appealed for mercy. Ewart's answer was, 'Ask mercy of God, for de'il a bit of mercy you will get at my hands,' and with one fell swoop of his terrible sword he severed his head from his body. Of this act of stern justice Ewart was ever afterwards supremely proud. Ewart's faithful Maggie survived him a few years, dozing out her days in her Cheshire cottage, and enjoying half the pension conferred on her husband. She now sleeps in the quiet churchyard of Urmston. The eagle of Ewart's fame may be seen in the museum of Chelsea Hospital. The sword that 'did the deed' was in the possession of Mr. Eden, of Lytham; and his watch, a most interesting relic bearing the dent made by a bullet, thereby instrumental in saving the hero's life, passed to the care of Mr. Robert Parren Livingstone." Mr. Hindshaw, in closing his attractive narrative, expressed his belief that Mr. Livingstone, while serving as Mayor of Salford, re-presented Ewart's watch; but its destination now seems uncertain.

Page 33.—*Pendleton Maypole.*

Although the origin of this pole and the early history of its merry-makings remain obscured, the suggestive symbol, surmounted by a vane is yet standing, its present locality being adjacent to the Maypole Hotel, in Ford Lane. A few informing lines touching its modern uses have recently been contributed to the *City News* by Mr. John Hulme:—

"The Pendleton Maypole was erected on its present site about the year 1830, having been removed from its former site on 'Pow Green,' near the high road, to make room for the present

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St. Thomas's Church. The removal was made chiefly at the instance and expense of the late Robert Belringer, who about that time was seeking a license for what afterwards was the May-pole Inn. It was used as a flagstaff for many years after its erection on its present site, the flag being hoisted on the king's birthday and other festive occasions. I cannot say when it was last used. The pole was used occasionally on its old site as a whipping-post."

Page 37.—*William Ford.*

Doctor Dibdin, in his "Reminiscences of a Literary Life," thus introduces a friendly letter:—"It is from the late William Ford, a bookseller of Manchester, of unabating enthusiasm and diligence in his vocation: a man, whose life had been chequered by many vicissitudes. I spoke of him in my book as a sense of truth, justice and obligation told me I ought to speak. Mr. Ford's letter is as follows.

"Manchester, June 16, 1811.

I have to thank you for the handsome manner in which you speak of me as a bookseller; although it was my love of books, not of lucre, which first induced me to become one, and I was a collector many years before I was one of the honourable fraternity. However, then I had not the pleasure of knowing you, or we might have done each other more mutual kindnesses than it is now in my power, or indeed consistent—as making the book-trade my business. . . . The sale of the work I should think must be very great. Pray give me some particulars, as well as of the characters you have introduced into it, many of which I am at a loss to make out. I have sold a good number of your 'Bibliomania' here; though, to my sorrow, the disease does not exist in any great degree. But indeed it may be very readily accounted for, from the prevalence of a more fatal disease, which has absorbed every other, and rages with a more extended influence than was ever known before; I mean Poverty—if it may be allowable to call it a disease, and which no ranks are free

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from. But it is useless pining, therefore I will conclude, but not without assuring you that I am most sincerely your faithful and obliged servant.

W. FORD."

Page 42.—*Coldhouse Meadow.*

This meadow was purchased, it appears, from Mr. Joseph Bancroft, near the beginning of the last century, by Mr. John Whiteley, cloth dresser, Garden Lane, Withy Grove. The meadow, indicated on certain early maps, was evidently large, embracing much of the land bounded by Withy Grove, Toad Lane, and the lower end of Shudehill. On the westerly side it would probably adjoin Mr. Haworth's field, situated behind his house and garden. Mr. Haworth's substantial house, yet standing, is known as the Manchester Arms Inn; the site of his garden is now merged in Corporation Street; while his field is partly covered by the lower portion of Balloon Street. In Mr. Whiteley's will, dated 1718, the word Cold*house* is less delicately spelled and pronounced than at present, suggesting a widely-different origin for the name.

Page 56.—*The Concert Hall.*

In reference to the "opening day" of the Concert Hall printed authorities are slightly at variance. The reliable version subjoined appeared originally in the *Manchester Guardian*, September 4th, 1830:—

"It may be interesting to state that the Concert Hall was first opened on Monday, the 30th August, 1830, when the principal performers were Madame Malibran, Signor Curioni, Signor De Begnis, M. and Madame Stockhausen, and Mr. Mori; Malibran's rendering of "Ombra Adorata" being the great feature of the concert. At the third concert Henry Phillips, with De Beriot,

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the violinist (Malibran's future husband), added to the attractions. Herrmann, who succeeded Richard Cudmore, was the leader on the occasion; Herrmann's successor being Rudersdorff, the father of the well-known soprano Madame Rudersdorff."

Page 111.—*The Vintners' Arms.*

The earliest reliable notice of this house at present obtainable appears in the directory dated 1788, as thus:—"Gould, Sanders, and Co., fustian manufacturers, and importers of Irish linen, Smithy Door." As regards this commercial firm Mrs. Raffald is silent.

Page 114.—*Syddalls, of Smithy Door.*

Upon a flat stone within the Cathedral, at the east end, the subjoined inscription can yet be plainly read:—

> Here resteth the body of
> THOMAS SYDDALL, who died March
> 15th, 1779, aged 48 years. Also MARY
> his wife, who died March 26th,
> 1809, aged 78 years. Also ELLEN
> daughter of Thomas and Mary Syddall,
> who died 28th December, 1826, aged
> 57 years.

This Thomas Syddall, described as grocer and drysalter, lived and traded during many years in Smithy Door, and was the last of his family there residing.

Page 177.—*Hyde: The Literary Twelve.*

The anonymous translator of Leon Faucher's "Manchester in 1844" is thus complimentary to the natives of Hyde:—

"Many of the workmen and particularly the overseers, form amongst themselves little coteries for the cultivation of music and

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poetry, and for discussions on moral and political philosophy, subjects which are always special favourites with the working class in the manufacturing districts. One of these coteries was composed of a few overlookers and spinners, and was devoted to literary pursuits. By way of joke, they styled themselves the "Literary Twelve;" and although not resident in the town, an exception was made in my favour, and I was honoured by admission as a member. We held quarterly meetings at which each member was bound to produce an original piece of poetry or prose, prepared especially for the occasion. It was in this re-union that I became acquainted with John Critchley Prince, then unknown to fame, but who has since established his reputation as a poet of no ordinary genius. He worked in one of the neighbouring mills, and it was in our little society that he first produced some of the most beautiful gems of his poetic muse. The fragment upon poetry prefixed to the first volume of his poems was read by him with an intensity of feeling which I shall never forget. There were other members possessing also claims to the title of poet; not mere village rhymesters, but men who united deep poetic feeling with a manly independence of mind. There was an earnestness of character, and unaffected simplicity and cordiality in their deportment, which was gratifying in the extreme; and I set no slight value upon the honest friendship of such men as these."

Page 226.—*Festive Wreath.*

BENJAMIN STOTT, bookbinder and bard, was one of the nineteen contributors named in the Index in question. As a specimen poem from his pen appears in a previous volume, and a visit to his grave at the pleasant village of Northenden has been amply described and illustrated, this additional reminder may prove sufficient.

Page 259.—*Frances Sowler.*

"Died, on the 12th inst. [August, 1879], at her residence, The Knotts, Sawrey, Windermere, Frances relict of Robert

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Scarr Sowler, Esq., Q.C., of Manchester and Sawrey.—Friends will please accept this intimation."

Page 328.—*Stocks, Cheetham.*

The origin of the name of this estate cannot at present be traced. The earliest known—probably the original—residents of Stocks were the Ridings's of Cheetham and St. Mary's Gate, Manchester; which family retained possession of the pleasant estate upwards of two centuries, as certified by the parish registers and other reliable records. The house, farm, ponds, and garden are indicated on Green's large plan, dated 1794. In the directory for 1808 the name Ridings is no longer associated with Stocks, though retained about a dozen years later in connection with Ridings Court, St. Mary's Gate. In 1814 the family of the late Mr. Gilbert Winter entered upon their residence here, and here remained over forty years. The present master of Stocks, as stated on a previous page, is the now venerable president of the Chetham Society. Leases for the holding of this estate have long been granted by the Earls of Derby, and the suggestion has gone forth that its early history may be hidden in the archives of Knowsley.

Page 35.—*Rev. Richard Parkinson.*

A brief, pensive, yet hopeful poem, written by this reverend author, applies with peculiar aptitude to the subject-matter of the present volume, and has been reserved for our leave-taking. Further, it is the final specimen of the merits of the local writers who flourished during the vanished period we have endeavoured to illustrate.

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BYGONE DAYS.

(From "Poems Sacred and Miscellaneous," 1832.)

How sweet it is—when evening grey
Wraps in his mantle's fold the day,
And the red sun sinks slowly down
Behind yon Island's shadow brown,
And spangles with his purple light
The boundary between day and night—
How sweet it is, at such dim hour
To yield the heart to feeling's power,
And let the solemn fancy stray
Like yon soft sunbeams, far away;—
Far, far away, to times now past,
And lands where I have roam'd my last,
And friends whom I have loved as well
As heart can feel, or tongue can tell,
And joys that were as bright and failing
As bubbles on the ocean sailing!
The glorious sun ne'er shines so bright
As trembling on the verge of night,
And pleasure wears her softest hue
When sinking from the gazer's view.
O'er the smooth orb of memory's glass
How quick the lovely shadows pass!
Each with the beauteous face of yore,
Yet whispering each—"we come no more!"
—But why, my Muse, so sad a strain?
Yon fading sun will rise again,
And all the shades, that now surround
His sinking orb, in light be drown'd;
So be it with thy thoughts!—awake,
The phantoms from thy bosom shake;
Think of thy treasured joys in store,
And sing of Bygone Days no more!

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APPENDIX.

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APPENDIX.

MAPS AND PLANS OF MANCHESTER.

By John Leigh, M.R.C.S.

In an old volume of Maps, Plans, Drawings of Old Buildings, Engravings of Buildings, &c., in the Chetham Library, Manchester, are Three Maps, each of which is entitled "A Plan of the Towns of Manchester and Salford, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, by R. Casson and J. Berry." The title is placed in each map or plan a little to the left of the upper side, and is included within a similar ornamental oval border in each map. The typography or lettering of the title is also the same in each plan. Each plan is surrounded by an ornamental border of oak leaves, bearing acorns, broken by a shell at each corner of the map or plan, and in the centre of the lower border by a scale of measurements, "four chains in an inch, twenty inches in a mile." A little above the right-hand corner of the lower border in each plan are the letters "B. Cole, Sculp."

No. 1 PLAN.

At the lower part of this plan is a dedication in a highly ornamental oval border "To the Gentlemen & Tradesmen

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within ye Towns of Manchester & Salford This Plan is most Humbly Dedicated By their most Obedient Humble Servts R. Casson and J. Berry." A little below and to the left of the dedication in a single line, are the figures and letters "June 24th 1741. According to Act of Parliament, Published by & for John Berry & Russel Casson." Along the left-hand side of the plan, and just within the border are engravings from above downwards of "Christ's Church," "Trinity Church, Salford," "Sr Darcy Leaver's Hall, at Alcrington," "Mr. Marsden's House in Market Street Lane," "Mr. Croxton's House in King Street," "The Key." Along the right-hand side from above downwards are engravings of "St. Ann's Church," "The College," "Francis Reynolds' Esqre Strangeways Hall," "Messrs Clowes' House at Hunt's Bank," "Mr. Marriott's House in Brown's Street," "The Exchange." On the left side of the plan, just within the compartment of engravings of buildings, is "A Description of the Towns of Manchester & Salford."

MANCHESTER.

Its situation is in ye South-East of ye County Palatine of Lancaster, about three miles from ye River Mersey; ye boundary betwixt ye South end of ye County & ye County Palatine of Chester, in ye hundred of Salford in ye latitude 53. 24. North upon ye Irwell, nigh ye place where ye Irke flows into it.

It stands reather low and much upon ye flat. Its name Manchester is but a little altr'd from what it was many centuries ago, when it was called "Mancaster" or "Manceister" & in Antonine ye Roman Emperor's time it was called "Mancunium" or "Manucium." Its present name

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Manchester very reasonably is deriv'd from Mean & Cæstor y^e^ former of which in our antient Language signifies a Rock or Stone & y^e^ latter word imports a Camp or Station. The reasons of its being thus call'd are plain, because that part of it which was y^e^ ancient Town is situated upon a Rock or Stone & was certainly a Roman Station, or Fortress, as appears from y^e^ large Ruins & Inscriptions, upon them found in & near it. This Town & y^t^ of Salford (w^ch^ is divided from it by y^e^ River Irwell) seems to be but one in extent; y^e^ Streets several of them are large open & well pav'^d^ & within 30 years last past y^e^ Town is become almost twice as large as it was before, so fast have its Inhabitants & their Riches increased. A New Parish has been erected & a large sumptuous Church therein built call'd St. Ann's also two Chaples, one in y^e^ Town & y^e^ other at a small distance from it, also several Streets, Squares &c are new built. Many of y^e^ new Houses are elegant & magnificent Structures. Of the ancient buildings here two in particular are worthy of a Remark, *i.e.* the Old Church or St. Mary's & y^e^ Hospital. The Old Church is of y^e^ Collegiate sort as there belongs to it at present a College consisting of one Warden, 4 Fellows, two Chaplains, four Singing Men & four Choristers. The College was originally founded by Thomas West, Brother to y^e^ Lord De-la-Were & then it consisted of one Master, or Keeper, 8 Fellows, 4 Chaplains, & six Choristers in honour of y^e^ Virgin Mary, to whom y^e^ Parish Church was before dedicated of St. Dennis or Dionise of France & of St. George of England, & it was indow'd by its founder with a Glebe of 800 Lancashire Acres, together with a considerable part of y^e^ Town call'd Deansgate for St. Dionises gate, & with

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the Tithes of y^e^ Parish lying in 32 Hamlets. It was founded a-new by Queen Elizabeth in 1578, by y^e^ name of Christ's College in Manchester, which foundation was afterwards confirmed by King Charles y^e^ First in 1636, and incorporated by y^e^ same name, y^e^ Statutes for it being drawn up by A.Bp. Laud.

REFERENCE.

Strange Ways	...	N f	Hunter's Lane	...	G f
Catnest	...	L b	Half Street	...	H f
Scotland	...	K c	Cateaton Street	...	G g
Smithy Lane	...	K c	Old Mill Gate	...	G g
Mill Hill	...	K d	Market Place	...	G g
Mill Street	...	K c	Shambles	10	G g
Gibraltar	...	K d	Exchange	...	G g
Mill Gate			Smithy Door	...	G g
Alms Houses in			Swan Entry	1	G g
Millers Lane	...	H d	Hanging Bridge	5	H g
Intended Work			Hunt's Bank	...	I f
House	...	H c	Back o'th Church	...	H f
Shude Hill	...	G c	Christ Church	...	H g
Queen's Street,			St. Mary's Gate	...	G h
Shude Hill	...	G e	Coffee House Entry	2	G h
Merchant Street	...	G e	Market Street Lane	...	F g
Union Street	...	G e	Cockpit Hill	11	F g
Nichols Field (now			Sun Entry	12	F g
Nicholas Croft)	...	F d	Eccles Walk	13	F g
Sugar Lane	...	F e	Daube Holes	...	C e
Withing Grove	...	G e	Steeple End	...	H g
Pin Fold	9	G e	Paradise Court	17	G g
Garden Lane	...	G e	House of Correction	30	I f
Toad Lane	...	H e	The College	31	I f
Fennel Street	...	H f	Hide Park	...	F g
Hanging Ditch	...	G f	Meal House	21	F g
Tanner's Lane	...	H e	Queen Street	...	E h
Cheetham Court	...	H e	St. James Square	...	D g

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REFERENCE—continued.

St. James's Street ...	32	D g	St. Ann's Church ...	36	E h
Brown's Street		E g	Meeting House Walk	37	E h
Spring Gardens..... ...		E f	Mr. Nichols' House	40	E k
High Street		E e	New Street	41	E i
Marsden Square		E e	Marsden's Row.....	42	E g
Marsden's Street ...	33	E f	Pall Mall	43	E h
Mr. Dickinson's Chapell	34	E f	Queen Street, Upper End of King Street..... ...		E h
Dissenters' Meeting House	35	E h			

On the right hand side of the plan, also just within the engravings of buildings, is a continuation of the description of Manchester, and of the table of reference.

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A DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWNS OF MANCHESTER & SALFORD.

MANCHESTER.

The other remarkable old Building is y^e^ Hospital, tho indeed it is only old comparatively w^th^ y^e^ new parts of y^e^ Town, it is y^e^ Foundation of Humphrey Chetham Esq^r^ about 100 years ago. Where 60 poor Boys are well maintain'd, who are admitted betwixt y^e^ years of 6 & 10 Furnished w^th^ Meat, Drink, Washing & Cloths till y^e^ age of 14 & then they are bound out Apprentices at y^e^ charge of y^e^ said Hospital, for y^e^ support of all w^ch^ y^e^ Worthy Gentleman left 420£ a year w^ch^ by y^e^ prudent Management of y^e^ Feoffees is considerably improved; here also by y^e^ bounty of y^e^ same Benefactor is erected a large School for y^e^ Hospital or Blew Boys, where they are daily instructed to read & write, as also a large Library furnished w^th^ several Thousands of Books w^ch^ are always increasing, there being left by him about a 100£ a year to be laid out on Books & also 20£ a year for a Librarian. The River Irwell w^ch^ Washes a great part of y^e^ Town is now made Navigable & a handsome Key is erected for unloading &c. The number of houses by a moderate computation is about 6,000 & y^e^ number of Inhabitants about 30,000 & perhaps this Town is not inferior in this respect of number to any parts of London itself of y^e^ same compass. They had a very good Character given them about a 100 years ago in an old Plan of y^e^ Place, there it is said of them That

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want & waste are strangers to them; ruin & disorders are foreigners from them; courtesey & charity are Inhabitants w^th^ them; civility and religion dwell among them. It is hop'd y^t^ y^e^ present Inhabitants deserve a good Character as much as any Town so large & Populous. They are in particular known to be an Industrious People; the Reason of their being so numerous is y^e^ flourishing Trade follow'd here for a long time known by y^e^ name of Manchester Trade w^ch^ not only makes y^e^ Town but y^e^ Country round about for several Miles populous, industrious & wealthy. The Trade consists chiefly of three general Branches, viz. The Fustian or Cotton Manufacturs, y^e^ Check Trade & Small Wares. The Fustian Manufacture call'd Manchester Cottons, has been long in y^e^ place & Neighbourhood, & is of late much improv'd by several modern Inventions in dying and printing. The Check Trade includes several Articles, as Stuffs for Aprons, Gowns, Shirts, Ticking, Bolstering, &c. But y^e^ Small Ware Business comprehends most as Inckle, Lace of many sorts, Tapes, Filleting, &c. All these Trades employ both a great number & almost all sorts of Hands not only of Men both Rich & Poor but of Women & Children, even of 5 or 6 years old, who by Spinning, Winding, or Weaving, may earn more here than in any other part of y^e^ Kingdom. They are not either a Corporation or Borough, yet they exceed most Corporations or Boroughs in y^e^ Kingdom in Populousness, Riches & Plenty. There is not any Town in y^e^ Nation excepting our Sea Ports y^t^ may be compar'd to it in Trade as appears from ye number of Packs or Goods w^ch^ go weekly out of y^e^ Town, w^ch^ amount in a moderate Computation to 500. Besides y^e^ Fairs here & in

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Salford there are three Markets kept Weekly viz. on Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday. The Tuesday & Thursday Markets are chiefly upon ye account of Trades, & yt on Saturday for Trade as well as Provisions. Trade is as it were ye Life & Soul of ye Place & Neighbourhood, for without it not one half of ye Inhabitants could be supported. May it continue & Flourish to distant Ages.

REFERENCE.

Poole Fold	...	F g	Kay	...	G o
Tib Lane	...	D h	Cupid's Alley	...	E l
Acres Court	...	F h	Spinning Fields	...	E l
Square	...	F h	Wood Street	...	F k
Queen Street, St. Ann's Square	...	F h	Parsonage Croft	...	G i
St. Ann's Church	...	F h	Seven Houses	...	G i
Back Square	...	F h	Parsonage Bank	...	G i
Toll Lane	14	F i	Parsonage Lane	...	G i
Ridge Field Lane	15	F i	Deans Gate	...	G h
Ridge Field	...	E i	Smithy Bank	...	H g
Greaves Entry	...	E i	Dickinson's Croft	...	D i
Clowes Street	39	E i	Shepherd's Court	4	G h
Seven Foot Lane	16	F i	King Street	...	E i
Synagogue Alley	18	E k	Back King Street	...	E i
South Hall Fields	...	D i	Salford Street	...	I k
Fox Entry	3	G h	Back Salford	...	I h
Queen Street, Top of Deansgate	...	D k	Salford Chapel	...	I k
Mount Lane	...	D k	Gravel Lane	...	K i
Quakers' Meeting House	6	D l	Salford Cross & Court House	7	K h
Jackson's Row	...	D l	Spaw House	19	G n
Mount	...	D k	Wring Spiget Hall	20	I o
Bootle Street	...	D l	Dawson's Croft	...	K g
Yates Street	...	D l	Sandy Well Lane	8	L h
All Port Town	...	C m	Sandy Well	...	M h
Kay Street	...	E n	Walker's Street	...	F h
			Red Lyon Street	38	F h

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"THE EXPLANATION & USE OF YE REFERENCES."

Suppose you would know where ye Square is in this Plan, look in ye Column of Names & you will find it, & in ye next Column against it you will find F h. Then look for F on one side of ye Plan & h on the Top or Bottom of it, & Directing your Fingers on strait from F between ye next two lines & ye other Finger strait from h between ye next two Lines untill both Fingers meet in one Point and in that Point or common angle of meeting you will find ye Square. After ye same manner any other Street may be found.

The plan is divided into squares by the intersection of horizontal and vertical lines. Down each side of the plan are Roman capital letters from A to O, one in the centre terminal square, and along the top and bottom small Roman letters from A to G, one to each square. In the upper part of the left side of the plan is a dial showing the Cardinal points. On the north side the town may be said to terminate at the river Irk. Crossing this river by the bridge from Hunt's Bank, the road leads to Strangeways Hall, which was situated where the New Court House now stands. On the Irwell or west side the road was bordered by hedges and trees all the way from Irk Bridge to the Hall. Opposite to the Hall the road widened into a semi-circular space, in the crown of which were pillars and gates opening to an avenue of trees that led down to the river Irwell. The space between the road and the Irwell was occupied by four fields, extending from the Irk to Strangeways Hall, which latter is figured. On the east side the road is also fringed with trees up to the Hall. Part of Strangeways Park is given in the plan. It is impaled and

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comes to within a short distance of the Irk. Between the Park and the Irk are two or three country houses with extensive gardens.

From Cateaton Street and Smithy Bank (at the foot of Smithy Door) on the north, Deansgate extended southwards to All Port Town on its eastern side, and to Kay Street on its western side, not however as a continuous street, for the space between Wood Street, the north side of Spinning Field, and Cupid's Alley was occupied by fields and gardens. The space between Cupid's Alley and Kay Street was also occupied by fields. From Synagogue Alley (the lower part of Brazenose Street) to All Port Town, there were very few houses, the space being chiefly occupied by fields and gardens. From Kay Street and All Port Town on each side the road was continued through open country.

From Smithy Bank to Blackfriars the space between Deansgate and the Irwell was filled up by houses and courts. At the bottom of Blackfriars commenced Parsonage Bank (now Albert Street), which extended to South Parade. The space between Blackfriars, Deansgate, Parsonage Bank, and Seven Houses (North Parade), was also occupied by houses and courts. Between Seven Houses (North Parade) and South Parade, was an open piece of ground called Parsonage Croft, now occupied by St. Mary's Church. The whole space between Parsonage Bank and the Irwell was occupied by gardens. From the bottom of Parsonage Bank at South Parade, a beautiful country walk led along and through some fields not far from the Irwell to Hulme Hall. From a little south of Parsonage Lane to Wood Street a single line of houses fronted into Deansgate,

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the whole of the space behind these, between them and the river Irwell, being laid out in gardens, orchards, and fields; Bridge Street and the intervening streets not then being formed or laid out.

Both sides of Wood Street were built upon, the houses on the north side having gardens behind them extending from the backs of the houses to the site now occupied by Bridge Street. From about the middle of the north side of Wood Street, an avenue opened between the houses and gardens, to a field lying behind the houses now situated between Bridge Street and Lower King Street. The upper part of the north side of Spinning Field was built upon, the opposite or south side being occupied by gardens. Beyond these gardens lay a field, Cumberland Street, and Hardman Street (formerly Parliament Street) not having then been formed. This field was bounded by the gardens at the back of the houses, on the north side of Cupid's Alley. Cupid's Alley was built on both sides, and ran down from Deansgate to a line continuous with that now formed by Byrom Street. Between Cupid's Alley and Kay Street were no houses except one forming the corner of Kay Street. This latter street had been laid out its whole length from Deansgate to Hulme Hall Lane (now Water Street), but contained only one house, Mr. Byrom's (late Miss Atherton's). The street led to the "Kay," a small structure on the west side of Hulme Hall Lane. South of Kay Street, three or four houses fronted into Deansgate and one house opposite All Port Town. From this point there are no houses, and the rest of Deansgate is described as the "Road to Dunham, Knutsford, &c." A straight road or lane, edged with trees, leads from Deansgate to

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Camp-field but contains no houses, it is on the site now occupied by Tickle Street. The whole of the tract lying between Deansgate and the Irwell, south of Kay Street, is occupied by fields, and the whole of the tract between the bottom or west end of South Parade and Kay Street, west of a line continuous with Byrom Street, is occupied also by fields, except the northern corner near South Parade which is occupied by gardens.

The east side of Deansgate, from Cateaton Street and Smithy Bank, was lined continuously with houses to a point opposite Wood Street. Then came two fields which stretched backwards from Deansgate to a line with the Mount, at the top of Queen Street. Between these fields and Queen Street were some houses fronting into Deansgate, and which were continued backwards so as to form the north side of the lower half of Queen Street. Another field lay between Queen Street and Jackson Street or Jackson's Row. There were no houses on the south side of Queen Street, or on the north side of Jackson Street. The upper or eastern part of Queen Street was occupied on the north side by gardens. There were also small gardens behind the houses on the south side of Jackson Street. From Jackson Street the houses were continued in the front of Deansgate to Yates Street, (now Peter Street). Between these two Bootle Street stretched a short distance backwards from Deansgate, terminating at its eastern extremity in a field which also formed the extremity of Yates Street. From Yates Street to All Port Town, the interval was occupied by two fields which, forming the front of Deansgate, extended backwards to other fields. In All Port Town were three or four houses

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and then fields, without a house, formed the rest of the east side of Deansgate. With the exception of these very few houses the inhabited portion of Deansgate terminated at what is now Kay Street, and Peter Street. So few were the houses in this direction beyond Wood Street on the west, and Mulberry Street on the east, that the town might be said to terminate at these two streets. Extending a line eastwards, from Wood Street across Deansgate to Mosley Street, there are no houses south of this line except those above described. The whole country south of a line running from Wood Street, up John Dalton Street, across Cross Street, and along Princess Street to Mosley Street, was occupied by fields. At the northern Deansgate corner of Jackson's Row stood the Quakers' Meeting House.

The tract bounded by Deansgate, Back King Street, Cross Street, and Brazenose Street was chiefly occupied by gardens. The portion of Cross Street which forms the western boundary of Albert Square was called South Hall fields. It led to a number of fields lying east and west of it. East of Cross Street, the southern extremity of the town was formed by Tib Lane and King Street. All Albert Square and the country south and east of it lay in open fields. The eastern extremity or boundary of the town was formed by Booth Street, Brown Street, Spring Gardens, the upper part of Market Street Lane, and High Street. The tract lying between Booth Street, Spring Gardens, Market Street Lane, and the site of Mosley Street (the latter not yet formed) lay in fields, and eastwards of the site of Mosley Street the country was occupied by fields, also the tract on the east of High Street. Behind

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the houses on the north side of the top of Market Street Lane were gardens, orchards, and fields.

The northern boundary of the town was formed by the river Irk, from its junction with the Irwell to Mill Hill, at the bottom of Long Mill Gate; then by Mill Gate, Millers Lane, and the upper part of Shude Hill. Besides the gardens and orchards already mentioned, there were gardens behind the houses on both sides of Long Mill Gate, from Toad Lane (Todd Street) to the commencement of Ashley Lane. On the west side they stretched down to the Irk; on the east side they were more extensive. The houses situated between the Old Church and the Chetham College had gardens behind them, and the square space bounded by the houses in Fennel Street, Toad Lane, and Mill Gate was also occupied by gardens. On the other side of Fennel Street, the triangular space bounded by this street, Hanging Ditch, and Half Street was similarly occupied by gardens. Behind the houses in Withing Grove, and the middle of Shude Hill, were also gardens. Immediately behind the houses in the upper part of Shude Hill, from Thorniley Brow to Mill Lane (now Millers Lane) were fields, indeed the considerable space lying between Withing Grove and Shude Hill on the south and east, Mill or Millers Lane on the north, and Long Mill Gate and Toad Lane on the west, was occupied by five fields and some considerable gardens taken from them. On the east side of Shude Hill were only two or three houses, fields coming up to the road, and stretching backwards into the open country behind High Street and Piccadilly. The old black and white half-timbered house in Shude Hill, near Sugar Lane, had with the two or

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three neighbouring houses, considerable gardens and an orchard behind it.

Behind the Seven Stars, between this and Hunter's Lane (the lower part of Cannon Street), were gardens, and behind the houses on the left or north side of Market Street Lane, all the way up from the Market Place to Piccadilly, were gardens. Running off from the east side of Pool Fold (the Market Street end of Cross Street) was a considerable open space of ground, extending from Pool Fold to Brown Street. This would be the ground originally connected with Old Radcliffe Hall. At this period (1741) a line drawn from the river Irk at its junction with the Irwell to opposite Parsonage Lane, along this lane the west side of Deansgate to Mulberry Street, along Mulberry Street to Cross Street up Tib Lane, along Spring Gardens to Market Street, along High Street to Sugar Lane, along Shude Hill, Millers Lane, Long Mill Gate to the Irk at Gibraltar, and along the Irk to its junction with the Irwell would have included the whole town of Manchester. At this time Salford consisted simply of three streets, Salford, Back Salford (Greengate), and Gravel Lane. All the rest of the borough was occupied by fields and gardens.

No. 2. A PLAN OF THE TOWNS OF MANCHESTER & SALFORD IN THE COUNTY PALANTINE OF LANCASTER.

BY R. CASSON & J. BERRY.

The title of this map or plan is precisely the same as that in Plan No. 1, and is engraved from the same plate. The plan has also the same ornamental border of oak leaves with corner shells, and the same scale of measure-

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ments at the bottom. On the right hand side are engravings of the same buildings as in plan No. 1, and on the left hand side of the same buildings, except that an engraving of Mr. Floyd's house, near St. Ann's Square, is substituted for that of Alkrington Hall. On each side of the plan are also printed the same descriptions of Manchester and Salford, and the same tables of reference as in No. 1 Plan. The same letters are also printed round the plan for convenience of reference. On the left of the title, in place of the dial in No. 1, is an engraving of St. Ann's Square, exhibiting handsome parapetted houses with trees in front, the square being terminated by St. Ann's Church. A man and dog are represented in the foreground. Immediately below the view of St. Ann's Square is the following advertisement on a scroll, which is not contained in No. 1.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This Plan is printed for & sold only by
JNO. BERRY,
Watchmaker & Printer, at the Dial in
Manchester.

Of whom may be had Clocks & Watches, Diagonal Barometers, fine gilt & Silver'd Coat Buttons, or White & Yellow Buttons for Livereys, fine polished Steel, All Silver and Steel plated Buckles of all sorts; Japann'd Waiters and Snuff Boxes. Variety of English & Dutch Toys (imported by himself). All sorts of small Silver Work, Jewellers' Goods & large Plate (if bespoke) as cheap as in London. All sorts of Snuffs. Dr. Daffey's Elixir. Dr. Anderson's Scots Pills, Chymical Drops for Colds, and

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most other Medicines Advertised in the London & Country News Papers, Hungary Water, Lavender Water, Wash Balls &c., Music & Musical Instruments, Fiddle Strings & Spinnet Wire, Songs from Copper-Plates, and most sorts of London Sheffield & Birmingham Goods, &c.

N.B. He buys old Gold & Silver or Silver Lace.

On the right side of the title are engravings in a horizontal line of "Mr. Howarth's House in Millgate," "Mr. Touchet's House in Deansgate," "Mr. Dickinson's House at top of Market Street Lane." Below the engraving of Mr. Dickinson's house is an engraving of "The Manchester Long Room" with the following notice of it:—"This room is furnished with y^e^ best Maps, Plans, Terristial Globe &c. The greatest variety of Newspapers, Political & Entertaining Pamphlets, Exports & Imports of y^e^ most noted Ports in England, with several other Books &c. not only entertaining but useful in Trade & Navigation, is frequented by gentlemen & Tradesmen in Town & universally approved. Subscribers pay 1s. 6p. each Quarter. Strangers and others pay one penny in the box each time they come." The Long Room has the appearances of a library fairly furnished with books. At one end is a handsome clock and a globe on the table. The walls are hung round with maps on rollers. There are seven persons in the room, three of whom are seated at a round table.

At the bottom of the plan is a panoramic view entitled "The South West Prospect of Manchester & Salford." The view is taken from Salford, and extends from the College and the Old Church to Quay Street. Salford

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appears to consist of a few houses congregated on the north side of Trinity Church. The houses in Manchester, north and south of the Old Church, appear to be clustered very near to the Irwell, till we reach Seven Houses (North Parade), from which to Quay Street a number of fields intervene between the houses and the river. Three Churches are shown, Trinity Church, Salford, Christ Church and St. Ann's, in Manchester. The Old Bridge (Victoria Bridge) with its dungeon, the College, Mr. Miles Nield's house at Hunt's Bank, Seven Houses, houses in Wood Street, in Cupid's Alley, and Mr. Byrom's house in Quay Street, houses at the top of Quay Street. There are some large houses apparently in Deansgate, King Street, and Market Street. Exclusive of the College, there are five large buildings having domes, or perhaps, in some cases, bell turrets.* In the foreground is represented a hunting scene near the Spaw House in Salford, near the ground lately occupied by the New Bailey.

PLAN No. 3.

Has the same title, ornamental border, scales of measurement, letters of reference, description of Manchester and Salford, and references as in No. 1 Plan, and the same engravings of buildings down each side and in the upper part of the plan on the right of the title, advertisement and panoramic view or "South West Prospect of Manchester

* These buildings are Mr. Wilson's house, Mr. Marsden's house, Mr. Butterworth's, Mr. Nicholson's, and Mr. Brown's great house. The detail of the map or plan, and the extent of the town as marked upon it are precisely the same as in Plan No. 1. It has evidently been printed from the same plate, and in the right-hand corner is the engraver's name, "B. Cole, Sculp." There is no date upon the plan; that part of it which bore the date in No. 1 having been covered over by the panoramic view.

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and Salford" as in No. 2 Plan. In the view of St. Ann's Square, in addition to the man and dog in the foreground, are two carriages, one drawn by a single horse, a back view, and the other by a pair of horses, a side view. On the left side of the map is also a small compass dial. On the right hand side of the plan just below the engraving of Mr. Dickinson's House are engravings of Mr. Johnson's House, and Messrs. Miles Bower and Son's Houses. At the bottom of the right hand side of the plan is an engraving of "A Plan of Manchester and Salford taken about 1650." The extent of the town westwards, southwards, and south-eastwards, is the same as in the Plans 1 and 2, except that in a field between Spinningfield and Cupid's Alley, has been engraved Mr. Bower's large House, and near the top of Kay Street, Mr. Phillips' House, these two large residences had evidently been built in the interval of publication of the Plans 2 and 3. The north-west portion of the town appears to have undergone no change or increase during the interval of issue, but the north-eastern portion had considerably extended. Church Street, Turner Street, Little Turner Street, Back Alley, Dyers Alley, and a few other streets having been added to the plan.

SITUATION OF LARGE HOUSES.

Mr. Floyd's.....	Near St. Ann's Square.
Mr. Marsden's	Market Street Lane.
Mr. Croxton's.....	King Street.
Messrs. Clowes'	Hunt's Bank.
Mr. Marriott's.....	Brown Street.
Mr. Nicholl's	Hulme Street, Ridgefield.
Mr. Phillips'	Kay Street.
Mr. Bower's	Deansgate.
Mr. Touchet's.....	Deansgate.

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SITUATION OF LARGE HOUSES—continued.

Mr. Howarth's	Millgate.
Mr. Dickinson's	Market Street Lane.
Mr. Johnson's.....	High Street.

In addition to these stately and modern residences, were the ancient dwellings—

Radcliffe Hall.....	Pool Fold (Cross Street).
Mr. Byrom's House	Hunter's Croft.
Madam Drake's	Long Millgate.

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MAP OF MANCHESTER, 1650.

Prefixed to "The History of the Siege of Manchester by the King's Forces under the command of Lord Strange, 1642; by John Palmer, Architect," is a small map which is thus described: "A Plan of Manchester and Salford, taken about 1650. Drawn from a plan in the possession of William Yates, Esq., by John Palmer, Archt 1822." At the right hand corner of the map is inscribed "Fothergill, Sc." In the year 1793 a map of Manchester and Salford was published by C. Laurent, entitled "A Topographical Plan of Manchester and Salford, with the adjacent parts, etc.," in the lower left hand corner of which is a map of the same size as, and exactly like the one published by Mr. Palmer. Over it is the inscription "A Plan of Manchester and Salford, taken about 1650." "A Plan of the Towns of Manchester and Salford, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, by R. Casson and J. Berry," published in 1751, has at the bottom of the right hand side of the plan an engraving of "A Plan of Manchester and Salford, taken about 1650." This also is of the same size as, and is exactly like the two preceding ones.

Finally, in an old volume of maps, plans, and drawings of old buildings in Manchester and Salford in the Chetham Library, and once, I believe, the property of Mr. Barrett the antiquary, is a small separate map or plan with an

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inscription over it, "A Plan of Manchester and Salford, taken about 1650." It is printed on soft paper, and the lettering is such as was common in the middle of the seventeenth century. The explanations are placed down the right hand side, and not at the bottom, as in Mr. Palmer's map; in all other respects, or with the slightest deviations, it corresponds with the three copies already noticed. Whether this is the identical copy from which Mr. Fothergill made his engraving for Palmer's work is not certain, but it has all the appearance of a genuine map or plan of the period at which it is assumed to have been produced, and it is quite certain that so long ago as 1751 such a map or plan existed, of which Messrs. Casson and Berry made use without any apparent doubt of its genuineness. In their "Description of the Towns of Manchester and Salford," in their map of 1741, Casson and Berry say that "within 30 years last past y^e^ Town (Manchester) is become almost twice as large as it was before, so fast have its Inhabitants and their Riches increased. . . The number of houses, by a moderate computation, is about 6,000, & y^e^ number of Inhabitants about 30,000. They had a very good character given them about 100 years ago in an old Plan of y^e^ Place; there it is said of them, That want & waste are strangers to them; ruin & disorders are foreigners from them; courtesy & charity are Inhabitants w^th^ them; civility & religion dwell among them."

I have not been able to meet with any copy of the original plan of 1650, except that in the Chetham Library, and it is unaccompanied with any description of the inhabitants. It has probably been cut out of a larger sheet. Assuming this map to be genuine, it is the oldest

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authentic map of Manchester; and, as showing us what Manchester was at the period of the civil war between Charles the First and his subjects, and how the land was occupied in a considerable part of the area over which the city now spreads, it is exceedingly interesting; for what the town was in 1650, it would be in 1640, and probably for two centuries or more before that. It will represent not only what Manchester was in the wars of the Commonwealth, but in the wars of the Roses, when the little old town had its one single Church, its one bridge over the Irwell, gliding clear and pleasantly by, the pellucid waters inhabited by innumerable trout, and probably well-stocked with salmon, in their season; its houses all of wood and plaster, low roofed and of many gables, from whose projecting upper stories the maidens could send a greeting across the narrow streets in the early morn, and neighbours could hold converse from their doors; from the oriels and bays at the back of which, lighting their pleasant sitting-rooms, were views of the gardens and orchards, which stretched away towards the fields; for nearly every house had its garden and orchard; to these continual reference is made in old documents. No doubt the ceilings of the houses were low, and the rooms small; the streets narrow, ill-paved, and worse lighted; and when a fire broke out it was with difficulty extinguished; but there must have been much that was pleasant about the old town. All around it were beautiful parks and bosky woods, coming close up to the town; shady lanes and scented fields; wild morasses whence the boom of the bittern was heard at night, where the curlew and heron, the woodcock and snipe sought their food; and the loud grec of the grouse saluted the ear.

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The people were great bowmen, and their archery was noted far and wide, whilst their love of sport found exercise in the hunting and hawking to which their rich neighbours were much addicted, and in whose sports they joined. The park of Alport stretched over ninety-five acres, from the site of the present Quay Street to the Medlock, and from the Irwell to the Tib. Crossing the Medlock, the park to Hulme Hall came down to its banks; turning eastwards, Chorlton Moss was soon attained, the pathway and lane to the upper part of which is still known as Moss Lane. It was a vast morass, stretching from Hulme over Moss Side, Upper Chorlton, towards Rusholme and Ardwick, and once, in old time, having burst its boundaries, came thundering down, in a black and muddy stream, into the town and did immense damage. Journeying eastwards, the saunterer would come to Garrat Hall, and its pleasant grounds, through which meandered Shooters Brook, on whose sunny banks the snipe did love to congregate. Scarcely would he have left these grounds when he would enter on those of Ancoats Hall, stretching along the Medlock banks in picturesque beauty; the fine old hall of black and white occupying the highest eminence, and looking over its broad lands stretching over Ancoats. Rising above the Irk stood Collyhurst Hall, its wooded dingle in front, and spacious lawns behind; whilst below the deep dell of Collyhurst stretched its leafy shade, almost from the Chetham College to Blackley; its lofty banks timbered with oak and hazel to the summit, whilst the masses of towering red rock gave a rich and mellow tone to the beautiful ravine. Crossing the Irk the wanderer would come to Strangeways Park, a great tract that stretched

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from the Irwell and the Irk to Red Bank, and northwards nearly to Cheetham Hill. Thus was the little town surrounded by a ring of parks, except where bounded by the Irwell, whilst Ordsall and Broughton, Trafford and Withington lay in a summer evening's walk. But they had pleasure grounds of ample space close to their homes. Radcliffe Hall, with its great moat and extensive grounds, lay just behind the lower part of Market Sted Lane, near to the present Cross Street. The house of the Levers stood near the top of Market Street, whilst Alport Park began where the town ended.

Manchester, at the period of the civil war, consisted of three not very long streets—Deansgate, Market Stead Lane, and Long Millgate; with a Market Place, containing within its area three considerable blocks of building; and three or four small streets running off from the top of Long Millgate, Toad Lane, Withy Grove, Fennel Street, and Hanging Ditch, a continuation of which latter towards Deansgate formed Cateaton Street. Deansgate extended from Smithy Bank, at the northern end of Smithy Door, and western end of Cateaton Street, to about as far as Cupid's Alley, on the right hand, or west side, and as far as Bootle Street on the left. Neither of these streets were then formed, but to the points from whence they ultimately departed, Deansgate, as a nearly continuous double row of houses extended. There seem to have been no houses beyond these points; the continuation of the outlet is simply called the "Road to Alport Lodge," which stood on the right hand side, nearly opposite to the end of Fleet Street. There were no houses, either, lying between Deansgate and the river Irwell; the large intervening

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tract being laid out in gardens, orchards, and fields. There were six gardens lying in one plot bordered by the site of Cupid's Alley. The same may be said of the considerable tract lying to the left of Deansgate, in the angle between that street and Market Stead Lane. Behind the left side of Deansgate, and between it and Radcliffe Hall, was Acres Field; an enclosed space with an entrance from the Deansgate side, within which the cattle and sheep fair was held, called Acres Fair. On the south side of this enclosure St. Ann's Church was built in 1709-12; two other sides were built upon also, and the present St. Ann's Square formed. The houses in Deansgate were of black and white, half-timbered, and very picturesque. I remember several of them in existence about forty years ago. Many were occupied as private houses, though there were some shops and inns. Market Street or Stead Lane extended from the Market Place as far as Spring Gardens on the right hand, and as far as New Brown Street on the left. Higher up, in the fields, on the site now occupied by the White Bear, stood Mr. Lever's house. A short distance from the Market Place, on the left, behind the houses stood the cock-pit. All the ground to the left of Market Street Lane, outside the gardens and orchards, lay in fields.

Long Millgate may be said to have extended from the upper end of Fennel Street, near the Collegiate Churchyard, past Withy Grove and Millers Lane, to Gibraltar; or to the commencement of Ashley Lane. From its termination at Gibraltar a row of houses extended down to the river Irk, one of which, a picturesque black and white house, is in existence yet. There were a few houses on

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the right hand side of Millers Lane, and some about midway, on the high ground, but none on the left hand. Withy Grove extended, on the right hand, past the Seven Stars to the fine old black and white house which stands recessed from the road, at the commencement of Shudehill, and part of which was a few years ago taken down. On the left hand the houses did not extend quite so far. Shudehill was a lane, with hedges and trees on both sides, and met Millers Lane at the top. There were two blocks, of three houses each, near the top of Shudehill. Toad Lane, Fennel Street, and the upper part of Long Millgate formed an irregular square, all built round, except a small break in Toad Lane, which allowed an opening into the centre, which was formed of courtyards or small gardens. The houses round this square were some of the oldest and most picturesque in Manchester. A few houses faced the river Irwell at Hunt's Bank, the College lying between these and Long Millgate. Hanging Ditch, Fennel Street, and Half Street formed a triangle of houses, and from the upper termination of Hanging Ditch Cateaton Street extended to Smithy Door. From the commencement of Deansgate a number of houses extended to the Old Bridge over the Irwell. Old Millgate, or, more correctly, Mealgate, extended from the junction of Cateaton Street and Hanging Ditch to the Market Stid or Market Place, and formed with Cateaton Street and Smithy Door a square compact block of buildings. A singularly shaped block was formed by the houses along the left hand side of Deansgate to St. Mary's Gate, along the left hand side of St. Mary's Gate and down Smithy Door to the junction of the latter with Deansgate. The centre of the Market

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Place was occupied by the Sessions House. The Meal House was on the right hand side of the Market Place from Market Stid Lane, and here I may remark that in some of the oldest maps of Manchester, Old Millgate is called Mealgate, which is probably its correct name as leading to the Meal House. It is so called in the map of 1650, which I am now describing.

With regard to the names of these old streets, some of them are obvious enough, whilst others have given rise to considerable discussion. In Casson and Berry's map of 1741, Deansgate is said to be a corruption of St. Dionise's Gate, being the way to the Parish Church "which was before dedicated to y^{e} Virgin Mary, St. Dennis or Dionise of France, and St. George of England." By some antiquaries it is said to have been originally Danes' Gate, or The Danes' Gate, being the road to the Danes' Mill or Cnut's Mill on the Medlock, now Knott Mill; whilst others contend that it owes its name to the Dene or valley formed by the river at its end on the Medlock. In Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words," fifth edition, 1865, we find "dean, a valley, A.S.," and "dene a valley or dell. North." In Bosworth's "Anglo-Saxon and English Dictionary," we have "Deane, the Danes," and "Dene (plur. m. of Den) the Danes;" also "Den for Denu, a valley," so that the name will bear either interpretation. It is interesting to know that there is a Deansgate in Bolton, and a Deansgate Lane in Timperley. I am not aware that the latter has any particular connection with a a valley or dell. The working people have always called our Manchester street Danesgate, and I incline to the second opinion as to the origin of the name. It is the

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oldest street in Manchester. It was probably British; it was certainly used by the Romans, and was the *vid* way or street from their great castle at Knott Mill northwards, perhaps to their summer camp or sanatorium at Hunt's Bank, if they had such a camp, which is very doubtful.

There has been a mill on the Medlock, at the termination of the road which was a continuation of Deansgate, from very remote times, and tradition assigns its erection originally to Cnut or Canute, and it has borne the name of Cnuts Mill or Knot Mill to the present day; but, looking at the situation of the old castle of Manchester, it is difficult to resist the conviction that there was a corn mill or flour mill during the Roman occupation. If the Danes rebuilt the mill and improved the road leading to it from the north, the latter is not unlikely to have received the name of "the Danesgate."

Cateaton Street is another street with a name of somewhat difficult interpretation, but which seems to be connected with a hollow space or way. There is or was, a short time ago, a Cateaton Street in London, a very old street, concerning which I wrote to my friend H. B. Wheatley, Esq., author of a work on the streets of London. He referred me to Stow, who says of it, that its name had recently been changed to Catteten Street, but was formerly Catte Street. Mr. Wheatley is of opinion that the Anglo-Saxon Ce te is the origin of the name. Certainly Cateaton Street in Manchester was formerly a hollow way, and continued so till very recent times. Hanging Ditch and Cateaton Street were originally occupied by the fosse which connected the Irk with the Irwell, and converted the site of the old Baron's Hall, where the College now stands,

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into an island. The area of the Baron's Hall and grounds must have been, in early times, very considerable. It was bounded by the Irwell, the Irk, and the fosse, which ran along Toad Lane, Hanging Ditch, Cateaton Street, and under the Hanging Bridge to the Irwell; thus enclosing the ground as with a moat. It is said that executions for serious crimes took place upon the bridge over the fosse, and hence its name. The old bridge or archway is still in existence in the cellars of a house at the end of the narrow passage running out from Cateaton Street, called even yet, Hanging Bridge. The name of Hanging Ditch is connected with that of the Bridge under which the water of the fosse ran. The central portion of Toad Lane, Hanging Ditch, and Cateaton Street was probably very gradually raised, and can only have been actually filled up to the present level in comparatively recent times, as I have frequently heard my father say that when he was a boy the centre or roadway of Cateaton Street was about sixteen feet below the footpath, and a stream of water ran along it; the carts and waggons traversing it being often up to the axles in the stream. This was in the second half of the last century. My friend, Mr. Procter, is of opinion that the stream came down Withy Grove from Shudehill; which view has been adopted by several local writers. It was certainly a hollow space or way.

St. Mary's Gate, once lined by very old houses, is certainly a very ancient way or street, leading from Deansgate to the Market Place. Until very recently it has been almost universally believed to derive its name from St. Mary's Church, which was supposed to have occupied, in early times, a site very nearly that now covered by the

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Exchange. Mr. John Owen, however, on examining the foundations of a portion of the walls undergoing restoration of the present Cathedral, the old parish church of Manchester, has found them to be of much greater antiquity than any portion of the present structure, and he is of opinion that the original parish church stood on the same ground as that which it now occupies. The opinion of this long observant and very painstaking local antiquary is entitled to great weight, but it is of course possible that the foundation stones of the present structure may have been removed from an earlier site; or this may have been the most convenient route from Alport Town in very early times to the parish church on its present site. Market Street Lane, as already explained, is a corruption of Market Stid or Stead Lane, from leading to the Market Stead or Place. Old Meal Gate and Smithy Door are names sufficiently suggestive. Long Millgate was doubtless so called as being the long approach or way to the Lord's Mill from Blackley, and other parts on the east and north-east of the manor. Withy Grove, or Wythengreave, was so called from the Wythen or Willow trees which grew on each side of the little stream which ran down its centre into the Hanging Ditch. The name is still preserved in Wythenshawe, near Northenden, the seat of T. W. Tatton, Esq., which merely means Willow wood.

Fennell Street, although opening at one end on the Apple Market, which may, at one time, have been a fruit and herb market in a broader sense than its name implies, would scarcely, I think, receive its designation from the plant of the same name. Will not the northern word Vennel, a gutter; a sink; from the Anglo-Saxon, Fennig;

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muddy; dirty; furnish a derivation. Halliwell has the following quotation from MS. Laud. 486.

> "Hereof mowe men se gret schewying
> In dyvers maners of clothyng,
> Now schort, now trayling upon the *venne*,
> Now streyt, now wyde as nyse menne."

Toad Lane may be thought simple enough when it is remembered that it was once a sunk road containing water, and may have received its name from the animal. It has been suggested however that it acquired the cognomen from the Lancashire pronunciation of "The old lane." It is not improbable that it may have been originally "Toll Lane." It could not have been difficult, at the beginning of the present century, to realize the appearance of the old town of Manchester. The old streets, Market Street, Smithy Door, Old Mealgate, Fennel Street, Hanging Ditch, Withy Grove, the north end of Deansgate, were all narrow and crooked; lined on each side with old black and white sixteenth and seventeenth century houses; irregular, overhanging, gabled, pargetted, and picturesque; presenting every variety of contour, and carrying the thoughts back to a period when all the circumstances of social and political life were as different from the present as the antique dwelling on which the observer gazed. The times were quaint and picturesque, full of romance and of individual action. The people have passed away and their memories with them, and the very records of their existence and of the mode in which they lived are almost entirely cleared away for the exigencies of modern civilization, and, very soon, not a relic will be left to tell us of the old time before us. There are lithographed views and drawings

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which show what the old streets were like, and how quaint and old-world-like the buildings were. I remember when much of Fennell Street, of Long Millgate, and of the lower part of Deansgate were lined with houses of wood and plaster, and a great deal of Smithy Door, in all the glory of pargetting and diapering that ingenuity and fancy could suggest. The greater houses were usually constructed with a centre and two bays, gabled. The centre was the dining hall, and this was sometimes open to the roof. The sitting rooms were in one of the gables or bays, and the kitchen and offices in another.

Of Aldport Lodge I do not believe that any drawing, engraving, or other representation exists; and nothing seems to be known of the period of its erection. It was an ancient mansion, the foundations of which were probably obtained from the ruins of the Castle of Manchester, situated within the precincts of the park. A few years ago, in digging for some foundations at the corner of Tonman Street, a large ornamental vase of stone was met with in the gravel. This was placed on the top of the house that was erected, and may still be seen there. At an earlier period a similar vase was found a little higher up in Deansgate, and may be seen on the summit of a small outhouse at the back of the house lately inhabited by Miss Atherton, in Quay Street. These two vases, judging from their appearance, once probably ornamented the pillars of a late gateway opening to Alport Lodge. The following description of Aldport Park from the pen of the late Sir Oswald Mosley, Lord of the Manor of Manchester, is in my possession.

"The Lodge was situated in Aldport Park, which was

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held, soon after the first foundation of the Collegiate Church, by the Warden thereof, under a rent of 4 marks per annum, from Richard West, Lord de la Warre, Lord of Manchester; and continued to be enjoyed by his successors in office under the same annual rent, until the dissolution of the College in the reign of Edward the Sixth, when it was granted to the Earl of Derby, with the rest of the College land. On the 8th of March, 41st Elizabeth, William, earl of Derby, granted this park, under the name of Nether Alport, with the Lodge therein, and certain fields called Over Alport, together with other lands which lay between the pales of the said Park and the Irwell, to Sir Randle Brereton, of Malpas, Knight, for a term of 2,000 years; who immediately disposed of them to Thomas Rowe, of Hartford, in the County of Chester, yeoman, who also sold his interest therein, on the 21st day of May following, to Oswald Mosley the elder, of Manchester, Esq., Edward Mosley, of Grays Inn (afterwards Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster), and Adam Smythe, of Manchester, mercer. In the 44th Elizabeth (1602), the above named purchasers divided the said lands amongst themselves, by deed of partition, in which it was agreed that Edward Mosley, Esq. should have the capital messuage called Alport Lodge, and the reversion of 40 acres and a half of the said lands, as his share; that Oswald Mosley, Esq. should have 24 acres one rood land and a half and two falles of the said lands, as his share; and that Mr. Adam Smythe should have 30 acres and a half of the said lands, as his share. Thus it appears that Alport Park and Over Alport contained in the whole 95 acres and upwards, and would cover the whole area

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between the rivers Irwell and Tib, and between the river Medlock and the present Quay Street. The Park was situated upon the right of the road to Knot Mill, and included the present Castle and Camp Fields; for Camden mentions the foundation of the Castle as being visible, in his time, within this Park of the Earl of Derby. The precise situation of the Lodge cannot be ascertained with accuracy, but I have good reason to suppose that it stood near the spot now occupied by Samuel Ward's house and plumber's shop, adjoining to Alport Street (now called Deansgate), and almost opposite to the end of Fleet Street. It may be observed that cannon planted upon this spot would have a full command of Deansgate, which was then the only entrance into the town from the Cheshire side, and from whence Lord Strange approached it with part of his forces."

This mansion, together with the lands allotted to Edward Mosley, Esq., by the above named deed of partition, was settled by him upon his elder brother, Rowland Mosley, Esq., and his heir, who was the Sir Edward Mosley mentioned in the text, then possessing it, and from him the lands descended to Sir Oswald Mosley. From this statement it appears that at a very early period Alport Lodge was the residence of the chief ecclesiastic of the Collegiate Church, and we have no information of any prior occupancy. Looking at the luxurious habits of the upper clergy in the fifteenth century, it is probable that not only was the mansion erected for the residence of the Wardens, but that the Park was formed by them. The land so early as the beginning of the fifteenth century was held of the Lord of the Manor, and the Lodge continued

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to be occupied and the Park to be enjoyed by the successive Wardens till the time of Edward the Sixth, when on the dissolution of the College the Lodge and Park passed to the Earl of Derby. In the reign of Elizabeth we find one of the Wardens, Dr. Dee, resident in the College. Afterwards, when the College buildings had passed into the hands of Humphrey Chetham, it is probable that the house of the Warden was in Deansgate. The Chapter had much property in this street, and there is now existing an old house, nearly opposite to the premises of Messrs. Kendal, Milne, and Faulkner, and occupied by Mr. Wallis, which pays rent separately to the Dean, and is said to have been the former residence of the Warden. A few years ago it had some good carved work in the upper rooms, and some stained glass with coats of arms in the lower windows. The wine cellar is hewn out of the solid rock. The entrance was by a passage which led into a court-yard, beyond which stretched gardens and orchards down to the river. The windows overlooking the court-yard were bays below and oriels above. In the 44th Elizabeth (1602) Alport Lodge and 65 acres of the land passed into the possession of the Mosleys, and in 1642 we find that the Lodge was still existing, and a residence of Sir Edward Mosley. I can find no account of the time at which the Lodge was taken down, nor of any relics of it.

Of Radcliffe Hall, in the centre of Manchester, we have a much better account. It was situated in the Pool Fold and was moated round, a drawbridge giving admittance to the principal entrance, which was latterly flanked by a large garden. The mansion was constructed of timber and plaster, with huge projecting stone chimneys, similar to

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those of old Garrat Hall, and bore the appearance of a residence of an English gentleman. In 1650 it was the residence of Captain Radcliffe who commanded the town's forces on the attack on Manchester by Lord Strange in 1642; and was subsequently member of parliament for the town of Manchester during the time of the Commonwealth. About 1770 it was inhabited by Mrs. Patten, and about 1780 a Mr. James Smith obtained a license to convert a part of it into an inn known by the denomination of the Sun Tavern, for the convenience of the New Market, then erected; the remaining part of it was also at the same time licensed by the name of the King's Arms. In 1810 this house and the adjoining ground were purchased on a chief rent from Sir Oswald Mosley by Mr. Thomas Robinson, who took down the old building, and on its site erected some cotton warehouses in New Market Buildings, immediately facing the opening of Pool Fold, leading into Market Street. The house of the Levers at the top of Market Street gave name to Lever's Row which was the former name of Piccadilly. It was a half timbered or black and white house, and was figured many years ago as Lady Lever's house. She was probably the last occupant of that family.

The following extract relating to the siege of Manchester by Lord Strange, will, in connection with the map of 1650, and two of the mansions mentioned in the descriptions, have considerable interest:

"1642. On Saturday, Sept. 24th, during the night, intelligence was brought to Manchester that great forces were coming from Warrington against it, conducted by Lord Strange and others, at which time there were in the

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Town about 150 of the Tenants of Mr. Ashton of Middleton in complete arms, under the command of Captain Bradshaw, who with the Town Forces under the command of Captain Radcliffe, did cheerfully and courageously, upon the beating of the drum, repair to the end of the Town; the Bells also were rung and Posts immediately sent into the surrounding country, to give notice of the situation in which they were placed, whereupon Mr. Holland of Denton, Captain Booth son of Sir George Booth of Dunham, and other Gentlemen with their Tenants and neighbours came to assist the Town. Part of Lord Strange's Forces came through Cheshire, and part on the opposite side of the river Irwell; they were retarded by the breaking of a wheel which carried their Ordnance, and did not come in view of the Town until 9 o'clock on Sunday morning. Two gentlemen were sent to know the reason of Lord Strange's coming in this hostile manner, one of whom he detained as a hostage, and in the meantime sent Captain Windebancke to require entrance into the Town for himself and his army; but this Request was denied him. The Earl of Derby, Lord Strange's Father, is said to have died the same day. On Thursday September 26th Lord Strange (now Earl of Derby) sent another message to the same effect as the former one, but he was again refused admission; whereupon about 12 o'clock on that day he began to play with his cannon shot of from 4 to 6 pounds weight upon the Deansgate and Salford Bridge, and, in the afternoon, the fight became hot on both sides. It was first began by the Earl and such of his forces as were in and about a house of Sir Edward Mosley's called the Lodge, where they planted some of

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their Ordnance, and they were seconded by an Assault which the rest of his forces, who had taken possession of the Town of Salford, made upon Salford Bridge. After a vain attempt to beat the defendants from their works, they sent some of their Soldiers to burn two barns and 8 or 10 Dwelling Houses, which were about 12 roods from the outworks, and having effected their purpose they cried out "The Town is ours," and renewed the assault, but were repulsed with considerable loss by Captain Bradshaw and the soldiers under his command. At the same time the Earl's Forces in Salford again endeavoured to force the Bridge, but were obliged to retreat, with some loss, being beaten back by Captain Roseworme, a German Engineer, into a house at the foot of the Bridge, from whence they continued to fire upon the defenders of the Bridge during the whole night. On Tuesday morning, one of the soldiers, who had set fire to the Barns, was taken prisoner, and died of his wounds soon after. An Assault was made upon the Town from the end of Market Street Lane, which was defended by Captain Radcliffe; but the Townsmen made a successful sally, took several prisoners, and put the rest of the Assailants to flight. At five o'clock that afternoon the Earl sounded for a parley, and sent a message, in writing, to the Town, to the following effect: 'In obedience to his Majestie's commands, I have drawn some forces hither, with no intention of prejudice to your Town, or any person in it, but to require your ready obedience to his Majestie, in yielding yourselves dutifully and cheerfully to his protection, which I once more (so great is the value I set upon the effusion of one drop of my countrie's blood)

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summons you too, under this assurance, that no man's person or goods shall be harmed so as you give up your arms to be disposed of by me, according to his Majestie's commands. But if you shall yet continue obstinate in your disobedience, and resolve to stand out, I will, in that way, proceed with all honour, by offering you a safe convoy of your women and children out of the Town, so as it be done immediately.'

The Gentlemen of the Town desired that they might delay giving an answer until 10 o'clock the next day, and the Earl granted them until 7, with a mutual promise that there should be a cessation of hostilities during that time; but the Earl's Forces planted two pieces of ordnance in Salford, from which they were beaten, the next day, by musquet shot from the churchyard, and early on Wednesday morning the Gentlemen of the Town returned the following answer: 'May it please your Honour to receive this answer to your Propositions. Wee are not conscious to ourselves of any Act committed by us, that we should in the least kinde, divest us, his Majestie's Loyall Subjects, of his royall protection; nor of any disobedience to his Majestie's lawful commands; for we can no way perswade ourselves that his Majestie, who hath so often and so solemnly declared to rule his people by his Lawes, & to preserve the proprietie of our Estates, should now require us to give away our Arms, which are (under God) one means of our lawful defence against malignant enemies and multitudes of Papists, which do abound in our County; and had not God, by his infinite mercie, prevented, would have, ere this day, made the like Rebellion in our countrey; and committed the like barbarous outrages against us &

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all others of the true Protestant Religion; as their brethren have done in Ireland; seeing they are actuated by the same hellish principles as they; And we cannot but much wonder, that your Honour should come against us in such an open hostile manner, to take away our Armes, which is so absolutely against all Law, and the right of the Subject, which we are bound and faithfully resolved to maintain, according to our late solemn protestation; and we can by no means be assured by your Lordship of the safety of our Persons and goods, if we deliver up our Armes, seeing, since this Treaty, some of our neighbours' houses, being Protestants, have been plundered, or attempted to be plundered, & some of our friends coming in a peaceable way to our relief have been cruelly murdered & slain by some of your soldiers.' Some few hours after this Reply was sent to the Earl of Derby, he sent Sir John Mounson to mediate again, and offered to be content with part of the Armes. This message was referred to the Souldiers in the Town, who all declared that they would maintain their Cause and Armes to the utmost drop of their blood. The Earl, being enraged by this reply, caused his Ordnance again to play upon the Town; but, on Thursday morning, Captain Standish was slain by a bullet from the Town, and the soldiers under his command immediately fled. The next day little was done; but the Earl continued to play upon the Town with his Ordnance and musket shots from Salford and the Lodge; and he caused a trench to be cast up before the end of Deansgate, as if he intended to make a long siege; at night, however, his cannons were removed; and on Saturday he sent to request a change of Prisoners, and

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that plundering might cease on both sides. Prisoners were exchanged accordingly, and about noon the same day the Earl removed his Forces from before the Town. The Earl was said to have lost about 200 men and some officers, whereof three were buried at Didsbury; but the number of men lost on the part of the Towne is stated not to have exceeded four."

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